

THE DRAFT	
(Continued from page 3)	
1617. Paul Coleman, Marlinton	
1618. Spencer E. Truman, Marlinton	
1619. Nathan L. Samples, Marlinton	
1620. Harry L. Sharp, Marlinton	
1621. Arthur C. Triplett, Marlinton	
1622. Albert H. Naylor, Marlinton	
1623. Earl W. Polay, Marlinton	
1624. Lester Tolmer, Marlinton	
1625. Isaac Jendryga, Marlinton	
1626. Basil E. Ward, Marlinton	
1627. John A. Cas, Marlinton	
1628. George D. Collins, Marlinton	
1629. Leo Linget Jacobs, Marlinton	
1630. Rembert L. Curry, Marlinton	
1631. Wesley L. Simmons, Marlinton	
1632. Jack R. Chambers, Marlinton	
1633. Robert R. Adkins, Marlinton	
1634. Charles H. Sharp, Marlinton	
1635. Thomas C. Shultz, Marlinton	
1636. Mike P. Woosck, Marlinton	
1637. Lawrence M. Higginbotham, Marlinton	
1638. Jasper C. Crowley, Greenbank	
1639. Jackie Gray, Arboreale	
1640. Claude A. Stineffing, Jr., Cass	
1641. William F. Vining, Cass	
1642. Roy W. McCoy, Hillsboro	
1643. George L. Kincaid, Durbin	
1644. Marion J. Stamper, Dunmore	
1645. Don C. McLaughlin, Dunmore	
1646. Glenn F. Goodsell, Frank	
1647. Oran L. McLaughlin, Dunmore	
1648. Lee L. McMillion, Hillsboro	
1649. Raymond W. Mace, Slatyfork	
1650. Ray J. Houchin, Durbin	
1651. Ellis O. Hackney, Durbin	
1652. Alvie D. Goff, Durbin	
1653. Albert L. Lane, Watoga	
1654. Fred Cook, Durbin	
1655. Marshall C. Conner, Durbin	
1656. Philip L. Carder, Durbin	
1657. Edmund E. Boyce, Durbin	
1658. John V. Blair, Jr., Durbin	
1659. Walter E. Billingsley, Durbin	
1660. Robert G. Bennett, Durbin	
1661. Frank L. Benedict, Jr., Durbin	
1662. Ralph W. Bassett, Durbin	
1663. Lloyd O. Bailey, Durbin	
1664. John W. Palmer, Durbin	
1665. Willard A. Williams, Durbin	
1666. Hester E. Williams, Durbin	
1667. Everett R. Miles, Durbin	
1668. Tom Vgrnatter, Durbin	
1669. John A. Thornigan, Durbin	
1670. Rayward Tharp, Durbin	
1671. Thomas B. Strachan, Durbin	
1672. William C. Singhass, Durbin	
1673. Arley C. Shepherd, Durbin	
1674. Earl E. Sheets, Durbin	
1675. George E. Riley, Durbin	
1676. Robert H. Ragueas, Durbin	
1677. Virgil J. Quinn, Durbin	
1678. Prentice Pinson, Durbin	
1679. Everett McCloud, Durbin	
1680. Joe May, Durbin	
1681. Hollie E. Mattox, Durbin	
1682. John W. Lipps, Durbin	
1683. Fred T. Kinamore, Durbin	
1684. Robert A. Kelley, Durbin	
1685. Benjamin E. Kegley, Durbin	
1686. Edward E. Hunter, Durbin	
1687. Woodrow E. Helzel, Durbin	
1688. Peter J. Hanlon, Durbin	
1689. William J. McCormick, Marlinton	
1690. Woods O. Gaylor, Marlinton	
1691. Aaron L. Hughey, Marlinton	
1692. Charles F. Withrow, Marlinton	
1693. Sidney L. Thompson, Marlinton	
1694. Milburn Wilfong, Marlinton	
1695. Shirley R. Hill, Marlinton	
1696. Everette L. Hartshorn, Marlinton	
1697. Robert S. McCormick, Marlinton	
1698. Robert L. Dunn, Marlinton	
1699. Henry Rife, Jr., Marlinton	
1700. Alfred L. Claff, Marlinton	
1701. Jaffril B. Clifton, Marlinton	
1702. Ralph D. Coberly, Marlinton	
1703. John H. Sayers, Marlinton	
1704. Jack A. Roberts, Minnehaha	
1705. Stanford N. Fendig, Marlinton	
1706. Earl H. Wilfong, Marlinton	
1707. Dale H. Gay, Huntersville	
1708. Gustav Zarachowics, Marlinton	
1709. Pearl C. Ryder, Cass	
1710. John P. McNeal, Hillsboro	
1711. Ambrose T. Yarnell, Durbin	
1712. Guy E. Rackman, Huntersville	
1713. Carl Hunter Gamm, Cass	
1714. John I. Sharp, Marlinton	
1715. Dennis J. Hill, Marlinton	
1716. John R. Sellar, Frank	
1717. Delmont R. McHenry, Marlinton	
1718. Frederick B. LaRue, Hillsboro	
1719. Paul E. Hill, Lobelia	
1720. Robert M. Rose, Marlinton	
1721. James W. Reynolds, Marlinton, Col.	
1722. Julian H. Moore, Huntersville	
All interested parties will please come to the Graveyard known as the Buckley Graveyard or Cemetery on the 15th and 16th of this month to help remove all sod and fl.h and cover with lime. Please come or send a donation which will be used to help to Mrs. Nellie Hofner, Sec. and Treas.	
Free lunch will be served by the Ladies to the workers.	
O. W. Kellison Austin Duncan, Committee Earl Kee	
Rev A. B. Willford is in Richmond this week to conduct a series of special services. On next Sunday morning Rev. H. Blackhurst will preach at Liberty church.	



# THE HUNTER HOUSE

By MARK HANKINS  
(in the C. & O. Magazine)

At North Caldwell, West Virginia, on the banks of the Greenbrier River, stands a monument to John Anderson, a Captain of the Revolution War. It is a monument Captain Anderson, a noble man, erected in 1894 on a grant of land presented by a grateful government in appreciation of his services.

The 400-acre farm on which this old house stands has been the property of the Greenbrier and Ohio Railway Company since 1890. The tract was purchased in connection with the construction of the Greenbrier subdivision, which extends northeastward 100 miles across Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

The railroad was to run through the approximate center of the property, and the farm was acquired, in its entirety, as a prospective industrial site.

On January 1, 1781, John Anderson was married to Elizabeth T. Davis. Upon the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, he volunteered in the Continental Army and was ultimately raised to the rank of Captain. For his services then rendered, the government saw fit to give him a large tract of land in what was then Augusta county, Virginia, between the nearby settlements of Lewisburg and White Sulphur Springs.

A modern brick building has a life span of fifty to seventy five years, yet the old house dwelling at North Caldwell has witnessed the buffeting of thirty winds, the successive periods of ice and snow that are found at an elevation of 2,000 feet in the Alleghany Mountains, and remains in a remarkable state of preservation after the passage of a century and a half. As this is written the old mansion comfortably houses the family of the farmer who leases it from the railway company, and who busily engages himself in the cultivation of the farm.

Cole's "History of Greenbrier County" records that "Captain Anderson built at this place a stone house with walls of sufficient strength and thick masonry without an assault of the Indians, who were still a foe to guard against. In the yard in front of this place is an Indian mound, which has never been opened. Here he spent the remaining years of his life, dying in 1811, his wife preceding him in 1811."

Several alterations have been made in the original plan of the house, although a section of brick has been added at the rear. Three stories in height, the bottom story is now used chiefly as a basement for storage purposes; whereas during the slave holding era it served as a kitchen. Including the basement floor, there are nine rooms, all of generous proportions, and each provided with an open fireplace. There are five porches, the second and third story porches in front commanding a sweeping view of the valley and the beautiful Greenbrier River.

The site selected is on a slight promontory, near the foot of a long mountain that rises gracefully in the rear of the house for a distance of several hundred feet. The outside stone walls measure a full two feet in thickness, as constructed in order to provide a proper defense against the possibility of Indian attacks, and though there is at hand no record of any such unpleasantness with the Red Men, the same walls now provide perfect insulation against the cold blasts of winter and the heat of a summer sun.

Diving further into the history of this old home, we find that Elizabeth Graham Anderson, daughter of Captain Anderson, was married to Henry B. Hunter, of Augusta county on January 21, 1810, and then the Captain following the death of his own beloved wife in the years following, deeded the property to the newly wedded couple. The house and its appurtenances remained in the possession of the Hunter family for the rest of the century, and for this reason is still known as the Hunter Farm.

The James River and Kanawha Turnpike was being extended across the mountains from Lexington, Virginia, to Kanawha Falls, West Virginia, eventually reaching its final terminus at Charleston, Kentucky, as the junction of the Big Sandy and Ohio Rivers. In the light of our present day system of highways running in every direction, it is easy to lose sight of the importance of the turnpike that provided the first real means of transportation to a rapidly growing West. That it was well located is attested by the fact that the U. S. Highway to Illinois, the same route almost identically, and as the Hunter family saw this turnpike, largely built by slave labor, pass with a stone's throw of their house. In the year 1836, forty years of tranquility ensued. The year 1861 brought the Civil War, when blue and gray clad armies pursued their courses of strategy up and down this heavily traveled highway.

The rapid tread of marching feet was followed by the louder rumbling wheels created by the passage of the heavy wheels of artillery, cannon and mortar, and supply trains as they passed over the wooden covered bridges in view of the Hunter family.

On one occasion the famous bridge was burned in an effort to halt a Federal advance on Lexington, and after this war a ferry was operated by the Hunters until a second covered bridge was built over the river. This, too, has recently given way to the present one.

## When The Devil's War Is Over

When the devil's war is over  
And the peace of God has come  
And the unfriended are happy  
In their comfortable home,  
Never sorrowing or sighing  
Without any cause for crying  
Without any fear of dying  
And descending to the tomb.

When the devil's war is over  
After the full six thousand years  
Since the death of righteous Abel  
There has been a flow of tears  
But this flow of tears shall cease  
For the Lord has promised grace  
And His people He will bless  
And annihilate their fears.

When the devil's war is over,  
And indeed it soon shall be,  
But the richman only know it  
They alone are made to see it  
Not because of their own merit  
But because they have the Spirit  
And their open ears can hear it  
As they listen constantly.

When the devil's war is over  
And the King of glory reigns  
And no nation is depending  
On the force of human brains  
But for all eternity  
The obedient are free  
In God's great Theocracy  
As His holy word explains.

Turn to book of Zephaniah  
Notice verses one, two, three,  
There are people meek and lowly  
Undecided incessantly  
Who are gathering together  
In the name of God the Father  
Ere the coming winter weather  
Matthew two four, twenty, see.

—Harper Anderson.

## BIG BEAR

Bear sign was seen on the Alleghany, near the head of Galford's Creek, last Saturday. It appeared that a bear and cub had come off from the Sutton Run. The tracks were very dim in the shift of snow. On Monday morning Arch Galford, raised a company of men, all armed to the teeth, and with nine of the very best dogs, started to the head of Sutton Run by way of the Ram's Horn Mountain. The party consisted of Arch Galford, Raymond Nottingham, Clay Nottingham, Harry Grimes, June W. Galford, Charlie J. Taylor and Wade Galford, all from Dunmore; James Keeler, Harry Zink, C. MacClemore and William Kemp, from Wheeling. Wade Galford, Harry Zink and C. MacClemore were sent to the Old Staunton and Parkersburg Pike, to make up the proper places, and lay in ambush for the sheep killer at the crossing to the head of Greenbrier River. The party advanced steadily to the head of the Sutton Run, and about nine o'clock jumped the old gather bear and one cub. The nine dogs seemed to know how to fight a bear, and they crowded the bear till it made a stand for battle near the top of the Negro Knob. Three of the dogs were leaved and crippled badly; no one could get close enough to shoot. The chase made through Tucker's Fork, and on to the North Fork of Deer Creek, where the bear was again caught by the dogs. A running fight was made for about one half mile. About two hundred yards up the mouth of the Block Run the old bear climbed a tree, to about twenty feet from the ground. June Galford came within about one hundred yards from the old bear and said it was close enough for comfort. One shot from his rifle brought the bear down dead enough. The cub made good his escape some where along the line; perhaps was spunked up a tree, by the old bear. This bear will weigh about 250 pounds. No doubt it is the bear which has been killing the sheep on the North Fork. Walter Brown and Jesse Way bright foot about a dozen sheep this fall by a bear.

R. W. Brown,  
Greenbank, W. Va.

structure of steel and concrete that serves to bridge the gap of time and the clear and sparkling waters of the Greenbrier that flow serenely onward, unmindful of the occasional turbulence of the course of human events.

Meanwhile, the ownership of the estate had become veiled in the two sons of the next generation, Henry Fielding Hunter and John Anderson Hunter. Both enlisted in the Confederate Army, where Henry reached the rank of Commissary General and served with distinction throughout the war, narrowly escaping death upon numerous occasions.

John Anderson Hunter, a graduate in medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, had enlisted as Surgeon, but his outstanding qualities and persistent attention to duty, led to his being appointed Medical Director. He ultimately became the father of two sons and two daughters. One of these, Charles Stratton Hunter, now makes his home a few miles away in Virginia at Sweet Chillybass near Old Sweet Springs.

With a memory undimmed by the passage of time and a mind replete with the pleasant recollections of his early life spent in the beloved Greenbrier Valley, Carter B. Hunter has very kindly furnished the information for this article.—Author.

## "ACID STOMACH UPSET"

### MY WHOLE SYSTEM

Says E. Rodman: "I tried a \$1.25 bottle of Acid Tablets under your guarantee. Now pains are gone and I eat anything." Try Acid for all acid stomach ills.

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THE  
POCAHONTAS TIMES

Published at the Pocahontas Star-Marlin-  
ton, W. Va., on second class matter.

CALVIN W. FRISCH, EDITOR.

THURSDAY DECEMBER 5, 1940

The census of 1940 gave Pocahontas county a population of 2022. Of these 2703 were white and 319 colored. The census of the 1940 census was not by two as I write, but the total is around 14,000; about five fold increase in a century, with the ratio between the races remaining about the same.

In 1940 there were in Pocahontas County 7,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 5,000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the census's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,064; sheep, 29,949; and hogs, 5101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the census's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,449; sheep, 28,159; swine 4,440.

There is something alarming in the figures for the year 1940 and 1940, when you take in consideration that the future of this Pocahontas county rests upon the production of livestock. A century ago, three thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the guns of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Boone's men have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for settlers in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country, the ground was bare of grass. These animals multiplied so, starvation was the only thing to set the limit.

The real sufferers from the extinction of the buffalo lived in Pocahontas and similar counties of the east. They never knew what hurt them. Wild cattle came into existence. This cheap beef hit the eastern stock grower a bad blow which cost him out of business. On the range cattle matured with little more care than is given wild animals. The only ownership recognized was that evidenced by a brand.

In the east cattle were raised by the sweat of the brow, on high cost and high priced land. In the west, with the buffalo gone, there was hardly end to possibilities of the number of wild cattle. There would be two roundups a year. In the spring to brand the calves; in the fall to cut out beef cattle for market. It is no wonder the east was forced out of the cattle business when came the competition of the boundless west.

An example of what is possible in wild cattle take the treeless plains of South America. In the 1650's a bull and seven cows were brought from Spain. From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

Australia and New Zealand had the same experience with range cattle. It is small wonder that beef from the west and the south and down under made the eastern cattle raiser live hard. But this eastern American is a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at home depended upon a diversity of crops, and the others went west to engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace Greeley uttered some careless words which became a slogan: "Go west young man, grow up with the country." Millions acted upon his advice and when they went they went to stay the result is a rich and populous west. The conditions in the west are more nearly approaching those in the east each year and so the handicap under which the eastern cattle man has labored for three generations is growing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded from the western plains, the steer advanced. Soon they had replaced the buffalo. Then the Pocahontas county stockman found himself up against it. He could not even turn to the production of butter and cheese, as the cattlemen of New York and other states did. In those days nothing could be marketed from Pocahontas which could not walk out on its own feet to the rail head. The way out to these blue grass valleys was found. By taking care a domesticated animal could be raised that commanded a far better price than the range cattle of the west. They set about to improve the breed; thus export cattle were produced which brought a living for the area extended.

Let me here interline the remark that about a quarter of a century back changes began to come about in the economic structure of world affairs, and the demand for big export cattle declined and post-war. It marked decline in the quality of our cattle, as completely and laboriously brought up to meet the standards of competition in the two generations following the war between the states.

In Pocahontas Virginia, where the western cow boy, there pointed the corner of the east-bound cattle. The young range boy of the old days was a hero of roughness in grunting, shouting, and returned to the close of the day found in the fat head of beef.

have not heard in years was a four old spotted steer, a color four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the sheep cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be carried in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tuckers cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Blue Ridge, Greenbrier, Pocahontas and Tygart. The seedstock bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the attention to the young royal bull was well founded. The names of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of easy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and halfers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herd, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fixed here—that of seeing families with one cow or more, who made no pretention to herds, were given opportunity to raise purebred stock.

The forty year old export steer was the savior of the three generations held sacred to the purpose for which he was created; and went to the large city markets for beef. So far as I know, there never was a standard four year old steer butchered and eaten in Pocahontas county. Tradition has it, a peculiar man in Greenbrier county, deciding that the best was as good as any, butchered a couple of export steers for the home market. He likes to have ruled his business, for his customers ever after demanded the kind of beef he furnished with these export steers.

The last generation has seen a decided change for the worse in the quality of our cattle. The big demand is for stocker cattle—calves, yearlings, and two year olds, to be fed out for beef in corn raising countries. A lot of milk stock has been brought in. Every housewife demands one or more Jerseys, Guernseys or Guernseys at the milk gap for home supply and weekly shipments of cans of cream. Dairies have come to supply town people with their daily milk. In most every bunch of cattle, we can find the slim slips which denote milk stock. The hired man goes about the milking as a matter of course. Men have grown to maturity who never heard the hoarsest cry of the old time steer, one voice of which went some thing like this:

They can't set me down to no three legged stool.  
With a pointed milk bucket at knee,  
What, do they think I'm that kind of a fool?  
They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a wooden factory made one, bought at the store. The term painted was applied to differentiate between the heavier, more lubberly buckets made by some handy man in the community. I have not heard the term in years. I come to think about it.

I see now I have once again started to write something hard to stop in allocated space. To make as best a landing as possible, let me say that our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Pocahontas county farmers, mostly derived from live stock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these overgrazing hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better steer when the cheap beef from wild cattle from the western plains flooded the market. What grandpa did to save his business, we can do to improve ours. Dr. Wilson, up at the University Farm, says the solution of our live stock problems lies in the breed, care and feed. These three, but the greatest of these is feed.

So we say to all those who follow the track of a steer, it looks like good times are coming back to the cattle business, and that right soon. In fact the text I had in mind when I started to write was the news that Cousin Sam Beck, topped the Baltimore market with a couple of ear loads of three year old steers, 1300 pounds and better, to net him around \$9.50 a hundred weight.

HEARING THINGS

In your paper of September 18th, you carried my story of "The Sinks of Gandy Creek and the murder of the peddler Syrian who was murdered in that region. Now I have received a letter from R. A. Startz of Bartow, W. Va., which may shed further light on the mystery of The Sinks and of Gandy Creek. Here is Mr. Startz's letter, just as he sent it to me:

"Dear Friend: Please give me the privilege of telling you something of The Sinks of Gandy Creek. I have been through this material tunnel twice; once in 1892. Then I played the banjo for a square dance at the entrance above in 1907 and also know of a deer being chased through this tunnel by a dog. Speaking the Syrian peddler, his name was Stan Syrian. He was ambushed and shot in the side of the head with a single barrel shot gun loaded with number six shot. The shot straddled only about four feet from the gun to head, killing him instantly. I was the man who found him by the roadside next day. This is why I know so much about the case. I am the man who called Douglas McNeill and A. M. Olliver, the F. and Dr. Clyde Heard of Chincote, Wyoming, and Dr. Gilford of Marlinton. I was the star witness in the case and helped Douglas McNeill in rounding up Pharis May and Barley Lamb. I arrested May and my wife's brother arrested Lamb. I made a map of the mountains and roads and phone lines for McNeill to hand to the jurors. Mr. Douglas paid me \$7.00 for the map. Barley Lamb is now dead and Pharis May lives only four miles from me now. I am 65 years old and know this country well. If this information is any help to you I am glad to give it so clear up the records. This Syrian was killed October 4, 1904. I was personally acquainted with him and three of his brothers; Ollie, Charlie and Abraham, who reside at Davis, W. Va. This peddler was killed on the Allegheny Mountains about twelve miles south east of The Sinks near the Pondston-Pocahontas county line.

Signed, R. A. Startz,  
Bartow, W. Va.

Now Cal, if we can only get that famous Douglas McNeill to tell his side of the story we will be getting somewhere. But no one can tell me there are no ghosts, for I heard this poor Syrian calling on his God for salvation when I was lost in The Sinks for three hours with no light. I can still hear his plaintive cry raised to a foreign God. "There is no God but God and Mohammed 'his prophet." Of course what I heard in the gloomy darkness of The Sinks was not translated into English as I have given it. I was a sort of a gurgling, liquid language. It sounded like pouring heavy liquid out of a jar or bottle and it sounded to me like "Allah Allah Allah Allah, Mohomed rasul Allah."

There is only one solution to this whole mystery of The Sinks. Either I am crazy and imagine things that do not happen, or else things happen in our lives that less sensitive people are unable to pick up. I do not know, and I would suggest to keep your

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lasting, well  
Gifts to your  
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each gift yo

announced by means of an a  
Forward to me order for an  
with the proper address—I w  
I am grateful for business.

Garland P. M  
Marlinton, W

Two beautifully typed cards  
from me, in a small box.  
Make it possible to serve in  
places, right from the room.  
Having been placed in  
the hands of the  
durable white plastic box  
and scratch-proof ball foot.

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### Pocahontas Rail Splitter

By Jake Seiner in the Sunday  
Charleston Gazette

Some people might think Henry Vaughan, of Pocahontas county is "a lucky man" to be able to chop 50 fence rails a day at the age of 84 years.

But not Mr. Vaughan. He says he has kept busy all his life and just can't quit.

Fifty fence rails split a day! "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Vaughan during an interview last week while visiting his sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Howard, 79, of 1317 Pennsylvania Avenue. "All last summer when weather permitted I chopped on an average of 50 rails a day."

Mr. Vaughan was born in Lewisburg, in what then was Virginia, on April 20, 1856. He was married in 1879 to Miss Miram Nancy Walton when she was 20 and I was little past 23." She died in 1920. He lives with his youngest son, Mr. D. Vaughan. Six of eight children born to the couple are living.

Known as "Uncle Henry," to his many nieces and nephews, Mr. Vaughan is hale and hearty and surprisingly alert.

"I work every day," he pointed out, "help put up all crops . . . oats, hay, corn, clover . . . and handle the sheep . . . it's grazing country, but we don't have the blue grass like we did have . . . seems it just went away."

In 1878 and '79, Mr. Vaughan was a track walker for the Greenbrier and C. and O. railroad, later working in lumber camps in Pocahontas county. He has farmed most of his life.

"I've never had any bad sickness," he reminisced, "had rheumatism once . . . couldn't get down the steps and couldn't raise my arms above my head . . . had my teeth pulled and got over it."

I've never had pneumonia, but had measles, whooping cough, and such as that."

Mr. Vaughan recounted with pride exploits of his father, Joshua R. Vaughan, a waggoner. "Lots of people ought to know my daddy," he said. "Daddy hauled salt from the Kanawha salt works and Bonanza Depot to Lewisburg. Sometimes when it was awful bad it took him from six weeks to two months to make the trip."

"My little brother and I," Mr. Vaughan recalled enthusiastically, "sold some of it as boys . . . and received \$10 a barrel . . . that was years ago."

"My father died at 82," Mr. Vaughan said, "but I believe he'd have lived longer if he hadn't got laid up with paralysis."

After recalling seeing the "Blues and the Greys" as a boy during the Civil War, Mr. Vaughan expressed a desire to return to his farm in Pocahontas county and get back to work.

"I ain't as catty as I was 50 years ago," Mr. Vaughan said with a smile, "but I still get about right well."



NO. 270 24		
Birds of Pocahontas County		
By MARY H. M. BOWERS		
M. G. Brooks names three hundred birds seen in West Virginia in his 1923 revised check list. We would not want to admit that most of them, except very few, ones, could not be seen in Pocahontas County. Since I have lived here, I have seen one hundred and fifty-one. So, I have not done so well.		
The Blake King property, where we live, is a good place for bird study. It is on the edge of the town, close to Knapps Creek and to the woods. I have seen or heard within the vicinity one hundred and three different species of birds. In the winter we keep our feeding places well stocked with sun flower seed, suet, walnut kernels and chick feed; so we have plenty of birds around all of the time.		
Most of the birds we apt to see so far this year are permanent or winter residents. A few early travelers have started their northern journeys. I have seen the following birds since January 1 of this year:		
1. Turkey Vulture	27. Coot	
2. Cooper's Hawk	28. Killdeer	
3. Sparrow Hawk	29. Woodcock	
4. Ruffed Grouse	30. Spotted Sandpiper	
5. Bob-White	31. Solitary Sandpiper	
6. Killdeer	32. Least Sandpiper	
7. Mourning Dove	33. Greater Yellow Legs	
8. Pileated Woodpecker	34. Lesser Yellow Legs	
9. Red-bellied Woodpecker	35. Wilson's Snipe	
10. Hairy Woodpecker	36. Mourning Dove	
11. Downy Woodpecker	37. Black-billed Cuckoo	
12. Northern Horned Lark	38. Great Horned Owl	
13. Prairie Horned Lark	39. Barred Owl	
14. Bluejay	40. Screech Owl	
15. Crow	41. Chimney Swift	
16. Black-capped Chickadee	42. Whip-poor-will	
17. Tufted Titmouse	43. Nighthawk	
18. White-breasted Nuthatch	44. Ruby-throated Hummingbird	
19. Red-breasted Nuthatch	45. Kingfisher	
20. Brown Creeper	46. Flicker	
21. Winter Wren	47. Pileated Woodpecker	
22. Robin	48. Red-bellied Woodpecker	
23. Golden-crowned Kinglet	49. Red-headed Woodpecker	
24. Starling	50. Downy Woodpecker	
25. English Sparrow	51. Yellow-bellied Sapsucker	
26. Meadow Lark	52. Hairy Woodpecker	
27. Red Wing	53. Kingbird	
28. Cardinal	54. Phoebe	
29. Purple Finch	55. Peewee	
30. Goldfinch	56. Crested Flycatcher	
31. Towhee	57. Least Flycatcher	
32. Junco	58. Olive-sided Flycatcher	
33. Tree Sparrow	59. Acadian Flycatcher	
34. Field Sparrow	60. Northern Horned Lark	
35. Fox Sparrow	61. Prairie Horned Lark	
36. Song Sparrow	62. Barn Swallow	
Thirty-six in all. The real migration in the bird world will be noticed more after the middle of April.		
My Pocahontas County list of birds to date includes the following:		
1. Pied-bill Grebe	63. Bank Swallow	
2. Great Blue Heron	64. Rough-winged Swallow	
3. Green Heron	65. Purple Martin	
4. Black-crowned Heron	66. Bluejay	
5. Black Duck	67. Raven	
6. Gadwall	68. Crow	
7. Blue-winged Teal	69. Titmouse	
8. Lesser Scaup	70. Black-capped Chickadee	
9. Canvas-back	71. Carolina Chickadee	
10. Baldpate	72. White-breasted Nuthatch	
11. Ring-necked Duck	73. Red-breasted Nuthatch	
12. Wood Duck	74. Brown Creeper	
13. Redhead	75. House Wren	
14. Hooded Merganser	76. Carolina Wren	
15. Turkey Vulture	77. Bewick Wren	
16. Sharp-shinned Hawk	78. Winter Wren	
17. Cooper's Hawk	79. Mockingbird	
18. Red-tailed Hawk	80. Cat Bird	
19. Red-shouldered Hawk	81. Brown Thrasher	
20. Broad-winged Hawk	82. Robin	
21. Sparrow Hawk	83. Bluebird	
22. Marsh Hawk	84. Wood Thrush	
23. Osprey	85. Hermit Thrush	
24. Ruffed Grouse	86. Olive-backed Thrush	
25. Bob White	87. Gray-backed Thrush	
26. Wild Turkey	88. Veery Thrush	
	89. Blue-gray Gnatcatcher	
	90. Golden-crowned Kinglet	
	91. Ruby-crowned Kinglet	
	92. Cedar Waxwing	
	93. Starling	
	94. Meadow Lark	
	95. Yellow-throated Vireo	
	96. Warbling Vireo	
	97. White-eyed Vireo	
	98. Red-eyed Vireo	
	99. Mountain Vireo	
	100. Black and White Warbler	
	101. Golden-winged Warbler	
	102. Parula Warbler	
	103. Yellow Warbler	
	104. Black-throated Blue Warb.	
	105. Black-throated Green Warb.	
	106. Magnolia Warbler	
	107. Myrtle Warbler	
	108. Maryland Yellow-throat	
	109. Chestnut-sided Warbler	
	110. Hooded Warbler	
	111. Canada Warbler	
	112. Blackburnian Warbler	
	113. Nashville Warbler	
	114. Palm Warbler	
	115. Cape May Warbler	
	116. Cerulean Warbler	
	117. Mourning Warbler	
	118. Kentucky Warbler	
	119. Worm-eating Warbler	
	120. Red Start	
	121. Oven-bird	
	122. Louisiana Water Thrush	
	123. English Sparrow	
	124. Bobolink	
	125. Red-winged Blackbird	
	126. Rusty Blackbird	



137	Cowbird	o
138	Grackle	ca
139	Orchard Oriole	h
140	Baltimore Oriole	a
141	Scarlet Tanager	M
142	Cardinal	T
143	Rose-breasted Grosbeak	e
144	Gold Finch	B
145	Purple Finch	h
146	Red-eyed Towhee	lo
147	Indigo Bunting	y
148	Grasshopper Sparrow	R
149	Song Sparrow	d
150	Fox Sparrow	m
151	Field Sparrow	sa
152	Tree Sparrow	ca
153	Savannah Sparrow	-
154	Chipping Sparrow	v
155	White-throated Sparrow	T
156	White-crowned Sparrow	b
157	Veery Sparrow	h
158	Lark Sparrow	n
159	Lincoln Sparrow	o
160	Swamp Sparrow	th
161	Juncos	le
Footholms is a large county: o		
its high mountains, valleys, rivers b		
and lakes, offer a marvelous op- b		
portunity for the hobby of bird b		
study. However, it is very much b		
like hunting. You have to be in b		
the same vicinity at the same time f		
as your opponent to make a kill and e		
then you have succeeded. g		
L. M. W. Brown		
Martinsburg, W. Va.		



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Blue Jay Staff

My dear Editor:

I have been very much interest-  
ed in the discussion in your pa-  
per, relative to naming a State  
Bird and State Tree.

I am a native of Pocahontas;  
spent 25 years among the birds of  
that county; had personal acquaint-  
ance with them all, from a "Belt  
Buzard" to a "fly up the creek;"  
and I feel that I should have a  
vote in the matter, registered from  
my native county.

I want to vote for the "Buz-  
ard." True he has a bad breath;  
but an honest heart. He spends  
his whole time getting rid of the  
"rottenness" in the community;  
and if there was ever a time in  
human history when a nation  
needed a bird like this; it is now.

As to the State Tree; I am in  
favor of the Chestnut. It is as  
dead as a "Dodo;" made so by the  
invasion of Russian rust; a fair  
sample of what will happen to this  
country; if we do not get rid of  
Communism; and other ills that  
are percolating down through the  
veins of our nation.

Let us have more industry; econ-  
omy; and private right of proper-  
ty; and less government interfer-  
ence in the business matters of  
this country.

Yours most sincerely;  
E. C. Eagle.

Hinton, W. Va.

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	<h3>Drafts</h3>	
world's ning has confi- defin- le of nap- aso- I to nock larg brid. City the nar- e. s so ytic of thus ligh in gas, fus- use dy. fro- ms, ves. by. s of the e as ing s of pro- anc- por- ub- no- me- to had	<p>-I have received a letter from the outstanding scientist of West Virginia inquiring for to know our local meaning of the common name of draft applied to a long, narrow valley or to the stream draining said valley. Scientists down in Washington had written in about it. My reply was the local application of this word is to a long narrow valley between two leading ridges, down which flows a perceptible current in the process known as air drainage. Of course, winds do blow up a draft when coming from right directions. What I am trying to get over is the earth warmed air rising in columns on sunny days, replace cooler air, causing the heavier air to seek its level by draining down a draft. A hollow or ravine is not long enough to catch much of a draft, a valley is too broad. So, a draft is longer than a hollow and more narrow than a valley. Out west a draft is called a draw.</p> <p>Somewhere I remember seeing the word draft put down in an old reference book as a Scotch word meaning a long narrow valley.</p> <p>This being a Scotch Irish country, the term was applied by the early settlers and the name has stuck. There is Indian Draft, Back Draft, Buckman Draft, Jerico Draft, Townsend Draft, Bolar Draft, Monroe Draft, Long Draft and Big Draft.</p>	<p>Dear Th vare The ves; the b deer these Wl arout pairs in Se Senec sort c keep for a Alleg Suc one fi whose ters o gumes tin J Howe wool o sentat Mace, No the ga been g of omi have a glad to wards warmer appear As f nal vig So bea status right a farmer</p>



**HEVENER-WILSON**

The marriage of Miss Nancy Virginia Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hall Wilson of Durbin, to Mr. Howard Hevener, son of Mrs. E. B. Summerson and the late Uriah Hevener of Arberville, took place Saturday, Aug. 24 1940 at the home of the bride's parents. Members of the two families and a few close friends were present.

Rev. A. B. Williford, pastor of the Liberty Presbyterian church at Greenbank, performed the ceremony in the living room of the house, which was decorated with vases and baskets of summer flowers.

Mrs. H. M. Widney of Durbin played "I Love You Truly," and the traditional wedding marches.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a light weight wool blue grass suit with matching turban, wine accessories and a shoulder corsage of brown orchids. She was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Wilson, who was maid of honor and wore a plantation brown wool dress with brown accessories and a shoulder corsage of Falsman roses.

Mr. Neal Hevener of Arberville, brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

A reception was held at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, after which the couple left for a trip to New York and New England.

The bride is a graduate of the Greenbank high school and attended Marshall college.

The bridegroom is a graduate of the Greenbank high school and attended Greenbrier Military school. He is engaged in farming and stock raising.



Shortly after he started work this morning at 8:30 Wallace Stevens was caught between the back end of a turning steam shovel and the front end of a large dump truck and was crushed to death. The accident happened on the new Millpoint-Richwood highway which is being built by Federal Prison labor.

According to Capt. Oliver, superintendent of the camp, the accident was entirely unavoidable on the part of the steam shovel operator who did not know Stevens was near and could not see him.

The deceased was 36 years of age, a native of Spring Creek, Tenn., and had been sentenced for violation of the Internal Revenue laws.







### GALFORD REUNION

It is the custom of many notable families of West Virginia to hold annual reunions, and was together members of their respective. The Galfords of West Virginia held their reunion for 1939 at Walkersville, Lewis county, and it was decided there to hold their next reunion at or near Greenbank, which is near the ancestral home of the pioneer Galfords.

Later it was agreed to hold the meeting at the old Chest Bridge in Randolph county. Then it was decided the proper place would be at the Gaudinier Lookout Tower on the line between Randolph and Pocahontas counties. The reunion was held September 1, 1940. Harvey Cresser directed the crowd that went to Chest Bridge back to Gaudinier Tower. This tower is situated about two miles north of the old Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. It is reached by a rock back road with an easy grade and graceful curves and passes through some stands of the virgin forest of spruce.

The Tower and Knob was dedicated in 1937 in honor of D. B. Gaudinier, who for twelve years was a District Forest Ranger on the Monongahela National Forest. He sacrificed his life in an attempt to save his children from fire. The Tower is at an elevation of 4,445 feet, and is surrounded by a stand of many acres of young spruce pine trees.

The Galfords and their many friends kept coming until they were about three hundred strong. The parking area and roadway in front of the Tower was full of automobiles and trucks. In the forenoon the crowd was entertained by the Arlo-gast and Horner string band of Dunmore. At the noon-hour table cloths were spread down the center of the parking area. This is a solid floor of macadamized sandstone. A sumptuous dinner was served to all the crowd. This is a common occurrence in the friendly, hospitable homes of all the Galfords.

In the afternoon Dr. Geo. F. Hull, of Durbin, made a fine oration along the line of patriotism. He made mention of the pioneer Galfords in the frontier days of Pocahontas county; of the passing of the fine virgin forest of Cheat Mountain and the mammoth oak trees which were guide posts to the pioneer in the days of the frontier.

The oldest of the Galfords present were Homer Galford 76, and his sister 79, both of Lewis county; the youngest was the six weeks old great grand daughter of the oldest Galford, lady. Each one received gifts. The youngest married couple present was Dewey Galford and Madge Moore Galford of Dunmore. Glen Galford won the prize for having the largest family.

The Galfords are all lovers of cattle and pride themselves in the skill of calling cattle. A cattle calling contest was advanced, and three of the best men in Pocahontas county were chosen judges—June McElwee and Charley Sharp of Marlinton, and H. E. Hudson of Durbin. Quite a number of men entered this contest. Dr. Hull, being confident he could win the prize, gave one long, broad and sonorous call that would have done credit to the call of an Indian chief. Glen Galford began the process of deep breathing, puffed up like a frog and made the call that

won the prize. This proved to be a gandy sucker. It is said that the cattle for miles around began bawling for milk. A Mrs. Galford from Barba county, won the pig calling contest. A little girl from Clarkeburg won the rooster crowing contest. The day was well spent and enjoyed by all. Many of the folks climbed the steel tower and viewed the beautiful scenery of Cheat Mountain and the Alleghenies. This scene deserves its reputation. This is one of the popular recreational points, and achievements of the Monongahela National Forest.

Among the Galfords of West Virginia we find type figures of the honest laboring class of people. They are lovers of home and they are not content without a home of their own. They are patriots to the core.

As we trace them back to their ancestry when Pocahontas county was in Augusta and Bath counties we find in the oldest personal property books in Bath county, Virginia, bearing date of 1782, that Thomas Galford was listed as one of the taxpayers. Among others were Jacob Warwick, William Warwick, Thomas Cartmill, Jacob Gillispie, James Rocker, Joseph Sutton, William Taylor. This was Augusta county at that date and was listed as being on the Greenbrier, by George Poage, assessor. The homes of these pioneers were in what is now Greenbald and Dunmore neighborhoods. The pioneer Thomas Galford was a special friend of Major Jacob Warwick, and they were together in many thrilling adventures.

The pioneer Thomas Galford married Noma Slaven. They had three children, Thomas, Jr., John, and Elizabeth, who was taken captive by the Indians.

We don't have time nor space to follow the genealogy of the descendants of Thomas Galford, but will give a list of the lands granted to them by the Commonwealth of Virginia, as recorded in the land grant books of Augusta, Bath and Pocahontas counties, on file in the auditor's office in Charleston and in the land office in Richwood, Virginia.

Thomas Galford, Sr., 154 acres, 1794, situated on Stillington Creek, now owned by Charley Wilfong and Wade Galford; Thomas Galford, 98 acres on Stillington Creek 1790; Thomas Galford, 30 acres, Greenbrier river 1811. William Galford, 75 acres Greenbrier river 1817. John Galford, 75 acres, Stillington Creek 1833. Thomas Galford 29 acres Stillington Creek 1836. William Galford 42 acres, Stillington Creek 1836. John Galford 10 acres, Stillington Creek 1836. John Galford, 76 acres Stillington Creek 1836. William Galford 62 acres Stillington Creek 1838. Allen Galford, 50 acres Bick Alleghany Mt. 1857. Allen Galford, 195 acres Greenbrier River 1854. Allen Galford 375 acres Greenbrier River 1857. Thomas Galford 154 acres Elk Lick Run 1861. The head waters of Stillington creek received the name of Galfords Creek from the pioneer Thomas Galford. Thomas Galford, the pioneer had lived in the neighborhood long before the date of his land grant of 1794. He was a tinsmith in 1782. It is a tradition among the Galford descendants that Thomas Galford gave a bear trap for his first homestead; this could have happened in the way of barter, and no record made of the

transaction.

It is a matter of authentic history that he was living with his family on Stillington Creek when the Indians were still making raids through the country. His daughter Elizabeth 14 years of age, was sent on an errand and was never heard of afterward. Word was sent to all the settlers far and near and vain search was made. While searching along the creek, thinking she had fallen in the water and drowned, they found an Indian trail. The tracks of the girl, with some bits of cloth and other signs gave evidence that Elizabeth had been captured by the Indians. The trail was followed till it became so obscure that it was given up.

Thomas Galford in company with a man by the name of Gregory went through to the Indian villages in Ohio, but found no evidence of the missing girl. There is a tradition handed down that on their return they captured two fine horses from the Indians. Knowing that they would be followed, they returned on their own trail and an ambush shot two of the three Indians. This put check on the pursuit, and by traveling all night, made their escape home.

The fact that Elizabeth Galford was captured by Indians is an authentic historical fact. It is one of the tragedies common among the early settlers of the Greenbrier Valley. While this incident occurred more than a hundred and fifty years ago, it would be a fine thing if the Galford family would erect a monument or marker in memory of the capture of Elizabeth Galford by the Indians, and thus perpetuate her memory. Too much has been forgotten of the lives of our pioneer settlers. Take away all our political history, but leave us forever the traditions of our people. In these is our comfort and pride.

With very best wishes for all the Galfords of West Virginia.

I am yours truly,

R. W. Brown,  
Greenbank, W. Va.

### CASS MAN FATALLY INJURED

Lewis Amos Pennington, aged 27 years of Cass, West Virginia, was injured fatally Sunday night when he was struck by an automobile on the valley pike eight miles north of Harrisonburg, Virginia. Pennington and a companion were enroute to Winchester to seek employment as apple pickers. Greenbrier Independent.

### REVIVAL SERVICE

Friday September 29 to 29 at the M.E. church on Beaver Creek. Services at 7:30 p.m. and 11 a.m. Sundays Miss Ruth Coleman, evangelist. A cordial welcome to all.

F. B. Kannair, chief machinist's mate, USN, officer in charge of the Navy Recruiting Station at Staunton, Virginia, will be at the Post Office in Marlinton, on Friday, September 27, 1940, from 9:00 A. M. until 4:30 P. M. for the purpose of receiving applications for enlistment in the United States Navy. Any one desiring information on enlisting are urged to apply on that date, and any information will be gladly given.

Mr and Mrs B. D. Vase, who have been residing in Cass for about two years have returned to White Sulphur Springs and are now living in the old Richter house—White Sulphur Sentinel.



### ALONG THE WAY

BY SYDNEY A. PERIN, M. D.

Was the name of Johnstun and the Continental Congress? These stirring words belonged on a few old metal engravings in an ornate and sturdy volume of United States History in my father's library. The picture was of the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga by General Ethan Allen of Vermont. This was in the days of the American Revolution. According to the "last oft advice" of those days, when I was of impatience of the spotlight, the natives of Crown Point, hardly knew the colonies were in revolution. So, they fell easy victims to General Allen's fast footwork. By the way the old form of being tried out here in Williamsburg in some colonial apes of spelling, but it is not, taking on very well.

Anyway, the very day Fort Mifflin was taken, the first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia with Peyton Randolph of Virginia, sitting as its president. The last president of the Continental Congress was Cyrus Griffin of Williamsburg, Virginia.

The house I live in is now labeled the Cyrus Griffin House. Perhaps he built it; let us believe so anyway. It is important that many travelers now journeying this way can see the house of their ancestor Griffin, and know they are not on the wrong turning. And how they come—Griffins from California, Georgia, Rhode Island, Connecticut.

My house was here on these foundations in the year 1800; farther back no venture is made. Lady Christina Stuart Griffin died in Williamsburg in 1800. Her body was laid in Bruton parish church yard beside the graves of her husband's father and mother. When or where Cyrus Griffin died and where he is buried is unknown. Some think he died in York town, however York county is one of the old shires which spread over a world of country at one time.

There is a book called Love Stories of Great Virginians. This book came into new life since Williamsburg has taken up most of the map of Virginia the past fifteen years or so, according to the thousands of visitors in these parts. In this book is told the story of Cyrus Griffin, Virginian, and Lady Christina Stuart, of Edinburgh, Scotland. Griffin went to Edinburgh to study law. There he met the sister of a class mate, Lady Christina Stuart, daughter of the ninth Earl of Fraserburgh, a cousin of John Murray, Lord Dunsmore, the last Colonial Governor of Virginia.

The lovers eloped to Virginia, and lived some where in Williamsburg

After the Revolution continued, the family, three children, moved to Newport Rhode Island. And there to this day their descendants live.

With the statues of Lord Botetourt lying in the ditch amid the ruins of the house of burgesses and other evidences of the fall of young patriots in destroying the old regime, perhaps the Griffin family thought they might be happier elsewhere.

Like my own—Randolph relations the name of Griffin is no longer there. When I came to Williamsburg in 1911 an antiquarian friend told me that as far as he knew I was the only descendant of the Colonial family of Randolph in Williamsburg. I still may be the only known one, but I doubt if as family has taken unbold leaps and bounds since Mr Rockefeller took Williamsburg in hand.

Speaking of the Randolphs in Virginia, my mother's branch of the family is kept alive by Dr Ward Randolph, of Richmond, his two sons his grandson. The blood, however, extends far and wide among those of us who are scuffling along under other family names; descendants of the distaff side of the houses.

In Bruton church yard lies the stone to Lady Christina Stuart, daughter of the ninth Earl of Fraserburgh, wife of Cyrus Griffin; died 1800. Blank space takes up half the space on the tombstone; never filled in. The lettering is the most distinct of all the ancient markers, although exposed to the elements all these years. A forgotten woman, indeed, although the feet of many strangers now find their way to this quiet place. In the words of the caretaker of the yard, "The Cyrus Griffins are coming."

The last to ring my door to learn of the Cyrus Griffin House were visitors named Griffin from Connecticut. In asking directions to my house of a brash young man—no doubt a Griffin himself—he said with all the positive fearlessness of consequences of youth, "Mister, I can tell you where the Griffin house is, but I tell you now the Griffins in this town are no good!"

The British flag brightened the corners where we are the past week when an English family from Havana Cuba, stopped in. They had been to Detroit to trade an old car for a new one. They had been told in Detroit that the present batch of cars of that make might be the last; the factory might be devoted to making war machines; maybe spitfires or the like.

The man was deaf with other physical disability from the last world war; his wife is the more vigorous in action. Their two small girls, aged seven and nine, little English affairs of patriots, slept safely and soundly through the night, under a small white banner at the bed's head, with

the slogan on it, "There will always be England."

The late Governor Francis Nicholson of Virginia, 1688, would like to see the street be named for himself. Francis, when he laid out the town of Williamsburg, it has been taken over by the State Highway Department for maintenance and keep. The work is now in progress, and early each morning steam shovels and tongs begin to make a dependable road for hard usage. Duke of Gloucester Street was evidently meant for students and lawmakers, with the colleges at one end and the capitol at the other. Francis street was for the quality, with the finest of old English family names clinging tenaciously to the crumbling mansions, until the restoration put things back in order. For a couple of centuries, more and less, proud families held away on Francis street. They were all friends and kinsmen and neighbors, with the exception of the Scotch family of MacCandlish, who hold no traffic with their roistering neighbors and townsmen. The MacCandlish gentleman is now the site the dilapidated Williamsburg inn. I would say this is the most pretentious hotel for its limited size in all the land.

Francis Street now is returned to its original intent and purpose—a country road. This tearing up of streets and the highway tunnel excavations have played hobb with tour ists travel this summer. However better days are promised, just around the corner.

The doorbell rings. It may be a friend; it may be a tourist; it may be a Griffin; time will tell. Warrall Lodge, Williamsburg, Va.

Durbin—Senator M. M. Neely has informed local authorities of presidential approval of WPA allotment of \$4294 to improve the streets and alleys of Durbin.

## A. E. COOPER

Republican Candidate For

### Prosecuting Attorney

Election, Tuesday, Nov. 6th

I earnestly solicit the support of my friends in both parties



ANNUAL

POCAHONTAS GRAIN & POTATO SHOW

High School Gymnasium

Marlinton, W. Va.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1940

We cordially invite each farmer in Pocahontas County to bring his best products to the show. We ask your cooperation in making this the largest, best and most outstanding Grain and Potato Show in West Virginia for 1940.

All exhibits must be in by 9:30 p. m. Friday, November 8. This is necessary so that they can be properly arranged for display and judged before Saturday, November 9.

**Classes to be Exhibited and Prizes Offered**

**Section I—Grains**

Class	First	Second	Third
1 10 Ears Hybrid Corn	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00
2 10 Ears Yellow Dent Corn	2.00	1.50	1.00
3 10 Ears White Dent Corn	2.00	1.50	1.00
4 10 Ears corn, 4-H Member	3.00	1.50	1.00
5 10 Ears corn, other variety	2.00	1.50	1.00
6 1 Gallon Oats	2.00	1.50	1.00
7 1 Gallon Wheat	2.00	1.50	1.00
8 1 Gallon Buckwheat	2.00	1.50	1.00
9 1 Gallon Barley	2.00	1.50	1.00

**Section II—Potatoes**

10 1 Peck Smooth Rurals	2.00	1.50	1.00
11 1 Peck Russett Rurals	2.00	1.50	1.00
12 1 Peck Irish Cobblers	2.00	1.50	1.00
13 1 Peck Green Mountain	2.00	1.50	1.00
14 1 Peck grown by 4-H mem.	2.00	1.50	1.00
15 1 Peck any other variety	2.00	1.50	1.00
16 Plate of 5 Largest Potatoes	2.00	1.50	1.00
17 Plate of 5 Ugliest Potatoes	2.00	1.50	1.00

**Section III—Hay**

18 5-lb. Bale of Alfalfa Hay	2.00	1.50	1.00
19 5-lb. Bale of Clover Hay	2.00	1.50	1.00

Premiums donated by the Bank of Marlinton and the First National Bank of Marlinton, West Virginia. This show is sponsored by the Pocahontas County Farmer-Banker Association.

Special arrangements are being made for an all day educational meeting in connection with the show this year. Be sure to be there!



# THE DRAFT

The First 600 Names of Those Registered in Pocahontas County for National Preparedness

1. Harry Simmons, Bartow
2. John Bedford, Motts, Hosterman
3. Mack Junior Mann, Marlinton
4. Glenn Parker Tracy, Boyer
5. Merle Lee Sharp, Dunmore
6. Cloy A. Nottingham, Dunmore
7. Frank M. Sullivan, Dunmore
8. James L. Carpenter, Dunmore
9. Lee M. Gibson, Marlinton
10. Charles A. McLaughlin, Dunmore
11. Arlie D. Sharp, Buckeye
12. Lloyd P. McLaughlin, Huntersville
13. Dennis A. Wade, Huntersville
14. Harry J. Whiting, Huntersville
15. Mandel B. Wright, Slaty Fork
16. Lonnie W. Armstrong, Buckeye
17. Carl Ward Dumire, Marlinton
18. Mack Fate Gillenwater, Durbin
19. Doris Roberts, Millpoint
20. Arlie Varner, Durbin
21. Glenn C. Moore, Durbin
22. Carl A. Curry, Durbin
23. Delbert R. Osmer, Hosterman
24. J. Bassett, Casey, Durbin
25. Hal K. Slaven, Durbin
26. Ray O. Houchin, Durbin
27. Burley J. Collins, Hosterman
28. Robert Jeri White, Slatyfork
29. Brooks Jesse Hedrick, Slatyfork
30. James E. Morgan, Slatyfork
31. Walter L. Currence, Bartow
32. Charles O. Gragg, Bartow
33. George Blaine Miller, Bartow
34. Hubert Blaine Miller, Bartow
35. Roy Andrew Kernher, Splice
36. Ernest N. Moore, Jr., Dunmore
37. Albert Truman Mace, Marlinton
38. Ray Lewis Sage, Slatyfork
39. Paul P. Smalridge, Slatyfork
40. Stanley W. Barkley, Cass
41. John Paul Collins, Hosterman
42. Blake B. Collins, Hosterman
43. Bert T. Hevener, Durbin
44. Evell Varner, Durbin
45. Jesse J. Townsend, Bartow
46. Robert V. Collins, Bartow
47. John Nestor Allen, Millpoint
48. Chas. Peffer Gainer, Bartow
49. Edward Lee Turner, Bartow
50. Morgan H. McClure, Millpoint
51. Avery Roberts, Millpoint
52. Willie R. Hughes, Jr., Bartow
53. James Conrad Teter, Bartow
54. Winters Wm. Pritt, Hillsboro
55. Luster B. McMillon, Millpoint
56. James Wm. McNeill, Buckeye
57. Charles Wm. Miller, Dunmore
58. Robert Ashby Wilfong, Dunmore
59. Arlie E. Simmons, Huntersville
60. Bernard H. Sharp, Dunmore
61. Paul Lem Mullennax, Boyer
62. Earl Woodrow Belcher, Cass
63. James R. Sharp, Marlinton
64. Fred Camel Burns, Marlinton
65. Raymond F. Condee, Marlinton
66. Warren Cross, Cass
67. Wallace Lee Dill, Cass
68. Roy Allen Barkley, Cass
69. Mariner W. Allen, Denmar, Col
70. John Lee Jenkins, Denmar, Col
71. William M. Browning, Beard
72. Elam L. Banks, Jr., Denmar, Col
73. James Russel Waugh, Cass

74. Earl Hampton Copen, Cass
75. Randolph Ray Carr, Marlinton
76. Thomas E. Massey, Marlinton
77. John Davis Bosley, Durbin
78. Ora Cameron Friel, Cloverlick
79. Donald Robert Friel, Cloverlick
80. William Daniels, Denmar, Col
81. Merle William Ervin, Cass
82. Carl Calvin Davis, Marlinton
83. Orval Vannoy, Dunmore
84. Meade Lanier Waugh, Marlinton
85. Ernest L. Bailey, Jr., Marlinton
86. Johnny A. Wilfong, Marlinton
87. Jack Eldon Smith, Marlinton
88. Arlin Murphy, Arboreale
89. Ray Franklin Reznor, Frank
90. Robert S. Gay, Marlinton
91. Alfred Neuton Edgar, Marlinton
92. Rity J. Halterman, Dunmore
93. Geo S. McLaughlin, Stony Bottom
94. Darrell A. Friel, Cloverlick
95. Earl C. Wilfong, Bartow
96. Robert L. McComb, Huntersville
97. Zaron M. Sharp, Marlinton
98. Lawrence M. Jeffries, Marlinton
99. Earl W. Beverages, Cloverlick
100. Howard Hamrick, Cloverlick
101. Harry B. Ryder, Cloverlick
102. Berlin E. Stone, Arboreale
103. Frances Wade Hook, Millpoint
104. Jesse Franklin Clark, Jacob
105. George V. Gladwell, Splice
106. Sidney Buren Boyce, Jacob
107. Elmer W. Herold, Huntersville
108. Sam M. Hollandsworth, Splice
109. Grover Wm. Wright, Cass
110. Lyle Gilmore Sharp, Cass
111. John Phillip Kramer, Millpoint
112. Ralph M. Arbogast, Millpoint
113. Hines Bea Jordan, Mace
114. Wardell Townsend, Boyer
115. Dewey T. Lambert, Bartow
116. Earl W. VanReenan, Marlinton
117. James Wm. Harris, Marlinton
118. Lawrence W. Noonan, Cloverlick
119. Clifton Isaac Lyle, Cass
120. Robert B. Ryder, Cloverlick
121. Russell A. Nottingham, Durbin
122. Paul W. Haddock, Marlinton
123. William M. Jeffries, Marlinton
124. Horace D. Carey, Denmar, Col
125. Robert D. Caldwell, Denmar, Col
126. James E. Goods, Jr., Denmar, Col
127. Woodrow W. Burner, Frank
128. Forest F. Vaughan, Hillsboro
129. Mason H. Vaughan, Hillsboro
130. George W. Combs, Hillsboro
131. Neil S. Kennison, Hillsboro
132. Edgar Jacob Doyle, Mace
133. Grady Richard Doyle, Mace
134. Herbert Troy Mace, Mace
135. Carl J. Reed, Huntersville
136. Howard O. Waugh, Marlinton
137. Warren W. Whit, Marlinton
138. Walter F. Shaffer, Marlinton
139. Roy Estel Calloway, Hillsboro
140. Paul Woodrow Dean, Lobelia
141. Maurice F. Rose, Hillsboro
142. Shelby H. Rose, Hillsboro
143. Delbert W. Ramsey, Hillsboro
144. Floyd E. Moore, Stony Bottom
145. Lloyd E. Moore, Stony Bottom
146. Guy N. Ervine, Greenbank
147. Loran S. Jordan, Greenbank
148. Frank Robert Gibson, Marlinton
149. Berton Bernell Gum, Cass
150. Byrd F. Shrader, Cass
151. Virgil Seibert Taylor, Cass
152. Arch Waybright, Arboreale
153. Wilfred W. Sheets, Greenbank

154. Warren M. Ervine, Arboreale
155. Ray Elmer Sharp, Marlinton
156. Philip A. Shott, Greenbank
157. Wallace A. Galford, Greenbank
158. Richard H. Clutter, Hillsboro
159. Augustus H. Walton, Lobelia
160. Allen Dale Ervine, Arboreale
161. Burnell Woodrow Mapp, Boyer
162. Clarence E. Gordon, Hillsboro
163. Jay Pruitt Jordan, Mace
164. Robert S. Lakke, Jr., Hillsboro
165. Alfred E. McNeel, Hillsboro
166. William B. Dunn, Dunmore
167. Charles E. Matheny, Bartow
168. Virden H. McNeely, Slatyfork
169. Robert Buggardner, Slatyfork
170. Bearyl E. McLaughlin, Stony Bottom
171. Ed. J. Barkley, Cass
172. Layte S. Geiger, Stony Bottom
173. Herman W. Greshouse, Durbin
174. Harry G. Banton, Durbin
175. Junior H. Lambert, Arboreale
176. Harvey H. Warwick, Greenbank
177. Charles E. Ziler, Hillsboro
178. Claude A. Gordon, Hillsboro
179. Olla W. Arbogast, Marlinton
180. Woodrow W. Hamrick, Cass
181. Charles W. Henry, Bartow
182. Joe D. Church, Hillsboro, Col
183. Thomas C. Edgar, Hillsboro
184. Charles W. Gum, Millpoint
185. Robert O. Eubank, Marlinton
186. Earl Elmer Coates, Cass
187. Richard B. Blake, Cass
188. Otha Selmon, Bartow
189. Harold H. Hulver, Bartow
190. Edgar L. Gillenwater, Durbin
191. Leroy Simmons, Durbin
192. Thomas R. Slaton, Slatyfork
193. Jesse Bowles, Denmar, Col
194. William H. Holman, Denmar, Col
195. Hugh Hazel Wiley, Splice
196. Delbert Kernher, Splice
197. Camille Ramburg, Huntersville
198. James B. Garrett, Marlinton
199. Joe E. Waugh, Marlinton
200. Harley A. Greshouse, Marlinton
201. Norval Harland Poague, Splice
202. Claude Lewis Wilmoth, Frank
203. Kenneth Ray Crutcher, Durbin
204. Reuel Robert Hook, Frank
205. Keith B. Jennings, Durbin
206. Richard S. Skaggs, Marlinton
207. Garland P. McFerrin, Marlinton
208. Allen Reed Davis, Marlinton
209. Wm. T. McLaughlin, Millpoint
210. Sumners J. Howard, Beard, Col
211. Wilson Tyler, Beard
212. James A. Sanders, Denmar, Col
213. Cyrus Lee Kidd, Beard
214. Caron Stark, Thornwood
215. Geo. W. Tallman, Stony Bottom
216. Lewis H. Duncan, Marlinton
217. Audry S. Mullens, Huntersville
218. Hugh Clarence Hill, Lobelia
219. Sam T. Pennybacker, Arboreale
220. Wallace E. Bird, Marlinton
221. Harper Gary Beverage, Durbin
222. Sidney Jackson, Frank
223. Paul Hunter Collins, Frank
224. Lowell V. Minnick, Marlinton
225. Luther N. Robinson, Marlinton C
226. James H. Wilson, Jr., Marlinton
227. George W. Fowler, Hillsboro
228. Lloyd M. McClure, Millpoint
229. Leroy William Denmar, Col
230. James A. Tyree, Marlinton
231. Richard L. Gainer, Frank

232. James B. Campbell, Marlinton
233. John W. Vane, Denmar, Col
234. Oscar Beard
235. John Wm. Darnall, Marlinton
236. Joseph F. Smith, Hillsboro
237. Harry G. Brubaker, Arboreale
238. Fred Dewey Pugh, Boyer
239. James L. Wootley, Slatyfork
240. Henry Lyle Jennings, Frank
241. Raymond Nottingham, Dunmore
242. Sherlin F. Lambert, Greenbank
243. Guy Lee Kelly, Frank
244. John D. Harold, Huntersville
245. Wilbur F. Dolan, Huntersville
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247. Sumners M. Morrison, Hillsboro
248. John Andrew Smith, Frank, Col
249. Emmett Ray Loudensmith, Cass
250. Jesse W. Sessler, Marlinton
251. Amos Willard Kelly, Frank
252. William Alvis Seabolt, Hillsboro
253. Clarence W. Beard, Hillsboro
254. Anderson N. Curry, Durbin
255. James D. McLaughlin, Dunmore
256. Julian G. Lightner, Dunmore
257. Harry T. Landis, Hillsboro
258. Lee Walker Wilfong, Watoga
259. Howard A. Kramer, Millpoint
260. James Edward Hall, Cass
261. David H. Grimes, Dunmore
262. Delbert H. Reed, Huntersville
263. Woodrow H. Corbett, Dunmore
264. Russell S. Sussard, Dunmore
265. Ralph M. Hannah, Marlinton
266. Okey H. Mullens, Huntersville
267. Corbett W. Arbogast, Dunmore
268. Tempest V. Hill, Dunmore
269. Frank Richard Gum, Greenbank
270. Dale B. Phillips, Slatyfork
271. Robert J. Jeffries, Buckeye
272. Okey G. Hammons, Watoga
273. James H. Clark, Marlinton
274. John W. Warren, Buckeye
275. Howard F. Bowers, Huntersville
276. Neal W. Harrington, Frank
277. Charles W. Harrison, Frank
278. Ross Gamble Miller, Buckeye
279. Roy E. Dilley, Marlinton
280. Theodore A. Moore, Marlinton
281. Eugene M. Mullins, U. S. Prison Camp, Millpoint
282. Dennis C. Cutlip, Hillsboro
283. Owen L. Townsend, Hillsboro
284. Ernest Wimer, Durbin
285. Dexter B. Oldaker, Durbin
286. Owen Franklin Rader, Arboreale
287. Joe Allen Hamrick, Cass
288. Jasper M. Lane, Marlinton
289. Hill Headly Pritt, Splice
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298. Emory M. Pittenger, Bartow
299. Watson L. Underwood, Huntersville
300. Wilbur H. Gochenoux, Marlinton
301. Wallace J. Taylor, Boyer
302. Roy D. Lambert, Bartow
303. Robert Judson Gilmer, Durbin
304. James W. Gary, Marlinton, Col
305. William G. Walker, Marlinton C
306. Earl J. Lante, Greenbank
307. Joe Beard Kerr, Greenbank
308. Samuel B. Hannan, Arboreale
309. George R. Lantz, Greenbank
310. Orie Everett Perry, Dunmore
311. Forrest Hall Burner, Bartow
312. Joseph Reda, Durbin
313. Howard A. Martin, Denmar, Col
314. Lloyd H. Reed, Huntersville
315. Ralph C. Irvine, Marlinton
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319. Earl Reed Stange, Marlinton
320. Bruce Eugene Lawton, Durbin
321. John G. Hucksby, Hillsboro
322. Elmer B. Hoover, Bartow
323. Cecil Remus Holmes, Jacob
324. Donald Stewart, Burner, Frank
325. John P. Lane, Marlinton
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338. Leroy W. Sheets, Durbin
339. Everett G. Herold, Jr., Marlinton
340. Everette Wilson McCoy, Splice
341. Dempsey W. Dilley, Marlinton
342. Alex R. Alderman, Minnehaha Springs
343. Wayne Geiger, Marlinton
344. Leo Dever, Huntersville
345. Thomas S. Rymer, Marlinton
346. Clyde M. Waugh, Marlinton
347. Carl Emory Coates, Cass
348. June Nevitt Stewart, Frank
349. Charles W. Sussard, Minnehaha Springs
350. Sam Hubbard, Denmar, Col
351. Smith W. Vaughan, Hillsboro
352. Forrest L. McLaughlin, Minnehaha Springs
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359. Hunter S. Robertson, Marlinton
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361. Archie F. Walker, Hillsboro
362. William Lee DeHaven, Durbin
363. Andrew M. Weddell, Marlinton
364. Les McManney, Marlinton
365. William D. Hark, Hillsboro
366. Marie Ode Stone, Millpoint
367. Lucy E. Simpson, Slatyfork
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461. Elmer B. Hoover, Bartow
462. Cecil Remus Holmes, Jacob
463. Donald Stewart, Burner, Frank
464. John P. Lane, Marlinton
465. Claude W. Bruffey, Lobelia
466. Herbert Clinton Dean, Lobelia
467. Paul Ervin Barb, Durbin
468. Thomas Franklin Moore, Durbin
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482. Wayne Geiger, Marlinton
483. Leo Dever, Huntersville
484. Thomas S. Rymer, Marlinton
485. Clyde M. Waugh, Marlinton
486. Carl Emory Coates, Cass
487. June Nevitt Stewart, Frank
488. Charles W. Sussard, Minnehaha Springs
489. Sam Hubbard, Denmar, Col
490. Smith W. Vaughan, Hillsboro
491. Forrest L. McLaughlin, Minnehaha Springs
492. Ernest Lee Simmons, Frank
493. Frank Robert Harper, Hillsboro
494. Leslie J. Renzore, Bartow
495. Norman N. Correll, Marlinton
496. Harry T. Walton, Hillsboro
497. Charles M. Howard, Beard, Col
498. Hunter S. Robertson, Marlinton
499. William C. Pyle, Frank
500. Archie F. Walker, Hillsboro
501. William Lee DeHaven, Durbin
502. Andrew M. Weddell, Marlinton
503. Les McManney, Marlinton
504. William D. Hark, Hillsboro
505. Marie Ode Stone, Millpoint
506. Lucy E. Simpson, Slatyfork
507. Randolph Urbach, Cass
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533. James D. McLaughlin, Dunmore
534. Julian G. Lightner, Dunmore
535. Harry T. Landis, Hillsboro
536. Lee Walker Wilfong, Watoga
537. Howard A. Kramer, Millpoint
538. James Edward Hall, Cass
539. David H. Grimes, Dunmore
540. Delbert H. Reed, Huntersville
541. Woodrow H. Corbett, Dunmore
542. Russell S. Sussard, Dunmore
543. Ralph M. Hannah, Marlinton
544. Okey H. Mullens, Huntersville
545. Corbett W. Arbogast, Dunmore
546. Tempest V. Hill, Dunmore
547. Frank Richard Gum, Greenbank
548. Dale B. Phillips, Slatyfork
549. Robert J. Jeffries, Buckeye
550. Okey G. Hammons, Watoga
551. James H. Clark, Marlinton
552. John W. Warren, Buckeye
553. Howard F. Bowers, Huntersville
554. Neal W. Harrington, Frank
555. Charles W. Harrison, Frank
556. Ross Gamble Miller, Buckeye
557. Roy E. Dilley, Marlinton
558. Theodore A. Moore, Marlinton
559. Eugene M. Mullins, U. S. Prison Camp, Millpoint
560. Dennis C. Cutlip, Hillsboro
561. Owen L. Townsend, Hillsboro
562. Ernest Wimer, Durbin
563. Dexter B. Oldaker, Durbin
564. Owen Franklin Rader, Arboreale
565. Joe Allen Hamrick, Cass
566. Jasper M. Lane, Marlinton
567. Hill Headly Pritt, Splice
568. Herbert Edward Pritt, Splice
569. Ray M. Kohl, Marlinton
570. Fred T. P. Phillips, Marlinton
571. Hugh Brown Moore, Marlinton
572. Enoch M. Aldridge, Splice
573. Harry Russell Smith, Hillsboro
574. J. Rene McLaughlin, Huntersville
575. Carl Stanley Kismore, Cass
576. Emory M. Pittenger, Bartow
577. Watson L. Underwood, Huntersville
578. Wilbur H. Gochenoux, Marlinton
579. Wallace J. Taylor, Boyer
580. Roy D. Lambert, Bartow
581. Robert Judson Gilmer, Durbin
582. James W. Gary, Marlinton, Col
583. William G. Walker, Marlinton C
584. Earl J. Lante, Greenbank
585. Joe Beard Kerr, Greenbank
586. Samuel B. Hannan, Arboreale
587. George R. Lantz, Greenbank
588. Orie Everett Perry, Dunmore
589. Forrest Hall Burner, Bartow
590. Joseph Reda, Durbin
591. Howard A. Martin, Denmar, Col
592. Lloyd H. Reed, Huntersville
593. Ralph C. Irvine, Marlinton
594. Hayward Forest Colaw, Durbin
595. Robert B. Nottingham, Bartow
596. Gilbert S. Boggs, Lobelia
597. Earl Reed Stange, Marlinton
598. Bruce Eugene Lawton, Durbin
599. John G. Hucksby, Hillsboro
600. Elmer B. Hoover, Bartow
601. Cecil Remus Holmes, Jacob
602. Donald Stewart, Burner, Frank
603. John P. Lane, Marlinton
604. Claude W. Bruffey, Lobelia
605. Herbert Clinton Dean, Lobelia
606. Paul Ervin Barb, Durbin
607. Thomas Franklin Moore, Durbin
608. Emmett Wilfong, Stony Bottom
609. Joe Wilson McNeel, Millpoint
610. Raymond E. Mullennax, Arboreale
611. William A. Wilfong, Millpoint
612. Herman M. Ervine, Cloverlick
613. Thomas S. Dearling, Marlinton
614. Eugene F. McCloud, Durbin
615. Herman A. Brown, Marlinton
616. Leroy W. Sheets, Durbin
617. Everett G. Herold, Jr., Marlinton
618. Everette Wilson McCoy, Splice
619. Dempsey W. Dilley, Marlinton
620. Alex R. Alderman, Minnehaha Springs
621. Wayne Geiger, Marlinton
622. Leo Dever, Huntersville
623. Thomas S. Rymer, Marlinton
624. Clyde M. Waugh, Marlinton
625. Carl Emory Coates, Cass
626. June Nevitt Stewart, Frank
627. Charles W. Sussard, Minnehaha Springs
628. Sam Hubbard, Denmar, Col
629. Smith W. Vaughan, Hillsboro
630. Forrest L. McLaughlin, Minnehaha Springs
631. Ernest Lee Simmons, Frank
632. Frank Robert Harper, Hillsboro
633. Leslie J. Renzore, Bartow
634. Norman N. Correll, Marlinton
635. Harry T. Walton, Hillsboro
636. Charles M. Howard, Beard, Col
637. Hunter S. Robertson, Marlinton
638. William C. Pyle, Frank
639. Archie F. Walker, Hillsboro
640. William Lee DeHaven, Durbin
641. Andrew M. Weddell, Marlinton
642. Les McManney, Marlinton
643. William D. Hark, Hillsboro
644. Marie Ode Stone, Millpoint
645. Lucy E. Simpson, Slatyfork
646. Randolph Urbach, Cass
647. Alex J. Lane, Marlinton
648. Edward A. Wilson, Marlinton

## NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of the authority vested in me by decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered on the 10th day of October, 1940, wherein I was appointed as trustee in the case of R. M. Wilson, deceased, and by virtue of a deed of trust dated January 8, 1931, and of record in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in Trust Deed Book No. 16, at page 185, executed by James K. Marshall and Nannie K. Marshall to R. M. Wilson, Trustee, for whom the undersigned was substituted by the order aforesaid, notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, November 20, 1940, at one o'clock, P. M., at the front door of the Court House at Marlinton, West Virginia, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder the following lots or parcels of land:

First: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in or near the Town of Hillsboro, in Little Level District, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, being a part of the George W. Callison home place and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a corner of the garden of D. A. Gladwell, opposite Siple Hotel in the Town of Hillsboro on the North side of the Marlinton-Lewisburg road, N 45° 30' 161 feet with Gladwell's guardian to fence corner N 31° 00' E 172.6 feet to fence post on Alley of Callison Addition to the Town of Hillsboro and with the same N 48° 00' W 1500 feet to the fence, corner to F. A. Chapman, land or line and with the same S 54° 00' W 375 feet to a stake and with L. P. McLaughlin's line S 48° 00' E 1877 feet to a stake by said road and with same N 45° 00' E 193 feet to beginning, containing 12.415 acres, more or less, and being the same land conveyed to J. K. Marshall and L. P. McLaughlin and wife by deed dated November 15th, 1910, and recorded in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 57, at page 215.

Second: All those certain lots, tracts or parcels of land lying and being in the Town of Hillsboro, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and known and designated on a certain plat of the Callison Addition to Academy, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, which said plat is recorded in the office of the Clerk of the County Court, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 48, at page 133, as lots Eleven (11), Twelve (12), Thirteen and Fourteen (14) of Block Two (2); and being the same land conveyed to James K. Marshall by E. H. Galford and Nannie C. Galford, his wife, by deed dated November 26, 1915, and recorded in the Clerk's Office aforesaid in Deed Book No. 52 at page 493.

Third: All that certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, known and designated on the said plat of the Callison Addition as Lots Fifteen (15), Sixteen (16), and Seventeen (17) on Block Two (2) and being the same land conveyed to said James K. Marshall by A. M. Caldwell and wife by W. D. Slaven and wife by deed dated October 14th, 1914, and recorded in the aforesaid Clerk's Office in Deed Book No. 51, at page 255.

Fourth: All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situated in the town of Hillsboro, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and known and designated on a certain plat of the Callison Addition as Lots Eighteen (18) and Nineteen (19) in Block Two (2), and being the same land conveyed to James K. Marshall by Carl G. Beard and wife by deed dated September 7th, 1912, and recorded in the aforesaid Clerk's Office in Deed Book No. 54, at page 408.

Fifth: All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated in the Town of Hillsboro, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and known and designated on the said plat of the Callison Addition as Lots Twenty (20) and Twenty One (21) of Block Two (2); and being the same land conveyed to Nannie K. Marshall by George W. Callison and wife, by deed dated December 2nd, 1910, and recorded in the aforesaid Clerk's Office in Deed Book No. 55, at page 445.

Terms of Sale: Cash in hand on day of sale.

FRANK NEELY, Trustee

*"It's Coca-Cola when you need refreshment"*

5¢

A drink has to be good to be



THE DRA	
Numbers 551 to 555 continued from other page.	
551. Ben Harrison Wilfong, Millpoint	744. Myrl W. Tallman, Cloverlick
552. Earl Wm. Evans, Marlinton, Col.	745. Roxie Weese, Cloverlick
553. Earl B. Purkey, Dunmore	746. French E. Johnson, Marlinton
554. John Hilbert Payne, Slatyfork	747. Harlan George Tallman, Durbin
555. Robert Herman Byrd, Marlinton	748. Hugh Miller Hefner, Beard
556. James Arrie McCray, Dunmore	749. Luther E. Wilfong, Cass
557. Leonard Henry Deak, Dunmore	750. Curtis D. Grubbs, Marlinton
558. William E. Overholt, Marlinton	751. Clarence J. L. Puffenbarger, Millpoint
559. Fred L. Shinaberry, Huntersville	752. James F. Baxter, Marlinton
560. Evert E. Leasher, Beard	753. Roland C. Swisher, Cass
561. Dewey H. Galford, Dunmore	754. Otis S. Bester, Minnehaha, Spgs.
562. Clifford E. Holcomb, Slatyfork	755. James A. Miller, Buckeye
563. Snowden Glenn Galford, Cass	756. David L. McLaughlin, Dunmore
564. Theodore J. Arbogast, Dunmore	757. Andrew J. Rhea, Dunmore
565. Price M. Galford, Buckeye	758. Arnold M. Cook, Marlinton
566. Thadus P. Hoves, Cloverlick	759. William E. Lindsay, Stony Bottom
567. Gail Bird Dilley, Marlinton	760. Paul James Brack, Cass
568. Evans G. Grimes, Cloverlick	761. Dale E. Reed, Marlinton
569. Joseph A. Gaylor, Hillsboro	762. Harper O. Greathouse, Arbovale
570. Willie Allen Adkison, Hillsboro	763. Fred S. Wade, Jr., Seebert
571. Dallas E. Kennedy, Huntersville	764. Winfred C. Rhea, Marlinton
572. Artines O. Arbogast, Dunmore	765. Moses H. Winston, Marlinton, C.
573. Cecil Evert Allan, Seebert	766. William H. Crawford, Slatyfork
574. Luther Amos Dilley, Marlinton	767. Leo Davis, Marlinton
575. Dewey S. McCarty, Frost	768. Brady L. Spencer, Arbovale
576. Dempsey J. Johnson, Marlinton	769. Elmer R. Chapman, Bartow
577. Roy Harry Byrd, Marlinton	770. Archie F. Morrison, Lobelia
578. Carl Griffin Shields, Cloverlick	771. Dewey L. Powers, Marlinton
579. Sherman Herbert Roe Slatyfork	772. Floyd K. Davis, Marlinton
580. Samuel R. Ervin, Cloverlick	773. Samuel A. Morgan, Lobelia
581. Dewey L. Johnson, Hillsboro	774. Urs Clarinet Friel, Marlinton
582. Walter Eugene Perry, Cass	775. Isaac Robert Simmons, Boyer
583. John Ralph Dilley, Marlinton	776. Roland V. Slayton, Huntersville
584. Burley Barton, Fowler, Cass	777. James E. Beard, Marlinton
585. Leroy Hill, Dunmore	778. Renick L. Underwood, Huntersville
586. Dorr Fenton Beard, Arbovale	779. Norman S. Sharp, Marlinton
587. Winfield K. Davis, Denmar, Col.	780. Redgue Jones, Denmar, Col.
588. Wilson W. Debaugh, Marlinton	781. Marvin Lee Burner, Frank
589. Charles Edwin Peck, Bartow	782. John V. Guthrie, Marlinton
590. Carl Samuel Higgins, Marlinton	783. Lester B. Greathouse, Boyer
591. Clyde Moore Baxter, Marlinton	784. George A. Ferguson, Denmar, C.
592. Maynard P. Barlow, Huntersville	785. Elmer C. Taylor, Marlinton
593. Arnold Lee McClure, Cloverlick	786. Odie Geo. Clarkson, Marlinton
594. Thomas L. Wilson, Marlinton, Col.	787. Henry Walter Adams, Cass
595. Mirl W. Dilley, Marlinton	788. Archie C. Gibson, Slatyfork
596. Lloyd Wilson Loan, Marlinton	789. Basil E. McLaughlin, Marlinton
597. Harry Nelson, Huntersville	790. Daniel J. Liptrap, Marlinton
598. Robert Wilmer McCarty, Frost	791. Floyd P. Barkley, Durbin
599. Edgar L. Buehard, Frost	792. Woodrow W. Gum, Durbin
600. Orville Lee Phillips, Cloverlick	793. Okie F. Stacy, Spice
601. Gordon Glah Mark, Marlinton	794. Carl Conrad Pritt, Spike
602. William H. Greathouse, Marlinton	795. Walter L. Neighbors, Marlinton
603. Ernest T. Cashwell, Marlinton, C.	796. Willard A. Ekridge, Marlinton
604. Lonnie McClure, Millpoint	797. Hubert James Pyles, Seebert
605. Johnnie Hall, Hillsboro	798. Thomas H. Dickson, Denmar, C.
606. John Lamer Scott, Buckeye	799. Treston P. Lambert, Durbin
607. Johnny Ray Landis, Millpoint	800. Stark A. Willhide, Jr., Durbin
608. John Clifford Hill, Hillsboro	801. Lee Edward Young, Jacob
609. James W. McGraw, Buckeye	802. Frank G. Puffenbarger, Cass
610. Austin Paul Dunes, Marlinton	803. Ralph W. Smith, Thorswood
611. Dorsey James Sharp, Marlinton	804. Kenton W. Halterman, Cass
612. William A. Oscar, Buckeye	805. William M. Turner, Millpoint
613. Walter P. Cottrill, Marlinton	806. Earl R. Pridew, Marlinton
614. Elton Oliver Wade, Minnehaha	807. William L. Deagfield, Millpoint
615. Arnold Hevener Sheets, Cass	808. Ora Sharp, Marlinton
616. Theibert Houdishell, Marlinton	809. Paul Richard Hull, Durbin
617. Virgil H. Fowler, Hillsboro	810. Grady B. Green, Marlinton
618. Paul A. Irvine, Marlinton	811. Earl Long, Jacob
619. Alvon R. Deann, Marlinton	812. John F. Hughes, Durbin
620. Doctor E. Alderman, Minnehaha	813. Lawrence J. Vaughan, Lobelia
621. Clyde W. Halterman, Cass	814. Howard Dehaven, Durbin
622. George Smith, Cass	815. Frank M. Eary, Durbin
623. Norman H. Alderman, Huntersville	816. June W. Riley, Arbovale
624. Lonnie P. McLaughlin, Huntersville	817. Daniel G. Stone, Bartow
625. Camie A. Wade, Minnehaha	818. Clyde H. Boggs, Jacob
626. Jesse Ward Tacy, Cass	819. Donald H. Vandegryder, Mac
627. Lloyd V. Shinaberry, Huntersville	820. Herbert H. Greathouse, Durbin
628. Carl S. Underwood, Huntersville	821. Herbert Friel, Dunmore
629. Marvin Slagle, Minnehaha Spgs.	822. Oliver M. Sprouse, Dunmore
630. Lawrence Varner, Durbin	823. Ledford Hunter McCarty, Frost
631. Norman P. Madison, Marlinton	824. Everett B. McLaughlin, Dunmore
632. Dolpha Y. Sharp, Marlinton	825. Lewis J. Collins, Frank
633. Loren P. Anderson, Sr. Marlinton	826. Wesley S. Doyle, Mace
634. Orville W. Sheets, Greenbank	827. Layke M. Beard, Mace
635. James L. Davis, Marlinton	828. George A. Wilson, Frank, Col.
636. Stanley Nathan Lovelace, Cass	829. Isaac J. Garber, Durbin
637. Frank Andrew Varner, Cass	830. Andrew B. Brooks, Dunmore
638. John Porter Varner, Cass	831. Kerth W. Snyder, Arbovale
639. Roderick W. Cromer, Durbin	832. Elbert O. Ervin, Arbovale
640. Leslie View Cass, Marlinton	833. Raymond L. Hedstiek, Durbin
641. Leland Leroy Ervin, Cass	834. John W. Hayslett, Marlinton
642. Paul W. Smith, Slatyfork	835. Clark C. Galford, Marlinton
643. Arthur C. Gauder, Marlinton	836. Roscoe T. Bowerage, Huntersville
644. Cecil Loyd Cornell, Marlinton	837. Lester J. Miller, Frank, Col.
645. Russell James Colaw, Durbin	838. Glimmer J. Quick, Marlinton
646. Robert S. Jordan, Marlinton	839. Warren E. Brown, Arbovale
647. Adolph E. Cooper, Marlinton	840. Guy H. Wanless, Minnehaha
648. Richard C. Sharp, Huntersville	
649. Lester Robert Cook, Cass	
650. Frank Robert Wilfong, Mace	
651. Charles K. Ervin, Cloverlick	
652. Hugh Roberts, Slatyfork	
653. Francis H. McElwae, Marlinton	
654. Julian Fawcett, Marlinton	
655. Albert Arch Moats, Durbin	
656. John W. Candler, Marlinton	
657. Herman M. Bowers, Marlinton	
658. William R. Dearing, Marlinton	
659. Quade E. Arbogast, Greenbank	
660. Luther N. Hudson, Greenbank	
661. Virgil C. Mullenax, Arbovale	
662. Hubert Benson Wilfong, Boyer	
663. Clyde W. Carpenter, Millpoint	
664. Guy Jones, Hillsboro	
665. Neal A. Wilson, Seebert, Col.	
666. Roy F. Workman, Hillsboro	
667. George A. McNeel, Jr., Hillsboro	
668. Ralph N. Gillespie, Greenbank	
669. James W. Judy, Greenbank	
670. GERAL L. Wooddell, Greenbank	
671. Teddy Wallace Ervin, Arbovale	
672. Kent Galford, Greenbank	
673. Jess Hannah McCarty, Frost	
674. John M. Alderman, Huntersville	
675. Clyde W. Wooddell, Greenbank	
676. Earl Wilson-Ralston, Cass	
677. Norman J. Hiner, Huntersville	
678. Elmer G. Duncan, Marlinton	
679. Robert Kyle Slaven, Cass	
680. Daniel A. McNeill, Buckeye	
681. William C. Wooddell, Cloverlick	
682. Alva H. Stewart, Marlinton	
683. John H. Tibbs, Marlinton, Col.	
684. Charles Elwood Smith, Buckeye	
685. Raymond E. Rexrode, Thorswood	
686. Golden W. Pence, Stony Bottom	
687. Meredith DeHaven, Minnehaha	
688. Claude Woodard, Bartow	
689. Luther Cole Delaney, Buckeye	
690. Martin Kirk Outlip, Buckeye	
691. Ray G. Weatherholt, Marlinton	
692. Charles Marvin Nola, Cass	
693. Norman G. Gibson, Marlinton	

Will November 5th be death knell of the two party system?  
The oft suspected existence of a perpetual third party in our American economic system has recently come to light as a fact. From the days of Lincoln, who foresaw, like a true prophet, the rise of this great secret, powerful money-property party, vigorously denounced its interference with popular government, December 1933, our government has been dominated by this third party, economic royalists with permanent headquarters in Wall Street - New York City. The present ninety-two months old administration entered our capital in Washington clearly saw that the two parties of poker players were cheating. With this irrefutable knowledge to back him up our courageous President, Mr. Roosevelt, promptly called for a New Deal. That is exactly what is done in all cases where gamblers begin to cheat. But have we got an honest New Deal? No, we have not. Those Wall Street poker players can never win without cheating. Up to very recently the elephant party was winning all the games from Harding to Hoover with chief players Al J. Gen'l the late Harry Dagherty and Albert Falsdam Insull and Charlie Davis, chief players with Calvin Coolidge first then Herbert Hoover as empires.  
When FDR became President he promptly called the hands of these above named artists at the poker table. He kept calling them until the call reached the ears of the 'donkey party' involving so many higher ups in that party that they were forced to band together for self protection in this predicament they organized a Liberty League secondary party. Dominant members of this party were found the John W. Davison, the Alfred E. Smith and other brawling poker partisans, headed up in Wall Street. Recently added members to the donkey poker party are Jim Farley and Cactus Jack. Also recently named unaccountable Wall Street poker artists have apparently lost one of their most popular members who has suddenly gone over to the side

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VOL. 30 NO. 15

MARLBOROUGH, POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 5, 1940

# Election Returns for Pocahontas County, November 5, 1940

	Marbleton	Longwood	N. Marlinton	W. Marlinton	Midway	Cherry Fork	Millbrook	Cherry Mt.	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry 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Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork	Cherry Fork</
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Man Works 8 Hours. Car's Cold 8 Hours Plus.  
Whistle blows...Starter hums...Engine purrs

Now Winter OIL-PLATING maintenance needed  
lubricant in advance...for Safe Quick Starts

Here's a short quiz. Quiz that can save you  
harm starting your car in winter. When you  
park, does all lubricant drain down sooner if  
the cylinders start like the sides of the letter  
V, or if they're straight up like the letter I?

Answer: All lubricant DOES NOT drain  
off for hours—days—weeks—in any engine  
that's OIL-PLATED by being charged to Conoco  
Germ Processed motor oil. Its magnet-like

ability keeps inner engine parts surfaced with  
rich slippery OIL-PLATING... as close-fitting as  
other protective plating on your car... and  
just as drip-proof!

Then before you even get near the waiting  
engine, it's already OIL-PLATED against the  
worst winter wear of the starting period. Ever  
hear of any winter help that's more positive?  
Change today then, to the patented Germ  
Process oil that OIL-PLATES, wicking off ex-  
cess wear to keep up mileage. Your nearest  
Merchant's Conoco station has it for you.  
Continental Oil Company

Conoco Germ Processed Oil

OIL-PLATES YOUR ENGINE

THE DRAFT

1920. Lawrence Carr, Marlinton  
1921. Frank Ottens, Dunmore  
1922. Arthur W. Marone, Hillsboro  
1923. Eldridge Young, Frank  
1924. Albert L. Galford, Marlinton  
1925. Charles F. Wilfong, Marlinton  
1926. Leonard N. Carr, Marlinton  
1927. Am W. Wilfong, Boyer  
1928. Marquis E. Debaugh, Cloverlick  
1929. Summers Dunbrack, Marlinton  
1930. Earl W. Fertig, Huntersville  
1931. Billie R. Whitmire, Thornwood  
1932. Oyal W. Ervin, Arboreale  
1933. Jacob A. Smith, Marlinton  
1934. Clair P. Hamrick, Jr. Hillsboro  
1935. Albert W. Smith, Marlinton  
1936. Alonsa C. Moore, Marlinton  
1937. Manus Long, Hillsboro  
1938. Clyde C. Galford, Slatyfork  
1939. Ernest K. Shaw, Slatyfork  
1940. Elden D. Friel, Marlinton  
1941. Ward W. Crowley, Greenbank  
1942. Roy W. Hall, Hillsboro  
1943. James E. Nichol, Marlinton  
1944. Alfred F. Nicholas, Frank, Col  
1945. Theodore W. Jackson, Cass, Col  
1946. Lawrence W. Kinnison, Lobelia  
1947. Adrian R. Sharp, Marlinton  
1948. Glen T. Wilfong, Cloverlick  
1949. Dale H. White, Cass  
1950. John Phillips, Marlinton  
1951. Albert N. Smith, Jr., Cass  
1952. James Kyle Rock, Hillsboro  
1953. Paul J. Wilfong, Marlinton  
1954. Earl L. Dunire, Marlinton  
1955. Eugene V. Hannah, Slatyfork  
1956. Obie Stockton, Dunmore, Col  
1957. Russell Monk, Boyer  
1958. Aggie Solmon, Martow  
1959. Rocky O. Fisher, Slatyfork  
1960. Boyd W. Dunire, Marlinton  
1961. Victor John Collins, Frank  
1962. Victor John Collins, Frank  
1963. Cleatus F. Peterson, Marlinton  
1964. Joseph E. Rexrode, Thornwood  
1965. Clyde Wierick Miller, Slatyfork  
1966. Dorsey Bungardner, Slatyfork  
1967. Earl C. McLaughlin, Dunmore  
1968. Ollie Joseph Tacy, Cass  
1969. Richard G. Walker, Dunmore, Col  
1970. William R. Jameson, Marlinton  
1971. Uly. P. Copenhaver, Marlinton  
1972. Victor John Collins, Frank  
1973. Asa L. Moore, Marlinton  
1974. Paul Barlow, Marlinton  
1975. Tracy Lambert, Thornwood  
1976. Gravel M. Blake, Lobelia  
1977. Willie C. Bodkins, Durbin  
1978. Harlie K. Nottingham, Durbin  
1979. George A. Duncan, Cass  
1980. Howard Paul Skaggs, Marlinton  
1981. Alonsa G. Dean, Minnehaha  
1982. Norman W. Phillips, Marlinton  
1983. Robert G. Blackhart, Frank  
1984. William L. Hayden, Dunmore, Col  
1985. Isaac D. Adkison, Marlinton  
1986. Victor Reda, Durbin  
1987. Ray Andrew Moyers, Durbin  
1988. Clayton Cook, Dunmore, Col  
1989. Milton Copney Miller, Slatyfork  
1990. Eugene F. Hultz, Hillsboro  
1991. Gray Enoch Wilfong, Slatyfork  
1992. Roy R. McLaughlin, Huntersville  
1993. Charlie C. Beale, Slatyfork  
1994. June L. McLaughlin, Huntersville  
1995. Edward P. Mhan, Marlinton  
1996. Howard C. Allman, Marlinton  
1997. Everett B. Sheets, Greenbank  
1998. Lyle M. Friel, Greenbank  
1999. Dickson M. Anderson, Hillsboro  
2000. Dock W. Sharp, Marlinton  
2001. Dewey F. Sharp, Marlinton  
2002. Carl E. Furr, Marlinton  
2003. Clyde E. Poage, Marlinton  
2004. Arthur N. Woodell Greenbank  
2005. Dennis H. Brown, Spice  
2006. Glenn Dewey Gregg, Durbin  
2007. Alfred H. Collins, Durbin  
2008. Ernest M. Ramsey, Huntersville  
2009. Stoner Kernner, Spice

1920. Harry E. Alderson, Huntersville  
1921. Floyd E. Shrader, Huntersville  
1922. Robert J. Crum, Slatyfork  
1923. Craig Tallman, Stony Bottom  
1924. Maynard B. Diller, Huntersville  
1925. Dennis B. Wilfong, Millpoint  
1926. Virgil W. Lindsay, Stony Bottom  
1927. Melvin B. Hobson, Dunmore, Col  
1928. Brewster B. Beven, Spice  
1929. Alfred L. Sheets, Hillsboro  
1930. James O. Hill, Marlinton  
1931. Donald H. Terry, Marlinton  
1932. George W. Clendenen, Hillsboro  
1933. Darley O. Workman, Hillsboro  
1934. Joseph R. Kramer, Millpoint  
1935. Lynn Miller Cutlip, Beard  
1936. Earl W. Slavin, Marlinton  
1937. Odell S. Grimes, Dunmore  
1938. John W. Cashwell, Marlinton  
1939. Carl M. Galford, Dunmore  
1940. Clyde B. Matheny, Dunmore  
1941. Richard D. Pyles, Marlinton  
1942. Luther C. Sharp, Millpoint  
1943. Lee W. Kramer, Millpoint  
1944. Howard R. Wilfong, Marlinton  
1945. Robert G. Hill, Hillsboro  
1946. Edward W. Rexrode, Marlinton  
1947. Andy E. Hefner, Marlinton  
1948. Lester L. McMillion, Hillsboro  
1949. Blake H. Shrader, Hillsboro  
1950. Earl P. Shinaberry, Cloverlick  
1951. Wintefu K. McCarty, Marlinton  
1952. Luther J. Reed, Marlinton  
1953. Clyde B. McLaughlin, Dunmore  
1954. Delbert C. McMillion, Hillsboro  
1955. Edward M. Williams, Marlinton  
1956. Norman C. Sharp, Cloverlick  
1957. Summers P. Poage, Marlinton  
1958. Hazel B. Fowler, Hillsboro  
1959. Linton L. Adams, Dunmore, Col  
1960. William H. Gillespie, Cass  
1961. Lonza F. Rexrode, Cass  
1962. Raymond P. Griffin, Dunmore  
1963. Andrew C. Poling, Slatyfork  
1964. Carl H. Galford, Durbin  
1965. Carl Hannah Rose, Cass  
1966. Paul Marion Combs, Hillsboro  
1967. Benjamin F. Yeager, Bartow  
1968. William Jason Gore, Cass  
1969. Marvin Thompson, Thornwood  
1970. John Henry Hause, Buckeye  
1971. Henry W. Hefner, Marlinton  
1972. Raymond A. Conner, Cass  
1973. Paul E. Garber, Marlinton  
1974. Guy Julious Gum, Cass  
1975. Charles Stanley Mayes, Cass  
1976. Woodrow M. McClintic, Marlinton  
1977. Orlando H. Shears, Arboreale  
1978. David W. Sheets, Greenbank  
1979. Orlando G. Gum, Minnehaha  
1980. Oscar George Dell, Cass  
1981. Paul E. Garber, Marlinton  
1982. Bedford C. Chestnut, Cass  
1983. John L. Shifflett, Durbin  
1984. Lawrence G. Hogsett, Marlinton  
1985. Edward Jackson, Frank, Col  
1986. Frank L. Colson, Marlinton  
1987. James Roy Smith, Frank  
1988. June H. Gregg, Hillsboro  
1989. Robert L. Miller, Marlinton  
1990. Homer S. Jeffries, Marlinton  
1991. Nile W. Gainer, Cass  
1992. Hazel P. Brock, Hillsboro  
1993. Charles F. Brewer, Hillsboro  
1994. Joseph F. Selmer, Marlinton  
1995. Arnold VanReenan, Marlinton  
1996. Harvey C. Myers, Arboreale  
1997. Archie B. Willford, Greenbank  
1998. Lee W. Cole, Marlinton  
1999. Graham G. Tallman, Cass  
2000. Lathan M. Fox, Cass  
2001. John M. Talarico, Cass  
2002. Price P. Moore, Huntersville  
2003. Clyde M. Woods, Marlinton  
2004. Merle M. Beard, Arboreale  
2005. Charles W. Curry, Frost  
2006. Dennis W. Sharp, Marlinton  
2007. George V. Hannah, Arboreale  
2008. Benjamin Carpenter, Buckeye  
2009. Stephen S. Hester, Arboreale  
2010. Charles A. Jackson, Buckeye  
2011. Elmo E. Turner, Bartow  
2012. Charles T. Cover, Frank  
2013. John S. Fleishman, Beard  
2014. Luther S. Rodgers, Frank, Col  
2015. Thurmond W. Gibson, Marlinton  
2016. William D. Ballor, Durbin  
2017. Gilbert H. Beaven, Durbin  
2018. James William Sutton, Cass  
2019. Joe R. Eskridge, Marlinton  
2020. Andrew C. Ivins, Marlinton  
2021. Lloyd W. Walker, Marlinton  
2022. Orie B. Lambert, Boyer  
2023. Ralph J. Griffin, Marlinton  
2024. John W. Hankins, Cloverlick  
2025. James N. Pifer, Marlinton  
2026. Delbert N. Wilfong, Cloverlick  
2027. Leslie E. Whitrow, Marlinton  
2028. Delbert L. Galford, Marlinton  
2029. Raalph L. Noonan, Cloverlick  
2030. Richard H. Aldridge, Millpoint  
2031. Cecil D. Lantz, Millpoint  
2032. Richard L. McNeel, Seebert  
2033. Clarence E. Gaylor, Huntersville  
2034. Ocal B. Gillenwater, Durbin  
2035. Clyde W. Beverage, Marlinton  
2036. Ruben Weatherholt, Marlinton  
2037. Carl McCarty, Huntersville  
2038. Paul W. Dillard, Marlinton  
2039. Waldo N. Buzzard, Huntersville  
2040. Charles E. Goins, Marlinton  
2041. Fred W. Alderman, Marlinton  
2042. Summers J. Burr, Huntersville  
2043. Earl W. Stewart, Marlinton  
2044. Roy R. Simmons, Marlinton  
2045. Norman E. Whitrow, Marlinton  
2046. Ray C. Howard, Marlinton  
2047. Guy H. Higgins, Marlinton  
2048. Brent B. Shields, Hillsboro  
2049. Clarence J. Ware, Marlinton  
2050. Lonnie D. Nottingham, Durbin  
2051. Oliver H. Underwood, Slatyfork  
2052. Jesse Davis Tumblla, Cass  
2053. Oren E. Welder, Marlinton  
2054. Herbert S. Galford, Slatyfork  
2055. Hunter W. Measlee, Marlinton  
2056. Glen Clark Moore, Marlinton  
2057. John P. Simmons, Marlinton  
2058. George R. Patterson, Marlinton  
2059. Robert L. Liptrap, Marlinton  
2060. Ernest O. Long, Marlinton  
2061. Alva B. Carpenter, Dunmore  
2062. Layton O. Shifflett, Dunmore  
2063. Luther E. Campbell, Dunmore  
2064. Richard P. Curran, Marlinton  
2065. Carl T. Boberg, Boyer  
2066. Shannon E. Wilkins, Marlinton

1920. Joseph J. Davidson, Durbin  
1921. Michael J. Thompson, Dunmore  
1922. Yeann O. Shaw, Watoga  
1923. Carl E. Dunn, Marlinton, Col  
1924. Isaac R. Leacock, Watoga, Col  
1925. Howard E. May, Marlinton  
1926. Charles W. Wilson, Frank, Col  
1927. Raymond A. Dean, Huntersville  
1928. Forrest J. Nottingham, Durbin  
1929. Wilford B. Bruffey, Hillsboro  
1930. John Philip Vanner, Cass  
1931. Earl Cook, Seebert  
1932. Victor G. Nagy, Hillsboro  
1933. Fred A. Hefner, Marlinton  
1934. Henry C. Dean, Spice  
1935. Ermon S. Grimes, Huntersville  
1936. Curtis V. Moore, Marlinton  
1937. Harry Henry Shanks, Spice  
1938. Guy M. Barnes, Marlinton, Col  
1939. Anthony L. McCoy, Spice  
1940. Robert McLoughlin, Dunmore  
1941. Hunter L. Grimes, Dunmore  
1942. Shelle S. White, Slatyfork  
1943. Austin J. Gum, Greenbank  
1944. Sept E. Lovelace, Dunmore  
1945. Charles V. Simmons, Marlinton  
1946. Clara A. Jordan, Marlinton, Col  
1947. Boyd Myers, Cass, Col  
1948. Forest C. Sharp, Marlinton  
1949. Darius A. Friel, Spice  
1950. Woodrow W. Starks, Spice  
1951. William Lester Seelye, Cass  
1952. Glenn G. Smith, Dunmore, Col  
1953. James M. Wimer, Marlinton  
1954. Dorsey C. Moore, Marlinton  
1955. Clarence B. Clow, Marlinton  
1956. John Bert Friel, Cass  
1957. Pat I. Workman, Marlinton  
1958. Henry R. Barkley, Durbin  
1959. Edward Wilson, Millpoint  
1960. George A. Willing, Millpoint  
1961. Devard A. Hill, Spice  
1962. Ernest L. Kelley, Huntersville  
1963. Howard Weaver, Arboreale  
1964. Silas B. Shuler, Slatyfork  
1965. Earl W. Smith, Marlinton  
1966. Charles J. Pufenberg, Frank  
1967. Willis S. Hafford, Marlinton  
1968. Rosco Rider, Marlinton  
1969. Cecil R. Westfall, Lobelia  
1970. Dennis D. Frit, Lobelia  
1971. Hubert A. Miller, Hillsboro  
1972. Burnett T. Peterson, Marlinton  
1973. Lewis P. Gay, Marlinton  
1974. Ulysses G. Dean, Marlinton  
1975. Carl D. Brock, Hillsboro  
1976. Melvin C. Anderson, Marlinton  
1977. Howard M. Kellison, Lobelia  
1978. Cecil H. Anderson, Hillsboro  
1979. Willard G. Wilson, Marlinton  
1980. Guy Mitchell, Beard  
1981. Clarence E. Lilly, Beard  
1982. Julian M. Hagan, Greenbank  
1983. Clyde J. Vank, Boyer  
1984. Raymond R. Ware, Marlinton  
1985. William R. Kellison, Dunmore  
1986. Frank D. Kincaid, Huntersville  
1987. Lucy E. Cade, Huntersville  
1988. Ralph M. Moore, Huntersville  
1989. Clarence H. McCombs, Marlinton  
1990. Richard T. Sutton, Durbin  
1991. Ernest A. Jordan, Marlinton  
1992. James T. Barlow, Cloverlick  
1993. Otey O. Bawter, Marlinton  
1994. John Ballard Cassell, Cass  
1995. Stephen H. Hiner, Durbin  
1996. Herbert Kellison, Jacob  
1997. Ralph Leon Long, Marlinton  
1998. George W. Gilmore, Marlinton  
1999. John D. Grimes, Huntersville  
2000. Lathan M. Fox, Cass  
2001. John M. Talarico, Cass  
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2031. Cecil D. Lantz, Millpoint  
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2033. Clarence E. Gaylor, Huntersville  
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2036. Ruben Weatherholt, Marlinton  
2037. Carl McCarty, Huntersville  
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2039. Waldo N. Buzzard, Huntersville  
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2044. Roy R. Simmons, Marlinton  
2045. Norman E. Whitrow, Marlinton  
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2047. Guy H. Higgins, Marlinton  
2048. Brent B. Shields, Hillsboro  
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2052. Jesse Davis Tumblla, Cass  
2053. Oren E. Welder, Marlinton  
2054. Herbert S. Galford, Slatyfork  
2055. Hunter W. Measlee, Marlinton  
2056. Glen Clark Moore, Marlinton  
2057. John P. Simmons, Marlinton  
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2059. Robert L. Liptrap, Marlinton  
2060. Ernest O. Long, Marlinton  
2061. Alva B. Carpenter, Dunmore  
2062. Layton O. Shifflett, Dunmore  
2063. Luther E. Campbell, Dunmore  
2064. Richard P. Curran, Marlinton  
2065. Carl T. Boberg, Boyer  
2066. Shannon E. Wilkins, Marlinton

1920. Paul Jay McMillan, Marlinton  
1921. Arnold C. Burns, Marlinton  
1922. James O. Sharp, Millpoint  
1923. Richard Y. Arbogast, Millpoint  
1924. Maurice E. Simmons, Bartow  
1925. Dennis E. McNeil, Marlinton  
1926. Loyal Waugh, Marlinton  
1927. Jasper C. Kennedy, Cloverlick  
1928. Rodney W. Doyle, Cloverlick  
1929. Eaco C. Johnson, Huntersville  
1930. Berlin B. Rider, Minnehaha  
1931. Clinton A. Rogers, Marlinton  
1932. Opie C. Lowe, Marlinton  
1933. Harry R. Cochran, Marlinton  
1934. Daniel D. Shaggs, Marlinton  
1935. John W. Lewis, Hillsboro  
1936. Albert W. Covington, Hillsboro  
1937. Burl Y. Hammons, Marlinton  
1938. Oscar A. Miller, Hillsboro  
1939. Guy P. Barlow, Marlinton  
1940. Roy C. Teter, Marlinton  
1941. Jesse F. Jordan, Marlinton  
1942. Novin R. Sheets, Huntersville  
1943. Hubert O. Williams, Cass  
1944. Frank Weatherholt, Marlinton  
1945. Elbert R. Baker, Marlinton  
1946. Joseph I. Schumaker, Marlinton  
1947. Theodore R. Abdella, Huntersville  
1948. Sidney G. Scott, Hillsboro  
1949. William H. Reed, Marlinton  
1950. Clarence W. Cuffy, Frank  
1951. Gay Sharp, Marlinton  
1952. Glenn G. Smith, Dunmore, Col  
1953. Allen J. Farmer, Chest Bridge  
1954. Othel B. Bennett, Slatyfork  
1955. John H. Keen, Marlinton  
1956. Hease C. Harnick, Slatyfork  
1957. Leo A. Arbogast, Bartow  
1958. Paul B. Slavin, Arboreale  
1959. Allen Harnick, Marlinton  
1960. Bruce K. Nottingham, Boyer  
1961. Dallas L. Abdella, Huntersville  
1962. Harold L. Reed, Marlinton  
1963. Enoch Lindsay, Marlinton, Col  
1964. Baine W. Woodell, Boyer  
1965. Roscoe G. Reynolds, Cloverlick  
1966. Harold E. Dille, Marlinton  
1967. Philip S. Alderman, Marlinton  
1968. Roy C. Bennett, Slatyfork  
1969. Ralph W. Stone, Bartow  
1970. Pearl C. McLaughlin, Cass  
1971. Roy Lee Grubbs, Marlinton  
1972. Grover Lee Barkley, Frank  
1973. Leonard U. Pratt, Marlinton  
1974. Forest A. McPherson, Marlinton  
1975. Alfred Newton Hull, Arboreale  
1976. Wallace R. Beverage, Bartow  
1977. Fred R. Cole, Greenbank  
1978. Clarence U. Taylor, Dunmore  
1979. Robert Dale Gum, Bartow  
1980. Roy M. Hamilton, Huntersville  
1981. Paul H. Burr, Huntersville  
1982. Dale J. Pyles, Huntersville  
1983. William B. King, Jr. Cloverlick  
1984. James R. Pusey, Cass  
1985. Lyle W. McPherson, Cass  
1986. Pagg Pitt, Marlinton  
1987. Elbert L. Galford, Slatyfork  
1988. Luther H. Mace, Cloverlick  
1989. Harry Stottlemire, Buckeye  
1990. Arnold Paul Ryder, Minnehaha  
1991. John J. Spencer, Slatyfork  
1992. Paul W. Galford, Marlinton  
1993. Pless Radford Lee, Marlinton  
1994. Clyde D. Mace, Cloverlick  
1995. Paul R. Doyle, Stony Bottom  
1996. Sigmund McKeen, Bartow  
1997. Sam C. Beverage, Bartow  
1998. Jess L. Collins, Hosterman  
1999. Harry D. Sutton, Arboreale  
2000. Charles A. McPherson, Cass  
2001. Elmer E. Eyer, Marlinton  
2002. Cecil O. Ray, Dunmore  
2003. Sidney L. Goodwyn, Marlinton  
2004. Hughes M. Cook, Cass  
2005. Eugene H. Hester, Marlinton, Col  
2006. Carl V. Cannon, Huntersville  
2007. Carlton H. Robbins, Millpoint  
2008. Clyde V. Cutlip, Beard  
2009. James Wilson Friel, Cass  
2010. Charles E. Grubbs, Marlinton  
2011. Wilbur Zeph Wiley, Marlinton  
2012. Bruce Edward Nelson, Cass  
2013. Arthur Lemuel White, Cass  
2014. Isaac Richardson, Marlinton  
2015. Argile C. Arbogast, Millpoint  
2016. Denver Irvine, Marlinton  
2017. Harry Lee Malcomb, Marlinton  
2018. Chester H. Shifflett, Marlinton  
2019. Berton E. Smith, Marlinton  
2020. Dennis Keith Small, Beard  
2021. Hawley James Knapp, Beard  
2022. Frank J. Peterson, Marlinton  
2023. Carl V. Cannon, Huntersville  
2024. Dell L. Shinaberry, Cloverlick  
2025. James A. Mayse, Marlinton  
2026. Benjamin N. Jackson, Cass  
2027. Harry B. Linebaugh, Marlinton  
2028. Ben F. Waugh, Marlinton  
2029. Dale E. VanReenan, Marlinton  
2030. Edwin Y. Coyner, Cloverlick  
2031. Aaron Lambert, Slatyfork  
2032. Fred McKee, Bartow  
2033. Ray W. Arbogast, Bartow  
2034. Cameron Ware, Cloverlick  
2035. Ellis D. Nottingham, Durbin  
2036. Sherman F. Underwood, Slatyfork  
2037. Roy A. Waugh, Marlinton  
2038. Frank E. McCarty, Frost  
2039. Dale T. Turner, Millpoint  
2040. Norman H. Rhea, Marlinton  
2041. Tunk A. Buzzard, Frost  
2042. Martin L. Beverage, Marlinton  
2043. Letch McCarty, Frost  
2044. Harry R. Cain, Marlinton  
2045. Damon O. Landers, Marlinton  
2046. Odie L. Waugh, Marlinton  
2047. Percy P. Oliver, Dunmore  
2048. Joseph E. Friel, Marlinton  
2049. William R. Simmons, Bartow  
2050. Willie L. Dille, Marlinton  
2051. Darrel C. Hansford, Marlinton  
2052. Adam Galford, Marlinton  
2053. Lloyd J. Woods, Marlinton  
2054. Stanley A. Mullenax, Boyer  
2055. Odeth H. Lambert, Durbin  
2056. William P. Miller, Buckeye  
2057. Charles F. Massey, Marlinton  
2058. Norman D. Beverage, Marlinton  
2059. Johnny E. Sheds, Cass  
2060. Ebb C. Greene, Marlinton  
2061. Harlan J. McPadden, Marlinton  
2062. Barton H. Morrison, Slatyfork  
2063. John O. Woodell, Arboreale  
2064. Paul W. Burgess, Marlinton

1920. Edward D. Beverage, Marlinton  
1921. Kenney F. Burgess, Marlinton  
1922. John Walter Mason, Marlinton  
1923. William H. Carney, Marlinton  
1924. Basil C. Shaw, Hillsboro  
1925. Robert VanDeusen, Marlinton  
1926. Daniel G. Sharp, Frost  
1927. Sherman A. Friel, Marlinton  
1928. Eric C. Johnson, Huntersville  
1929. Russell F. Barlow, Marlinton  
1930. Robert C. Reynolds, Marlinton  
1931. George C. Burns, Cloverlick  
1932. Jesse W. Baker, Marlinton  
1933. Hoyt S. Woodell, Greenbank  
1934. Winters Dunbrack, Marlinton  
1935. Carl Lee Mann, Beard  
1936. James C. Wilfong, Cloverlick  
1937. Ivan O. Clarkson, Cass  
1938. Kenneth S. Christensen, Marlinton  
1939. Harmon B. Dille, Cloverlick  
1940. Wilson E. Tallman, Huntersville  
1941. Lon H. Kershner, Marlinton  
1942. Robert G. Siple, Marlinton  
1943. Ira B. Bumgardner, Jr., Marlinton  
1944. Forrest G. Judy, Chest Bridge  
1945. Houston E. Simmons, Marlinton  
1946. Delmar N. Dille, Marlinton  
1947. Ralph M. Tallman, Cass  
1948. Roy C. Humphreys, Marlinton  
1949. Walker R. Sharp, Huntersville  
1950. Frank Anastacio, Cloverlick  
1951. Muri J. Murphy, Arboreale  
1952. Henry G. Kiner, Marlinton  
1953. Hartsel L. Henline, Slatyfork  
1954. John Bowman, Davis Marlinton  
1955. Hilton W. Church, Cass  
1956. Harold E. Conner, Durbin  
1957. Lloyd R. Shaid, Marlinton  
1958. Ray J. Copenhaver, Marlinton  
1959. Robert L. McIlwre, Marlinton  
1960. Stanley C. Woodell, Cloverlick  
1961. Herbert G. Bartow, Durbin  
1962. Stiel Q. Terry, Marlinton  
1963. Clark J. Brumagin, Marlinton  
1964. Harry J. Widney, Frank  
1965. Charles Shinaberry, Cloverlick  
1966. James A. Wamley, Buckeye  
1967. William P. Weiford, Buckeye  
1968. Leroy M. Jack, Marlinton  
1969. Adolphus Shears, Arboreale  
1970. Callis K. Hoover, Marlinton  
1971. Carl L. Morrison, Marlinton  
1972. James C. Kirby, Marlinton  
1973. Eldon E. Campbell, Dunmore  
1974. Jack Pusey, Cass  
1975. Earl C. Gay, Marlinton  
1976. Edgar P. Moore, Marlinton  
1977. Arnett Bennett, Marlinton  
1978. John L. Gills, Marlinton  
1979. David A. Leboe, Watoga, Col  
1980. Paul R. Landis, Marlinton  
1981. Frank Walker, Marlinton, Col  
1982. James V. Flosser, Durbin  
1983. Kenna H. Lambert, Durbin  
1984. Samuel P. Walker, Marlinton  
1985. Grady K. Moore, Huntersville  
1986. George E. Cromer, Boyer  
1987. Moody N. Sharp, Marlinton  
1988. Hiner Waybright, Arboreale  
1989. Walter W. Shaffer, Hillsboro  
1990. Arthur Hedrick, Frank  
1991. Ellis M. Grimes, Huntersville  
1992. Lee E. Sharp, Slatyfork  
1993. Carl John Galford, Cass  
1994. Remos H. Cain, Huntersville  
1995. Raymond Grimes, Huntersville  
1996. Leo Y. Young, Frank  
1997. Kyle J. Neighbors, Cass  
1998. Fleury F. Foster, Marlinton  
1999. Dennis F. Galford, Marlinton  
2000. Stewart G. Woods, Marlinton  
2001. Sam S. Gibson, Huntersville  
2002. Delbert Moore, Dunmore  
2003. Haves C. Worley, Slatyfork  
2004. Glenn W. Wilfong, Stony Bottom  
2005. Joseph L. Moses, Jr., Marlinton  
2006. Leonard W. Hoover, Boyer  
2007. Charles H. Arbogast, Boyer  
2008. Charles H. Ryder, Cloverlick  
2009. Woodrow C. Ray, Cloverlick  
2010. John V. Mitchell, Marlinton  
2011. Earl Barlow, Cloverlick  
2012. Dan J. Beverage, Marlinton  
2013. James P. Cook, Cass  
2014. Jesse J. Ray, Marlinton  
2015. David E. Smith, Arboreale  
2016. Noel Briley, Millpoint  
2017. Connel E. Matheny Greenbank  
2018. Gordon W. Fanslar, Slatyfork  
2019. Ralph G. Lowe, Slatyfork  
2020. Lee W. Ruckman, Marlinton  
2021. Sterl U. Sharp, Slatyfork  
2022. Jacob W. Shinaberry, Cloverlick  
2023. Olet F. Buzzard, Dunmore  
2024. Vernon Ware, Cloverlick  
2025. Samuel C. Lovelace, Dunmore  
2026. Vert L. Barkley, Greenbank  
2027. Alfred O. Reynolds, Cloverlick  
2028. William W. Burns, Cloverlick  
2029. Arlie G. Carpenter, Cass  
2030. Teddie T. Kerr, Dunmore  
2031. Robert F. Elliott, Greenbank  
2032. James B. McCarty, Marlinton  
2033. Howard R. Eyer, Frank  
2034. Edward R. Walker, Marlinton  
2035. Ralph H. Quick, Durbin  
2036. Charles E. Moore, Minnehaha  
2037. John Paul Simmons, Bartow  
2038. Hanson P. Hall, Dunmore  
2039. Edgar J. Walton, Hillsboro  
2040. Ira M. Turner, Lobelia  
2041. Otis F. Wanless, Huntersville  
2042. Arnold J. Buzzard, Huntersville  
2043. Henry L. Oscar, Millpoint  
2044. Ralph W. Waybright, Arboreale  
2045. Berlin W. Lantz, Greenbank  
2046. Homer T. Sutton, Arboreale  
2047. Bardon H. Harper, Greenbank  
2048. June W. Galford, Dunmore  
2049. Roy Lee Brock, Hillsboro  
2050. Mprle Lee Kelley, Greenbank  
2051. Paul C. Friel, Greenbank  
2052. Clyde C. Hively, Greenbank  
2053. Paul A. Schumaker, Marlinton  
2054. John F. Gates, Jr., Marlinton  
2055. John G. Cochran, Beard  
2056. Homer C. Reed, Beard  
2057. Thomas C. Brown, Spice  
2058. Melvin M. Brewster, Beard, Col  
2059. William R. Blankenship, Beard  
2060. Walter F. Cochran, Beard  
2061. Lowell E. Snyder, Jacob  
2062. James K. Hannah, Marlinton  
2063. Otis J. Waugh, Marlinton  
2064. William E. Wright, Beard  
2065. Luther J. Brewer, Beard  
2066. Charles S. Buro, Beard  
2067. Lloyd H. Underwood, Huntersville  
2068. Raymond G.  
2069. Eugene Lee.  
2070. William S. F  
2071. Burrill F. A  
2072. Leo V. Wea  
2073. Emory K. W  
2074. Roland P. Sh  
2075. Robert N. S  
2076. James A. G  
2077. Carl R. Poag  
2078. Bert J. Ridd  
2079. Warren R. P  
2080. Dennis L. Po  
2081. William A. M  
2082. Manuel L. M  
2083. Gerald R. M  
2084. Claude H. M  
2085. Sidney V. L  
2086. Emmett F. H  
2087. Forrest G. Hu  
2088. Charles K. K  
2089. Randolph Bied  
2090. Robert W. H  
2091. Warren C. Tete  
2092. Neil Helmick  
2093. Delbert O. Co  
2094. Thory C. Koy  
2095. Benjamin H  
2096. Marvin Hannal  
2097. Howard W. Is  
2098. Harry Lynn S  
2099. Harry H. King  
2100. Marion J. Kinn  
2101. Delbert P. Will  
2102. Cecil C. Under  
2103. J. M.  
2104. Pershing A. A  
2105. Edward B. Jone  
2106. John H. Kersh  
2107. Arthur L. Broe  
2108. Fred W. McCoy  
2109. Charles C. Latta  
2110. George R. Shes  
2111. Virgil M. B  
2112. J. M.  
2113. B. W.







Our Army and Navy Boys		National War News			
November 8, 1944.		Mrs. Van I			
Dear Mr. Price:		Mrs. James E. Bush 21, George W. Chappell 21, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Carter 21, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Carter 21, Mrs. Edward McCarty 21, Mrs. Sarah McCarty 21, Clark Grant 21, Mrs. Georgia Harper 21, Miss Patricia Harper 21, Mrs. Guy Dalton 21, Mrs. Silas Workman 21, Elly Workman 21, Mrs. R. S. Workman 21, W. W. Clatter 21, Mrs. Mary Wagner 21, Richard McCarty 21, Billy McCarty 21, Mrs. Albert Moore 21, E. S. Meeks 21, Glen Pyles 21, Mrs. Sue Rider 21, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gibson 21, Mrs. Abbie McPherson 21, Cash 21, K. J. Kramer 21, L. V. Minnick 21, Anna Bell Simmons 21, Dixie Lodge No. 12, I.O.O.F. (Duncan) 21, Mrs. Lincoln Cochran 21, Mrs. Roy Dever 21, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gladwell 22, Ballard D. Barlow 22, T. D. Moore 21, George F. Alderman 21, D. W. Dever 21, H. T. Hadden 21, Mrs. C. G. Mack 22, L. H. Kambler 22, Carl Morrison 21, George Beard 21, Mrs. M. C. Smith 21, Jewell Scott 22, Verle Pyles 21, W. A. Arbogast 22, Hollandsworth 21, Graded School 22, Virginia Public Service Co. 22, Mrs. Elmer Triplett 21, Pochontas Lodge No. 121 (Hillboro) 21, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilfong 21, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kincaid 22, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Miller 22, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Curry 22, Mrs. B. B. Blau 21, Miss Madge Arbogast 22, Miss Eula Dilley 21, Miss Glenn Clarkson 21, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Malcomb 21, Mrs. Birdie A. Dilley 21.		M. R. brack 21, Alash 21, Dunbr 21, Hetzel 21, M. bert M 21, Dilley 21, garet 21, berep 21, Paul J 21, delf 21, 21, Mr 21, Miller 21, Goshp 21, 25c, 21, Streets 21, 25c, 21, Mrs. J 21, M 21, Willis 21, Glendi 21, Krame 21, bey N 21, G 21, east 21, cer 21, line 21, Bevers 21, B. B. 21, B. 21, Mrs. J 21, Sholte 21, Helmie 21, Maule 21, H. E. 21, Jennie 21, 25c, 21, tenax 21, Carpenter 21, Ra 21, Bruce 21, ley 21, fong 21, en 21, Michael 21, Beard 21, Frank 21, 50c, 21, \$5, J. 21, mer 21, Fulls 21, Mrs. 21, Lodge 21, 21c, 21, Mrs. A 21, ford 21, \$3, Mi 21, Isetta 21, bert 21, Ina N 21, son 21, Mrs. J 21, Slavin 21, Dr. F. 21, 21, 21, George 21, Sprout 21, 10c, 21, L. Ke 21, Bell C 21, \$1, E 21, \$10, M 21, Taylor 21, Mattie 21, E. Bl 21, Natio 21, Sen 21, the P 21, West 21, ing D 21, mercl 21, design 21, embri 21, waste 21, Natio 21, 312 M 21, 35 M 21, 11c, of 21, basw 21, 22 M 21, of bla 21, red, n 21, ash, 21, M bd 21, of les 21, of les	
November 8, 1944.		KEEP THIS IN MIND			
Just a line to inform you of a slight change in my address so I will be sure to get my Times OK. I sure enjoy the paper. It is a treat to any Pochontas County boy. Only what is wrong with the big hunting tales!		Oh, somewhere there is some one, Your mother, sweetheart or wife, Who is waiting for your letter To brighten a dull life.			
I am where there have been very few turkeys killed. If you hunters do not get busy we can rest assured that there will be a little game left when the boys come marching back. What has happened to the Tacey boys? I have not heard of any bear tales from them.		They do not ask for a long one, A little note will do, To make them very happy. Because if came from you.			
I know the Pochontas County hunters will have a big time killing deer in the Watoga State Park, especially with bow and arrow. I worked 13 months there in the COC and I know there are plenty of deer there.		So write these letters promptly And send them off today; You like to get mail, don't you? Well turn about is fair play.			
We could track them down good here today for it has snowed all day and can the wind ever howl across these Ozark mountains? The Ozarks are beautiful but give me the good old West Virginia mountains.		Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Brock received the following letter from their son, P.F.C. Ari Brock, of Camp Forrest, Tennessee. They live in Rocks, Maryland:			
I'll get in until the 28th of this month in the Army I will be in three long years. If you remember I was the first to leave Pochontas County under the Selective Service Act. I guess I will close by saying keep the papers rolling and we will keep the Japs and Germans "Running." I enjoy reading the many interesting letters of the boys scattered all over the globe. So please keep them coming. My address is:		Arizona, August 14, 1943.			
Staff Sgt. Carl Kianmore, Service Battery, 73d F. A. Bn., A.P.O. No. 431, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.		Hello Everybody:			
The following poem was sent in by Delbert Cogar, who is serving in the Pacific area:		At last I am on my way back east, after being here almost five months, but it seems like a year.			
"THE HOME GUARD"		I got on the train this afternoon at 1 o'clock and as the train moved slowly off you could hear the beat of the drums and the bugles as the band played, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all here." The sound of the drums died softly away as the train increased its speed as it headed further east.			
By P.F.C. James A. Johnson.		The weather here is a awful hot and dry and it is some cloudy in the west, the wind is blowing and the sand is terrific. The desert here has more vegetation than was in the camp, which we left. There are not any mountains in sight. The sand is blowing so bad we cannot see for any great distance. To look at it from a distance it looks like fog.			
(The author was killed in action shortly after this poem was written on the beach at Gona, New Guinea.)		We are now close to Phoenix, Arizona. There is some farm land here and some cattle. This is a real nice place to be in the west, compared to some places. Personally, I think the good old days in the west have passed, especially in this part. We are now Phoenix. From what I could see, the majority of the people are Negroes and Mexicans.			
I'm pulling all my punches, I've flung my week away.		The sand storm has cleared and you can see plenty mountains. It also seems some cooler. There is plenty of vegetation here from the look of things. As the train moves on eastward you can see more farm land and herds of cattle. It looks like we are off the desert but there is more to cross.			
I think it's been two months at least, since I last drew my pay.		August 16-- We have come through Arizona and we are now going through New Mexico. The country here is somewhat like Arizona, but the mountains here are lower and have some vegetation and it is somewhat cooler here. There is nothing here very interesting to write about.			
I'm tired of being a dogface, so me God, I am.		We are now in El Paso, Texas. This is a real nice place. "Deep in the Heart of Texas." I am sure you have all heard the song. Movie star "Miss America" known as Rosemary Japant came from Texas. You know it is a beautiful state.			
Of eating molded biscuits, with margarine or Spam.		We are now leaving El Paso, and are passing Camp Bliss. It is a real nice place what I can see of it.			
Of fighting dirty, stinking Japs in the bushes on my own.		It seems like it is chow time. Well here it is. It is a racket as they call it in the Army. You sit in in your seat and they bring you your chow. All you do is to eat, sleep and write.			
When I think of dear old America and my pals who stayed at home.		As the train moves farther east			
I can see them walking down the streets, (their chests puffed out with pride)					
And hear them telling to the girls, as they wave their precious hides!					
While I'm here in New Guinea, not even safe to show my head					
For fear some skulking Jap might fill it full of lead.					
Back when I told the folks at home that I'd volunteer to fight.					
They said "God Bless You, son and return you home alright."					
They called me a chocolate soldier, a twenty-one-dollar tourist, too.					
They said "You'll never see the					
front, or even get a view across the ocean's foam.					
But they made damn sure they didn't get their preferred to stay at home.					
You know those guys were not bad shots when they trailed a rabbit track.					
But hell, there ain't no danger, see, for rabbits don't shoot back.					
They shine among the "stay-at-homes" and brag of the United States.					
But dance halls, bars and pool rooms are where they meet their fate.					
A cue stick is their rifle, and their beer is rich with foam; They have no bullets to dodge, my pals who stared at home.					
So I'll mount my post with my rifle, and buckle my belt about, I'm only a common dogface, but I'll see this damned thing out And if a bullet's got my number, I'll just die without a moan; But I want to dedicate this especially to my pals who stayed at home.					
Dear Mr. Price, I am writing to you in your paper and want you to let me know how much your paper costs for one year. There are seven boys on this ship with me from Pochontas County and we would all like to get the news from back home. Thanking you for printing the poem, I am					
Yours truly,					
Remember the day at Pearl Harbor,					
When bombs hurled down from the skies					
Causing death and destruction, And forced many heroes to die.					
They dropped on our land without warning.					
It was part of the enemy's plan To show us how common and filthy.					
Are things that are made in Japan,					
For years we have treated them kindly.					
We traded with them as a friend; But now since that day at Pearl Harbor					
They've started a fight to the end.					
We're all in it now to the finish, So let's all be sturd y and brave; And the flag that will fly when it's over					
Will be ours and long may it wave.					
Our heroes will meet them in battle,					
On land, in the air, on the sea; Let's keep them supplied with full armor					
Is the job that's for you and me.					
It's all for the sake of our buddies; And after the Victory is won; We'll all stand together in Freedom;					
And see what our efforts have done.					
It's worth quite a bit to be working.					
With friends that are faithful and true;					
And try hard to Just Keep 'Em Flying.					
Those Planes that are Red, White and Blue.					
(Unsigned poem from the Aberdeen Flaming Bomb.)					
Private Dennis K. Small, sta-					



Old Time Butchering

By O. H. Arkison

In the litany of things that a man who has left the farm always remembers with pleasure, none stands out with more clarity than butchering time. It's a day set apart, when every energy of the compact home-unit was bent toward the business of killing and storing meat for the winter larder.

Few farm born boys live who don't like to recall the first time they tagged along at dad's heels to pick out two or three of the fattest porkers for the sacrifice. It's a crisp, brittle day, and the thin layers of snow crunch underfoot.

Water has been heated over an out door open fire, and poured into a leaching barrel, at the end of a wooden platform. Dad sticks one finger gingerly into the steaming water to test the temperature for it dares not be too hot. Butcher knives, especially the sticking knife, has been whetted to razor keenness. Dad slings the loaded rifle into the crook of his arm, barrel pointed downward, and starts for the hog lot. A neighbor follows along, carrying the sticking knife.

Boys are peculiarly cold blooded about some things, I think. I recall vividly standing by with cold impersonalness as the head was drawn. A bullet in the hog's brain toppled it over. The gun was passed to the man next to the shooter in exchange for the sticking knife.

The hog was then dragged to the scalding platform, and the heels were split, exposing the tendons, and through the tendons was hooked a wood bar that always looked like an under sized single tree. Two men grasped this bar and the hog was slid off the platform into the scalding barrel. A few up-and-down movements and out he flopped on the platform and there four pairs of hands dived expertly into the smoky bristles, ripping them away. By standing boys always managed to snatch a few handfuls here and there giving themselves some scorched fingers which meant nothing, and an immense feeling of importance which meant a lot. In a few minutes Mr Porker lay naked and white on the sacrificial altar, and the second phase of the process was ready to start.

This phase entailed beheading, which was done with an expert swish of the knife, after the hog had been hung up, feet downward, a grotesque hairless carcass. From this point the process becomes more involved. The porker is disemboweled. The cutting up completed, the fat is trimmed off ready for rendering, and the intestines cleaned in anticipation of sausage stuffing.

While the job moved through its routine stages, the kids wandered off with one of the prizes of butchering—the pork bladder. This was the prize class because dad showed how to insert an old pipe stem into the bladder neck and inflate it, tying it shut with a string, and part of the hog's anatomy became a fairly good substitute for a football for several days.

Now the boys are back into the butchering picture, as fat is dumped into the rendering Kettle to be cooked. One of the rituals at this point was to carve a chunk of pure lean off the "backstrap" otherwise known as the tender loin. Tied to the end of a string, this was dropped into the kettle of boiling fat until it was well done. It was then hoisted out and salted while steaming hot, making mouthfuls of water. None with experience in the two field would trade a piece of backstrap for all the porter house steaks in a half ton steer.

But its afternoon, the fat having been poured into the hand press and the last drop of lard squeezed out and set aside to cool. There is another delicacy as a by-product, cracklings, recommended only for boys with strong stomachs.

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Old Time Butchering

By O. H. Arkison

In the litany of things that a man who has left the farm always remembers with pleasure, none stands out with more clarity than butchering time. It's a day set apart, when every energy of the compact home-unit was bent toward the business of killing and storing meat for the winter larder.

Few farm born boys live who don't like to recall the first time they tagged along at dad's heels to pick out two or three of the fattest porkers for the sacrifice. It's a crisp, brittle day, and the thin layers of snow crunch underfoot.

Water has been heated over an out door open fire, and poured into a leaching barrel, at the end of a wooden platform. Dad sticks one finger gingerly into the steaming water to test the temperature for it dares not be too hot. Butcher knives, especially the sticking knife, has been whetted to razor keenness. Dad slings the loaded rifle into the crook of his arm, barrel pointed downward, and starts for the hog lot. A neighbor follows along, carrying the sticking knife.

Boys are peculiarly cold blooded about some things, I think. I recall vividly standing by with cold impersonalness as the head was drawn. A bullet in the hog's brain toppled it over. The gun was passed to the man next to the shooter in exchange for the sticking knife.

The hog was then dragged to the scalding platform, and the heels were split, exposing the tendons, and through the tendons was hooked a wood bar that always looked like an under sized single tree. Two men grasped this bar and the hog was slid off the platform into the scalding barrel. A few up-and-down movements and out he flopped on the platform and there four pairs of hands dived expertly into the smoky bristles, ripping them away. By standing boys always managed to snatch a few handfuls here and there giving themselves some scorched fingers which meant nothing, and an immense feeling of importance which meant a lot. In a few minutes Mr Porker lay naked and white on the sacrificial altar, and the second phase of the process was ready to start.

This phase entailed beheading, which was done with an expert swish of the knife, after the hog had been hung up, feet downward, a grotesque hairless carcass. From this point the process becomes more involved. The porker is disemboweled. The cutting up completed, the fat is trimmed off ready for rendering, and the intestines cleaned in anticipation of sausage stuffing.

While the job moved through its routine stages, the kids wandered off with one of the prizes of butchering—the pork bladder. This was the prize class because dad showed how to insert an old pipe stem into the bladder neck and inflate it, tying it shut with a string, and part of the hog's anatomy became a fairly good substitute for a football for several days.

Now the boys are back into the butchering picture, as fat is dumped into the rendering Kettle to be cooked. One of the rituals at this point was to carve a chunk of pure lean off the "backstrap" otherwise known as the tenderloin. Tied to the end of a string, this was dropped into the kettle of boiling fat until it was well done. It was then hoisted out and salted while steaming hot, making mouths - water. None with experience in the two field would trade a piece of backstrap for all the porter house steaks in a half ton steer.

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**DEATHS**

**Mrs. George A. Burner**

Mrs. Mary Catherine Burner, aged 84 years, widow of the late George A. Burner, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Burner Roan, in Columbus, Ohio, August 17, 1948. A few weeks before she had suffered a paralytic stroke. Her body was laid to rest in Glen Rest cemetery.

Mrs. Burner survived her husband four years. They are survived by their four children—James A. of Chicago; Paul H., of New York; Mrs. R. W. Foster of Portland, Oregon, and Ruth Roan, of 816 Oakwood Avenue, Columbus, Ohio; twelve grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

George A. Burner was a son of the late Allan and Elizabeth Price Burner of Pocahontas county. He married Mary Catherine Jenkins, on the farm of the Round Barn, where the City of Elkins was afterwards built. A country side still suffering from the effects of a devastating war did not appear to hold out much promise to the young couple who were strictly on their own in making their way in the world. They turned toward the west, to the young city of Minneapolis, Minnesota. It was not always clear sailing, but they were deeply religious people for whom all things worked together for good. Their lives continue in a family of fine children, who called their parents blessed.

**Ellis G. Dean**

Ellis G. Dean, aged 65 years, of Cochrans Creek, died at the home of his son, Alonzo, in Marlinton on Thursday, September 2, 1948, following a stroke of paralysis. On Saturday his body was laid to rest at Mary Chapel on Anthony's Creek.

The deceased was a son of the late Isaac and Rebecca Burr Dean. His brothers are Forrest, Cecil and James and his sister is Miss Blanche Dean.

Mr. Dean married Miss Martha J. Sevey, who preceded him six years ago. Their children are Alonzo and Glen Dean and Mrs. Franking.







THE

POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Martinsburg, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1943

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Melvin Wooddell lives on his farm near Edgry. His helper is his brother Arch, just graduated from high school. The machinery outfit of tractor, plow, harrows, thresher, binder, trailer, drill, mower, etc. is a bit heavy for size of the farm. So the needs of neighbors is taken care of on a mutually profitable basis. From April 1 to June 4, these Wooddell Brothers tilled 123 and plowed 54 acres. From June 22 to July 22 they cut 160 acres of small grains. From July 12 to September 22 they threshed 120 crops. For fall seeding from September 17 to 20, they tilled 78 acres. This was all in addition to cultivating their home farm with its crops of corn, hay, grain, potatoes, garden and what not. Looks to me like it has been a busy summer for these Wooddell Brothers.

This one comes from the Huntersville District. It may be old to you, but it is new to me. It sounds like a moving picture fantasy. Some weeks ago a citizen of the county was looking up his sheep and checking up on game prospects in the Beaver Lick Mountain. He sat down on a high cliff, to rest, eat a bite and look the country over. There was a well defined game trail at the foot of the cliff. Some thing attracted the man's attention. Two large wild cats were seen approaching from opposite direction, to meet immediately below the interested onlooker. As the varmints met, they reared up for a fight, and mixed it with each other. The smaller one climbed up the larger one as far as he could go, and then the larger one climbed up the smaller one as far as he could go, and so on up and up until they disappeared from sight in a low hanging cloud. However, for an hour afterwards, cat hair came settling gently down.

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Vol. 11, No. 24

Our Army and Navy Boys

Lieutenant Edwin McLaughlin

On Monday, Edwin McLaughlin received word from the War Department that his daughter, Second Lieutenant Decima McLaughlin, a United States Army Nurse, had died on October 6, 1943, following an operation. She was serving in Sicily.

Washington—On Monday the War Department announced the names of eight West Virginians wounded in action while serving in the North African area, including Italy. Included in the list is P.E.G. Raymond G. Tracy, son of Mrs. Elsie Tracy, of Arboret.

Private Lyle E. Tracey, of the Tank Destroyer Bn., stationed at Camp Cooke, California, returned to his base Monday after spending a short furlough with his mother, Mrs. Grace E. Tracey, of Macon.

Edward A. Moore is home from the Army with an honorable discharge.

Corporal Roscoe Dilley stationed Overseas writes to his father, Hevener Dilley as follows:  
Dear Dad:  
I am O. K. and getting along fine. I received your V-Mail letter a few days ago and sure am glad you are sending me the Pocahontas Times. It will seem more like home to read the County paper. I have not received it yet, but will be looking forward to it. Will write more later.  
Roscoe.

Mrs. Lawrence Alderman, of Van Buren, New York, sends us the following letter from her son, Grey who is stationed Somewhere Overseas with the U. S. Navy:  
My dear Mother: I have arrived at my new base safely. I cannot tell you where I am though. I like it fine. It is a beautiful country and the days are hot but the nights are cool. I guess I will be a little homesick for a while. I want you to send me some pictures. Send me a picture of your self as that is what I want for Christmas. Also enclose a snapshot of Budgie. How is Hilda getting along in school? Tell her to write. I won't be able to write very often but I want you all to write to me. Tell Aunt Hallie to write to me.  
When we were issued our over-sea luggage back in California we were each given a small bag containing many useful articles. They were donated to us by the Red Cross. In each bag was the name of the Red Cross member who donated it. I want you to write to her and thank her for me. I won't have time to write to her. Her address is Mrs. John Campbell, Overcast Road, Crawfordville, Indiana.  
Well, I will have to close. Write soon and as often as you can. Do not worry about me.  
With love, your son, Grey.

October 13, 1943.

Dear Mr. Price:  
I have been getting the Times

regularly since last December when I received a year's subscription as a gift. I must say I enjoy reading it very much; especially now as I have been on maneuvers in the Oregon desert since the 15th of July.  
My home is on Droop Mountain. By reading the letters from the men in Service, I find that most of my old friends are scattered throughout the globe. If there is a small corner in your column for this, I would like it entered as a means of saying hello to them all and especially to my brother, Clifford, now serving Overseas.  
Please send my copy of the Times to:  
M-Sgt. Harold R. Brown, 6996311 Hq. & Hq. Detachment, 168rd Med. Battalion (Sep) A. P. O. 304, Camp White, Oregon.  
October 15, 1943.  
Dear Mr. Price: I will drop you a few lines to let you know my address again.  
How is everything back in good old West Virginia by now? Fine I hope. We sure are having some hot weather but I guess we can take it.  
How did hunting season come out back there this year? I suppose you have killed you a turkey by now. I sure would liked to have been there to hunt a few days but I was doing something more important for our Country. Be sure and put some of those bear stories in the paper for I sure like to read them.  
Well I will close for this time and give you my address so you can send me the paper. I wish you lots of luck. If anyone else wants my address give it to them for a letter sure helps things.  
A subscriber,  
Jesse Arden Shinaberry, S 2-2 (We will be glad to give Arden's address to anyone calling for it but we are not permitted to print addresses outside of the States.)  
Sergeant Clinton Hedrick, formerly of Boyer, has returned to the United States from service in North Africa. Volunteering in the United States Army in September, 1940 for service in the Panama Canal Zone, he was later transferred to an airborne division and sent abroad. At the expiration of his twenty day furlough he will be stationed at Maxton Field, North Carolina.  
Elmer Wymer, of Hillsboro, has been promoted to Corporal. His present address is: Corporal Elmer Wymer, 35746549 480 Bomb Squadron (H) Army Air Base, Clovis, New Mexico.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Long send in the following letters from their sons, Ernest, who is in Hawaii, and Ralph, who is stationed in Sicily.  
Hawaii, October 16, 1943.  
Dear Mom, Dad and all:  
Received your letters today. The mail seems to be a little better these days. I guess they have a lot of it as it is getting close to Christmas. Last year things were awful slow. I received Margaret's letter and I must get busy



**Our Army and Navy Boys**

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Thompson, Millpoint, have received word that their son, Corporal Delbert Thompson, has been wounded in action in Italy. He has been in service since November 8, 1942.

Private Norman R. Gaylor, of the Field Artillery, stationed at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, was home on furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gaylor, of Beaver Creek. He returned to duty last Thursday.

While at home he spent the weekend with his brother, Woods Gaylor, at Oak. He was accompanied to Oak by his sisters, Miss Lillie May Gaylor and Mrs. William Shawyer.



MINIA, August 16, 1944

The following poem was written by Mrs. Birdie McLaughlin, of Minnehaha Springs, to the tune of "Just Before the Battle Mother," which was one of her favorite songs so often sung by her son, Forrest, who serves in a Glider Division and was wounded in the Invasion:

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

Just before the Battle, Darling,  
Mother sits with tear filled eyes;  
With this earnest prayer ascend-  
ing  
To our Saviour in the Skies;  
"Oh! dear Lord, please keep my  
Darling.

Don't let bullets near him come,  
And when this cruel war is over,  
Bring my Darling safely home"

Chorus:

Oh! my Darling, should I never,  
Press you to my heart again,  
I never shall forget you Darling  
If you're numbered with the slain.

Oh! I long to see you too, dear,  
Wishing you could be at home,  
But I know that you'll be brave  
dear.

Till in honor you can come  
And all your comrades lying  
round you,

Oh! should they sleep beneath the  
sod

I May they have only gone up  
higher,

To beat rest in Heaven with God.  
It seems I hear the bugle sound-  
ing,  
Calling you into the fight;

And oh! may God protect you  
Darling,  
As you're fighting for the right.

To protect our precious Bible,  
And the freedom of our land;

Facing death to save our Country  
From the cruel tyrant's hand.

This note and poem is from  
PFC. Kermit Foe, of Cass, who  
is serving in Italy.

July 17, 1944.

Dear Mr. Price:

Hello Friend. Thought I would  
send you a little poem for your  
paper, for Mothers, who have  
sons in Service over here. Will  
you please print it for me. My  
home is in Cass, W. Va., and I  
so long for those hills. So I'll  
close. Good Luck,  
Kermit Foe.

DON'T FORGET TO PRAY

Son, there isn't much that we can  
say.

Though deep within our hearts  
There are countless thoughts we  
can't express

When it comes time to part  
Of course we'll tell you to be  
brave

When you are far away.  
But, first of all comes this advice:  
"Son, don't forget to pray."

We won't be with you over there  
Your hands can't touch us when  
You reach for just a friendly  
clasp.

And comes remembrance then.  
But up above there's some one  
who hears every word you say

So, when times are the toughest,  
"Son, don't forget to pray."

There isn't much that we can say  
to help

When times like these arise.  
Except to say, 'tis best to look  
For aid up in the skies.

For He, who watches over you  
After you've gone away.

Will be the One who cares for  
you

So don't forget to pray  
Some day you'll be back with us  
Some day you'll understand

That pathway leading to the best  
Are guided by his hand.

And though there are not many  
folks like us:  
Just plain old folks, can say  
'Tis with believing hearts we say.

"Son, don't forget to pray."  
This Bible is the one I took,  
Along with me that year

When I was fighting over there,  
For things we all hold dear.

So keep it with you son and when  
There comes your darkest day.

Open its pages to his words  
Then don't forget to pray.

PFC. Kermit Foe.

Captain Warren Poage of the  
Air Corps, is home on a 21 day  
furlough with his parents, Mr.  
and Mrs. W. E. Poage. He has  
served in India and China.

Ted Martin, of the Army, is  
home on furlough with his family

The W. C. T. U. will meet on  
Tuesday evening, August 15, at  
8:00 p. m., at the home of Mrs.  
Clyde W. Moore. Mrs. A. W.  
Hill will be the leader.

Mrs. H. A. Kidd, of Grafton,  
visited her sister, Mrs. E. F. Mc-  
Laughlin, last week.



**MARLINTON POCAHONTA**

First Lieutenant Donald C. Roman, 22, was killed in action over France on July 11, according to word received by his wife, Mrs. Reba H. Roman, 1616 Gladstone Ave. S. E. Lt. Roman entered service in December 1939 and served with the infantry until entering Officers Candidate School in July 1942. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He later entered the liaison pilot school at Denton, Texas, where he received his wings and commission as a first lieutenant. He has been overseas since April, 1944. Besides his wife, he is survived by an infant son, Donald C. Roman, II; his mother, Mrs. O. E. Andrews, Atlanta, Ga.; his father, Charles E. Roman, of Marlinton, W. Va.; his brother, Lt. Charles E. Roman, Jr., AUS, somewhere in France, and a sister, Mrs. W. G. Frazier, of Van Wert, Ohio.—Roanoke, Virginia, Times.



Emory H. Smith, of Colusa, California, writes:

I am fully in accord with the idea of Miss Louise McNeil to perpetuate the saga of the lumbering industry in the Greenbrier Valley and would be proud if I could make some worth-while contribution to the work. I have often heard the expression "Once a woodsman, always a woodsman" and the adage certainly applies in my case. People who grow old are inclined to live in the past and my mind often goes back to the cold winter nights when I lay in bed on the McLaughlin place, near Dunmore, and heard the boom, boom of logs in the slide and the chug, chug of the little engine named after my brother Jim, as it delivered a load of logs to the landing and hurried back to the woods for another. No symphony of Bach or Beethoven was ever sweeter music to my ears. And where can you match the thrill of seeing a log jam give way in turbulent water and the jam breakers march hauntily riding a log to the next stop.

Sallieville, Ohio  
August 1, 1944.



**ALPINE THEATRE**  
Week Starting Wednesday, August 2

**Wednesday**  
"KEY, ROCK & ICE"  
Ann Miller - Joe Bonomo  
Story of "THE MEMPHIS BELLE"  
In Technicolor

**Friday**  
Double Feature  
"HER PRIMITIVE MAN"  
Louise Allbritton - Robert Benchley  
"ARIZONA TRAIL"  
Tex Ritter  
Serial, "TIGER WOMAN," chapter 5

**Mon.**  
"PASSAGE TO MARSEILLES"  
Humphrey Bogart - Claude Rains - Michele Morgan

**Tues.**  
"BUY Your War Stamps and Bonds Here"

**Our Army and Navy Boys**

This letter is from T-5 Earl M. Sharp, 1242nd Eng. Fire Fighting Platoon, 1st. Regiment, Camp Claiborne, Louisiana.

August 2, 1944.

Dear Mr. Price:  
I have been thinking about writing you a few lines but never seemed to get around to it, for the army is a pretty busy place. I have been down here in the state of Louisiana since February of this year and have seen quite a bit of it. I spent six weeks at New Orleans, going to a Fire Fighting School learning the ways and means of putting out every type of fire that occurs with or without a war, oil fires were the chief fires though. I saw a good part of New Orleans while I was down there, the French Quarter and all the historical places that have been there for years. It is very nice there if you had the money, everything is high there but of course it is high every where, whisky over the bar fifty or sixty cents a shot and ever higher in places for a small one at that. A good dinner costs \$2.50 to five bucks, I should have said an ordinary one. The sea food was good and reasonable enough but the cover charge would make you dig down and that was in every place there.

I have often thought you should go down there where you could get plenty of shrimp, and you sure could get plenty of it down there. You should try some of the shrimp, the French fix it down there, and I will have to say that it was pretty good. I used to read in The Times where you and some fellow was always chewing the fat about eating shrimp. I never could figure out why but I guess one could eat more than the other.

I have roamed around over Louisiana quite a bit since I have been down here. I have been to Baton Rouge, Lake Charles and different other places. I have visited some of the many oil fields and refineries. I do say though that I don't exactly like the state even though it has its many acres of cotton, sugar, cane and corn. There are acres of forests, with some of the finest pine that ever grew out of the ground. There is enough pulp wood in this state alone to last for years, but even as accessible as it is to the railroads and highways there seems to be little of it being cut. It would be some of the woodmen's delight of this Louisiana pine, and I wouldn't mind doing some of it myself. If it was anywhere else but down here I think I will stick to the hills and mountains of West Virginia or Virginia where you can climb and get a good breath of fresh air without getting sand blown in my hair when I take my hat off.

I was out on bivouac for two weeks among the coral snakes, and wood ticks. We only killed five coral snakes while we were out

here, but there was just no end to the wood ticks, and they were not particular where they dug in either at night or day.

What has happened to all the field notes! I get the paper every week that my wife sends on here to me and there is hardly any of the field notes there used to be a it. There doesn't seem to be very much game here. I have seen several rabbits, and quail in some sections, ducks and geese by the hundreds. And that is all the game I have seen here, unless they are running loose here game, but I wouldn't kill one of them for it would take a dozen of them to get a tea cup full of lard and with lard as scarce as it is it would be mountous before one could be eaten up.

I guess deer will be as late as ever this year, like always, right at the time when they aren't worth a cent if some one wanted one to eat. The season should never be any later than November 1, and a week earlier wouldn't hurt. I am hoping the war will be over by then for I would like to hunt a few days this fall, and especially try one of them bucks that I know of up around Frost. There should be quite a few deer now with everyone in the army, but they will sure catch it after the war is over. See if you can't dig up a few good yarns.

I just received the paper my wife mailed me and of course I usually look for the Field Notes first, and there it was bear protected again. Why they want to protect them woolly devils is beyond me, I don't think it they could tell you themselves truthfully. Of course it is easily figured why they set the deer season as late as they do, its for the benefit of the fellows around Charleston and other places who take their vacation around that time of year and are only looking for a set of horns to adorn their mansions. It isn't any wonder that deer are killed out of season, for I know when I go deer hunting, I'm not going altogether for a set of horns for I want something I can eat as well as look at. The horns are just as good around the first of November as they are in December. And if those fellows don't want to take the meat back with them they can always find some one who will take it off their hands. Why they want to have it in December beats me.

Well guess I had better quit for this time. Just kind of slip the word along to the fellows around home that I hope to be back hunting with them this fall.

Very truly yours,  
T-5 Earl M. Sharp.

P.S. There is one thing them bear lovers will have to give you credit for and that is you never give up the ship, so keep pounding away and you will get results after while. I guess it is of more benefit to pay out money of the people for the stock the bear has killed and protect the bear so he

can kill again, but he as it may the fellows that are there want to share forever for there will come a day, and it won't be a rainy one either.

You know how the old saying goes. There will come a day and it will be a rainy day.

There is another thing I would like to add, is that they keep the dogs so penned down because they run a deer now and then that the foxes have gotten so bad it is hard for the small game to survive, what there is left, especially after a pretty cold spell or two.

Keep pounding away on the deer and bear situation and I think you will get results with a little help from the people who understand the situation.

E. M. S.

England.  
August 1, 1944.

Dear Mr. Price:  
As I have been receiving The Poshonates Times every week, I would like to put in a little complaint on the poems published in your paper. Just received your paper today and the poem of PFC John Taylor Townsend, "The Village Pub", doesn't make much sense. Too much of it was censored out, or maybe he couldn't find the exact words to put in it, for I have been in England for quite awhile and personally I can't find the fittings myself.

Tell P. F. C. Taylor not to take this as an insult, for I really enjoyed the poems and letters of the service men. Also, my buddies here with me. At this base there are quite a group of boys from West Virginia, but not one of them are from good old Poshonates.

Well Mr. Price as my time is limited I will close for this time. Give my regards to everyone.

Sincerely yours,  
J. W. Fertig.

This little poem is sent by Rex Sharp to his mother, Mrs. E. G. Sharp, of Frost. Rex is serving with the 1st Infantry, Medical Corps, somewhere in Italy:

**MY MOM**

Mothers are very important these days.  
To this all the boys will agree.  
Each soldier claims that his is the best.  
But the guy with the best Mom is me.  
Each calls his Mother an Angel divine.  
That's only natural, you see.  
But more precious than gold is that Mother of mine.

So the guy with the best Mom is me.  
Let them all boast and brag as they will.  
But inside, I'm smiling with glee.  
Of the gang, there is Harry, Jerry and Bill.  
But the guy with the best Mom is me.

A toast to all of the Mother's to day.  
Where'er in the world they may be.  
I've heard lots about moms, but again I will say.  
That the guy with the best Mom is me.

Mrs. Earl Wenger of Arbovale, received the following letter from her brother-in-law, Clay Talmadge, who is stationed in England.

July 2, 1944.

Dear Folks:  
Just a line to let you hear from me and let you know where I write to. I am well and getting along all right. Have been seeing some very interesting things. I didn't get any sea sick on the way over, am a good sailor.

What is Wayne doing? Tell him hello. What is Earl doing? Is he making hay yet? Sure would like to be there to help him.

It is funny to see the sun shining at ten o'clock at night here. Ethel writes to me real often. There will be times you won't hear from me, for a good while, but write any way. Your letters will not be opened. Tell every hello. Love to all.

Clay.

Mrs. Oliver Sprouse, of Camp, sends in the following letters from her husband:

June 28, 1944.  
Somewhere in France.

My dearest wife and children:  
I guess you know by now why my mail was not going through. June 8th, 1944, sure is one day I will not forget. I have been through a lot since that day but through the grace of God I am safe or at least reasonably safe. I was a German prisoner a few days but was rescued.

I always was proud of the Parachute troops but since seeing the good work they did in the real time I am more proud of them than ever before. I sure was glad to see the good old American face again when the Germans had me. The Germans treated me fine, but they knew they were going to be captured before long.

When I got back I could not help but think what a great pleasure it was going to be when this check came in and when I can

come back to you and the children.  
Love and best wishes, Oliver.

July 7, 1944.

Dearest Wife and children:  
Excuse this stationery please: it is all I have. I could settle for V-Mail, but I consider V-Mail a post card. This is a very expensive stationery. Although it usually comes in rolls, this was in small envelopes. I hardly think the Army intended it used for stationery but as the sailors say, "any old port in time of storm."

I am still somewhere in France, but I am not fighting now. It sure took me a long time to get filled up again after getting back to my outfit. I ate until I was in misery for several days and then would still be starving. Did I tell you about living on three medium size raw potatoes a day and a few cabbage tops for four days. That was while I was being held by the German lines trying to get back to our troops. The "heck" of the whole thing was, I was within three hundred yards of our lines when I walked into a German machine gun nest. Everywhere I looked a German had a rifle pointed at me and as I am hoping to spend a lot more time with you and the children I gave up. I helped play havoc with a lot of them in the thirteen days I was back there. I sure was glad I had been in the Infantry and I had learned to slip around through the mountains in West Virginia. The training sure came in handy. I am not the least bit ashamed to confess I did a lot of praying during those days. More than one boy prayed during those days who never thought of it before, and I have had more than one tell me they were going to be a regular church attendee from now on. I know it makes a person think. I have been shot at with everything the Germans have. I still think it is only by God's mercy I was not hit. The Germans sent some of the best parachute troops they had at us but they were not good enough for Uncle Sam's parachute troops. That is one reason I am proud to be a part of the best outfit on earth.

Did you see the July edition of the "Yank"? The one I read was a British edition. I do not know if the American is the same. If it is you will find a lot in it about the paratroopers. Get it and read it. The first article in it is two men's accounts of what the parachute troops did and some of the things they went through over here for awhile. These two men were not para-troopers either. So much for the para-troopers, but if I sound boastful, I am sure you will excuse me.

If you could see me now, you would very likely try making me shave, especially my mustache, let me start the day before. Day and I think I will keep it now until the war is over, and if I do not have "other influences" I may decide then not to shave it off. I am rather proud of it myself. Did I ever tell you about the man I ate dinner with who had a big mustache and also a bad cold. By the time he finished his meal, I am sure he had washed a half cup of the thickest "cream" you ever saw in your life out of his whiskers. yum yum. But I very near turned against coffee.

I received another letter from you yesterday, sweetheart, and it sure is nice of you to write so often for you have written faithfully even though you were not hearing from me. Thanks a lot, Lucille. I sure appreciate it. These few words of thanks sound hollow to me when I consider how much I really appreciate your letters. I want you to know I am grateful. I read your letter over several times. I think you can write the sweetest letters of any person I ever met. So I say again, thanks a million sweetheart.

What part of France I have been in sure is pretty. We have been on two sight seeing tours. I was at the Beach, the Fourth had my first salt water swim. It is a lot of fun swimming the waves. I hope the time will soon come when we can enjoy beaching together.

It has been two months since I received any pay but as soon as I get a pay day I am going to send you some cash. You can either bank it or pay for the furniture with it Lucille. I think you are doing a fine job of managing. I am proud of you, honey, you are wonderful.

I think I have a wonderful little family waiting back there for me. I sure am anxious to get back and see Larry and Karen Sue. Gee, but it is going to be great to go home to stay. I sure am looking forward that time.

Lucille, will you see if you can find a a better fountain pen. If you can please send me one as soon as possible. I have gotten all my pens lost or broken moving around.

I love you, sweetheart. Kiss Larry and Karen Sue for me. Love and millions of kisses for a wonderful family. I am praying for you.

Your Husband, Oliver.

The following letter was received by John and Margaret Sprouse from their mother, Mrs. M. B.

nie Batchelder, who is serving with the W. A. Co. in London, England:

July 10, 1944.

My dearest sons:  
So far I am still alive, but believe me it is rough here these days—too much for comfort.

Am glad you got an airplane ride. I love them, they're an awful lot of fun. Tell you what, I'll love to take a ride in one of those Buzz Bombs—that is if I could bail out before the motor stopped. They are the fastest things I have ever seen—and very pretty at night with their streak of fire trailing along behind them. But it is awful to be standing by and knowing that death is passing right over you and may stop by for you. Sure makes a fellow stop and say a silent prayer. I do.

I hope you two boys will never have to go through with what I have seen over here. It's just plain H—-. You see people sleeping in some of the queerest places. There was a baby born, of all places, in an air raid shelter. Just little things but big enough to make one understand things more clearly.

I was talking to a young boy of the 82nd Division, a paratrooper, today. He had just returned from France on a seven day furlough. The things that kid could tell, I only wished you could have talked to him. He sure was interesting.

I went to see Westminster Abbey; it is simply beautiful there; so many old tombs and statues of lords and kings long since dead. The windows are painted beautifully, different paintings in each window. There was a real monk inside. The thing that got me most was the grave of the unknown British soldier. There is an inscription on his grave which makes a new ton as usual, as a poetist. The thing as a whole really gets you. I went to see St. Paul's Cathedral but it was closed.

The best part of my whole week was that I saw Daddy last night. We spent a few hours together at a little town a short way from here. Sure was swell seeing him again.

Please excuse the mistakes I am making. I am reading this over to look at my terrible English. I am so tired and sleepy. Sunday I got to bed late. Got up for K. P. Monday, Tuesday or last night I was on leave to go to this town where daddy was to come, scarcely any sleep then. Today was my day off, so I am pulling fire guard for two hours tonight. Am afraid I will go to sleep. Will write more tomorrow.

Tomorrow, how are you feeling now after those plane rides? I sure would like to have some of those peas and most of all the cherries. Can shut my eyes and see those big, delicious black hearts. You can buy some of ones here, but they are sour and cost a fortune. You buy them by the pound. How are Granny and Granddad? Well I hope. Say hello to them for me.

Please be good boys and help daddy at home all you can. Will have to close. Write soon and often.

I would give anything to see you; just for a minute would be heaven. I love you both very much. Good night and God bless you both.

Always your loving mother.

Desire Gaylor of Huntersville, received the following letter from her brother, Cpl. Clarence Gaylor.

Dear Sis:

I will write you a few lines to let you hear from me. Well, for myself I am well and getting along just fine. I hope these few lines finds you all the same; when they reach you. I haven't heard from you for a good while. I suppose you are busy now.

How are you folks getting along with the work this summer? Are Mom and Dad well?

Well Sis, my buddy now is the Gaylor that is in our Company. We have been working together for about six months. I have seen his brother. He is a big husky guy. Well things are very quiet here yet.

News is scarce here, so I will be looking for an answer soon.

Your brother, Clarence.

**BEARD NEWS**

Mrs. Russell Johnson and Catherine Sheets of Baltimore, Md. spent a few days with their grand mother, Mrs. Calvin May, and other relatives at Beard.

Everett Lilly has returned from spending the week end in Fairmont.

Hugh Hefner of the Army, is spending his furlough with his mother, Mrs. Rachel Hefner, and sister, Hattie, of Beard.

Dorsey May of Beard, spent some time in Washington and New York, where he accompanied his daughter, Mrs. Robert Shirley and little grand-daughter, Shirley Ann, to meet Eugene A. H. Shirley who is attending Harvard University. Mrs. Shirley will remain in Cambridge for two months.

Dorsey May, who is employed in Washington, D. C., is spending a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey May.

**FLYING**  
and Flight Acrobatics  
**SUNDAY, Aug. 27**  
and all week to Sept. 2  
Student Training each day  
**Marlinton Airport**  
CHARTER TRIPS RIDES  
**LEARN TO FLY.**



## Important!

### Notice to Voters

Any citizen who will become 21 years of age on or before the 7th day of November, 1944, can vote in the November election, provided he is registered.

No person can vote in the coming General Election unless registered, so please come and register in the County Clerk's Office before the 7th day of October, 1944.

MOODY KINCAID, Clerk.

#### Our Army and Navy Boys

Word has been received of the death of Letcher McCarty, in France, on June 28. He was the son of Mrs. Lanty McCarty, of Frost. His brother, Ledford, was reported wounded.

Rodney W. Buzzard has received word that his son, Jim, is in California on his way home. Jim volunteered in the Navy two years ago, and he has seen much action in the South Pacific area.

Lyle Sharp, of the Air Service, now stationed at Stuttgart, Arkansas, is home on furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Sharp, of Frost. He is accompanied by his wife.

James W. Nottingham, of the Air Service, now stationed at Willow Run, Michigan, is home on furlough with his wife and little son, James Edward, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Nottingham. He has ten months of service behind him, and this is his first time home.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Burner, of Durbin, have received the Purple Heart, awarded their son, E. G. Leroy Burner. He is stationed somewhere in Italy and he says he is getting along just fine.

A Ninth Air Force Fighter

Base, France: "For meritorious achievement in combat flight," 1st Lieutenant Richard H. Brown, P-51 Mustang pilot, has been awarded the Air Medal and the first and second oak leaf clusters to the Air Medal. The presentation was made by Lieutenant General Lewis H. Brereton, commanding general of the Ninth Air Force, United States component of the Allied Expeditionary Air Force.

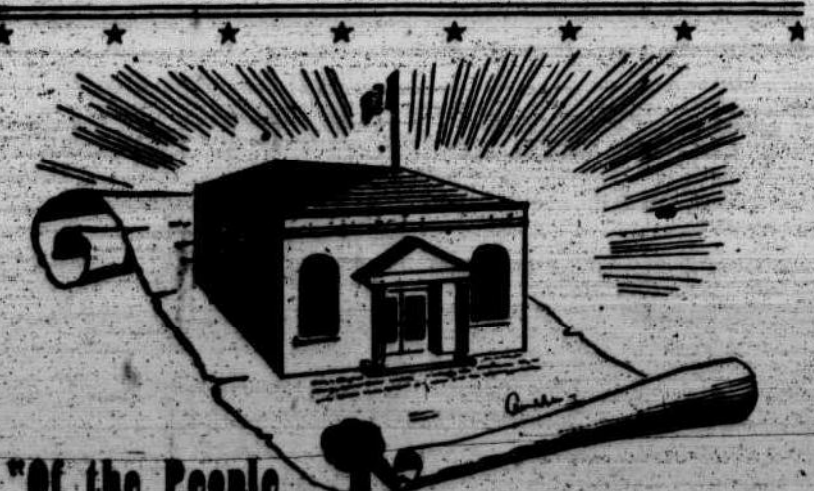
Lieutenant Brown, who has shot down one enemy aircraft since entering combat in March 1944, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy L. Brown, 1141-2 Washington Avenue, Covington, Virginia. His wife, Mary, resides at 328 Bath Street, Clifton Forge, Virginia.

A member of the Pioneer Mustang group of the Ninth Air Force, Lieutenant Brown has flown on 25 missions against the enemy. His unit has accounted for 380 enemy aircraft in seven months of combat operations, and has received a Presidential citation.

A graduate of Covington High School, Lieutenant Brown was employed as a bookkeeper in Covington before entering the service as a cadet in March 1942. Covington Virginian.

Noelman R. Price, Jr., of the Army, arrived home on Monday after nearly three years service with the Air Corps in India.

Lamar Biggs, of the Navy, stationed in Iowa, is home on leave with his family.



"Of the People  
By the People  
For the People..."

A BANK is a truly democratic institution, owned by stockholders, operated by men and women like yourself, conducted for the benefit of all the people. When we say "This is your bank," we mean just that. We exist to serve you. You can bank on this:—We want you to bank with us.

**First National Bank**  
HARLINGTON, W. VA.

Members of  
**FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM**  
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

HARLINGTON, POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, August 24, 1944

Sergeant James E. Sharp, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Sharp, who recently landed in India has been transferred and is now stationed in China, which place he likes very much.

Under date of June 19, Fred MacKenzie, war correspondent for the Buffalo Evening News, New York, wrote from an Air Base in England, that "awake most of Saturday night, preparing for his mission Sergeant Clifford L. Douglas, ground crew chief, slept a hundred feet away from an ack-ack gun, undisturbed by its clatter. On one of the ramshackle shanties of crate sides and canvas is crisscrossed 'Two Aces in a Hole.' One of the aces is Sergeant Clifford L. Douglas."

Crew Chief Douglas is a grand son of Mrs. S. M. L. V. Walker, of Lower Camden Avenue, Marlinton. His mother is Mrs. Margie C. Douglas, of Buffalo, New York.

Corporal Norman Beverage, of the Army Air Corps, now stationed in Nebraska, is home on a fifteen day furlough.

Mrs. Lantie Hoggett received the following very interesting letter from Sergeant Frederick Wilmer Ruckman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ruckman, of Marlinton, who is now serving with the United States Army in England:

August 2, 1944

Dear Mabel:

I have been getting the Pocahontas Times, and very much appreciate your sending it each week. I always like to read the Times, aside from the fact that it is the best way to keep up with the news from home.

I like England right well and it is interesting to observe the difference in some of the customs here from those in America. There are, of course, many things here of historical interest. I recently spent a few hours in an ancient part of a city which was originally built by the Romans. The wall around the city is still in good condition and by walking along the top of it a person can get a good view of the scenery. The ancient cathedral is just inside the wall and is in use today. There is also a huge old castle standing within the walls and it is also being used.

One of the first problems when we came over was to learn the English money system. Another was to understand what the people were talking about, for in some parts of England the accent is quite different from what we are used to, although the people in other sections do not sound so much different from Americans. It is said that a person from one section of England may have difficulty in understanding someone from another section. This seems rather strange since England is a small country smaller than North Carolina or Iowa, while England, Scotland and Wales together are hardly bigger than Minnesota.

The houses here are usually built of brick or stone, and do not have a front porch. There are also some thatched cottages, which are quite picturesque. The people here sure do like flowers and most lawns are filled with roses and other colorful flowers in various arrangements.

I have seen several farming sections but have not seen any corn yet. The people often speak of the corn fields but they are referring to grain fields. I rather doubt if the people here in the section where I am stationed, would know an ear of Indian corn although they import meal as feed for livestock. Peaches and tomatoes are usually grown in greenhouses as they do not mature well outside. I was recently in a green house for tomatoes. The building was possibly fifty feet long and fifteen feet wide, and the owner said he expected to get a ton of tomatoes. The vines are staked and are about six feet high and full of both ripe and green tomatoes which are quite firm but would be considered quite small at home. Many vegetables thrive here, especially cabbage and potatoes, and the pastures are excellent. There is a right good fruit crop this year but it was damaged somewhat by spring frosts.

The English have been in this war for quite a while and feel they need a vacation during the summer, so it seems to be the custom for a whole town to have a week's holiday at a certain time. It seems rather strange to us for an entire town to have a vacation with almost everything being closed. Great crowds are going to the seashore and the lakes, and often transportation is simply jammed. I was just reading that more than a thousand people kept

as all night long in a certain way to secure a place on an early morning train going to a well known pleasure resort.

The night trains here are surprisingly small in comparison to ours, and they are called goods trains or goods wagons. Thinking of the difference in the names of things—gas is petrol; a light truck is a lorry; the druggist is a chemist, and the hardware dealer is an ironmonger. We also don't say we are standing in a line, but in a "queue." It seemed strange to see unwrapped bread lying on a counter, and when the housewife buys it she drops it in her basket or market bag with her other purchases. We can't buy many things here since we do not have coupons for those articles which are rationed. Most clothing requires coupons—even ties and handkerchiefs.

It rains quite often, but when it rains so very hard. However, we have had some real nice weather this summer. There have been some hot days but the weather is often a little cool for summer.

As you know, this country is located rather far north, but the winters are not extremely cold due to the warming of the air by the gulf stream. The ground was not frozen except for a small part of the time last winter, but it seemed quite cold because of the dampness of the atmosphere. The days are extremely long during the summer months and it is bed time before the sun goes down. On the other hand the nights are just as long during the winter, and over here a black-out is usually a black-out that lasts all night. The younger children have never seen the lights burning in their towns.

I trust that all is well over there in Pocahontas; and that this war may soon end so we may return to that great place—AMERICA.

Sincerely,  
Wilmer Ruckman.

Mr. and Mrs. Harper Anderson received the following letter from their son, Dick, who is stationed in Indiana:

Dear Mom and Dad & little Dolores:

I left Rhode Island Saturday morning at nine o'clock and I am now in Indiana. This morning just a little ways from Chicago, where I went through boot camp. We have sleepers in here, and I rested very well last night.

Hope you are all well and stay that way. I don't know what I would do if something would go wrong at home, just something to keep me worried I guess. I did hate to leave you all this time. I was so nervous when I was home thinking about leaving to go back I hardly knew where I were. I don't know what kind of a camp I am going to, but I hope it is O. K. I don't know how long I will be there.

I hope I don't have to cross. Maybe something will turn up before I do; for if something would go wrong at home, I would be so far away.

Mom, do take care of yourself and the rest. Kiss my sweet little girl for me and tell her hello. If you hear any good news write me for it will help. Maybe I will be home again soon. Well, I will write again sometime today and tell you where I am. Be good till I see you again.

With love,  
Dick.

A Ninth Air Force Service Command Unit, France:

The promotion of Edward O. Shanahan, 37, of Marlinton, from the rank of Private First Class to that of Corporal was recently announced by the Headquarters of this Ninth Air Force Service Command Unit.

Corporal Shanahan, the son of Mrs. Stella B. Shanahan, Marlinton, entered the service in December 1942 and came to the European Theatre of Operations in January 1944.

Corporal Shanahan is now serving as Squadron carpenter at this advanced landing ground of the Ninth Air Force in France.

The Ninth Air Force Service Command plays a vital part in supplying and maintaining unit of the Ninth Air Force, giving air support to the Allied invasion of Europe.

Mrs. Mary Hafner Yauger, of Terra Alta, received the following letter from Pvt. Don L. Taylor, of the U. S. Army Hospital Plant Department of Patients, France:

My dear Mrs. Yauger:  
I received your letter which made me feel very blue. I am asking the Red Cross Staff to send

this letter for me, because my hand is in a sling and I am not able to write at this time.

I might be coming home shortly and you may be sure that I shall see you and tell you of a number of things that you are interested in and hope to know you better. Please let me assure you of one thing: Andy was killed instantly—there was no suffering. Death was instant.

I feel that I know all of you very well, because of the number of times that he has mentioned all of you to me. In fact, when we realized that our families were neighbors, Andy and I became good buddies. I realize you are heart-broken and I am deeply touched too. It is impossible for me to say more at this time.

He was very brave as you no doubt know, and loved combat. Let us be brave too. As I have said before I will see you in the not too far future.

My sincerest wishes to you and your mother, and I will keep in touch with you.

Sincerely,  
Pvt. Don L. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mace, of Mace, received the following letter from their son, Herbert, of Camp Meade, California:

Dear Dad and Mother:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am well and getting along just fine. Guess this will be the last time I will get to write to you while I am in California, as we have our shipping orders and will be leaving soon. We have been here six weeks, waiting to take a boat ride, but it looks as though it would be a long train ride instead.

I don't know for sure where we are going, but I have a good idea, but can't tell it now. I will write as soon as I arrive at my new camp.

My trip from the West Valley to sleep in the heart of Texas and thence to California—the land of sunshine has been a wonderful experience, and I have really enjoyed it all.

Our Major Frank C. Wimer is from Elkins, W. Va. I have talked to him several times since I came here and also met his family. It is nice meeting some one from West Va., especially a Major.

I worked in the Del Monte Cannery at Yuba City last week. The peach crop is heavy here, and they had to call on the soldiers to help can them. There is a large fig and date orchard at the edge of camp. So when people say that California has plenty of fruit they are right.

By being a good friend of the Major and with all these California peaches and dates, I really am sorry to have to leave here. But when Uncle Sam says to do anything he means just that. I want you to still send me The Pocahontas Time, as I enjoy reading it.

Hope you all keep well and can keep the store and office going. I hope to be back before long to help. I will close for now.

Your son,  
Herbert T. Mace.

August 18, 1944

(By Marine Private First Class, Melvin Rutenberg, Camden, N. J.)

Guam, Delayed.—A Marine combat photographer, Corporal Arden J. Curry, of Court Street, Marlinton, W. Va., has a paradoxical story to tell regarding the invasion of Guam. It is about the fetish that the Japs have for American products.

Curry says that while touring a hilly sector that had been captured by Marines the first day of the fighting, he came upon a bombed native hut which he decided to photograph. Coming closer to the demolished dwelling he found standing in front of the crumbled entrance a red Coca-Cola refrigerator box without a scratch on it.

Inspecting the interior of the hut, he found amid the Jap debris a broken American record. Its title was strangely prophetic: "What Is To Be Will Be."

Staff Sgt. Russell Thom, U. S. Marine Corps Public Relations Director.

Mrs. J. Gilmer Sharp has received word that her husband, Pvt. J. Gilmer Sharp, has landed safely somewhere in Italy. Before entering the service in 1943, Pvt. Sharp was a Foreman over the Major assembly for the U. M. P. C. in Bristol, Tennessee.

Corporal Marguerite Williams of the WAACS, is home on furlough with father, D. W. Williams.



Placement Of Teachers	
Beaver Creek, Fred Mouser	Old Lick, Mary M. Beard
Boggs Run, Oleta McMillion	Pine Grove, Marguerite Jack
Brownsburg, col., Faye Dunlap	Pleasant Hill, Hunter Wenefee
Brush Run, Ruth Beard	Poage Lane, Jane V. Dilley
Brushy Flat, Elsie Adkison	Salisbury, Louise Brown
Buckeye, Madeline McNeill	Seneca Trail, Maynard Dilley,
Burnside, Ruth Cutlip	Prin., Orda Hill, Lucile Bright
Caesar Mt., Mattie Kinnison	Thornwood, Pauline H. Gribble
Campbeltown, Edmonia Gibson, principal, Maude B. Bumgardner	Top Alleghany, K. B. Wilmoth
Cass Graded, J. K. Arbogast,	Wesley Chapel, Fannie Kane
Prin., Eoid Harper, Glenna Gibson, June Riley, Laurie Arbuckle	West Droop, Drexal McMillion
Mayo Beard	West Union, Glenna Barnes
Cass, col., Sidney Goodwin	Woodrow, Bonnie B. Brooks
Clawson, S. R. Fertig	High Schools
Clover Lick, Evelyn Coyner,	Greenbank, C. A. McMillion,
Prin., Jean O. Moore	Prin., Evelyn Barlow, Leeta
Cummings Creek, Dewey Burr	Beard, W. E. Blackhurst, Kathleen Brown, Rosemary Coyner,
Draft, Layton Sharp	Elizabeth H. Hall, David E. Smith.
Dunmore, Glenn Tracy, Prin., Lynn Kerr	Hillsboro, Frank K. Johnston,
Durbin Graded, Max Poscover,	Prin., Rudolph Urbanick, Beatrice McLaughlin
Prin., Ruth Kramer, Doris Snyder, Bonnie Hill, Marie Farn,	Marlinton, Arnost Yeager,
Hope Hill, Frons F. Williams,	Prin., Edith May, Francis McElwee, Alice M. Moore, Beulah Beckett, Wm. Buckley, Kathleen Young, Mary Jane Marquette, Kathryn Wiseman.
Margaret Wilson, Garnet B. Hoover	
Fairview, Annas Cole	Hospital Patients
Frank col., Ida S. Choice	Arbvale—James A. Patterson,
Frost, Edna Lee Gibson	Cleve Riley
Grassy Ridge, Alma Miller	Marlinton—Bill Helmer, Mrs. Paul Jeffries, Mrs. Edward Moore and little son, Mrs. Alva Johnson
Greenbank Graded, C. A. McMillion, Prin., Estice Crist, Margaret Lightner, Minnie Parg, McNeer K. Dolly, Elizabeth McCutcheon, Rachel Wooddell	Siony Bottom—Mrs. Henry Lester
Greenbrier Hill, col., Edna C. Knapper	Buckeye—Mrs. G. D. McNeill
Hillsboro Graded, Virgil Beckert, Prin., R. Dice Smith, Hattie J. Sheets, Laura Pyles, Elizabeth McLaughlin, Martha Beard, Virginia Moore	Auto—Audrey Bare
Hillsboro, col., Jessie Mitchell	Renick—Mrs. A. G. Broce
Huntersville, Mary Ruckman	Weston—Mrs. Carl Walters.
Jacox, Plummer Cutlip	Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Boyd Byrd of Huntersville, a son, Ray Allen, on August 4, 1944.
Kerr, Ruth F. Riley	Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moore, a son, August 16, 1944.
Mt. Lebanon, Arlene Cutlip	
Mt. Zion, W. A. Hively	
Marlinton Graded, J. Z. Johnson, Prin., Mary C. Skagles, Grace M. Sharp, Lucille Gibson, Beatrice H. Gladwell, Pearl Carter, Ada Wooddell, Sella Y. McLaughlin, Jane Kincaid, Glenna Sharp, Bly Deery, Eleanor McLaughlin, Alice Waugh.	
Monahaba Springs, Eva B. Mcarty	
North Fork, Clara P. Wade	
Nottingham, Mary H. Kegley	
Oak Hill, Lila Orndorff	



**WIA, August 31, 1944**

**Great-Belly**

Miss Ruby Diley and Nikola  
Circosta, of Clover Lick, were  
united in marriage on Friday  
evening, August 18, 1944, at the  
Methodist parsonage, Rev. Fred  
Owens, reading the ritual of  
the Church.







W. J. PERRY, EDITOR

THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1945

Dr. Maude McNeill, head of the biology department, accompanied by Tom J. Perry, instructor of mathematics at the Athens high school, and David Gray, '46, rediscovered the second second station in the world for *Phymosia* remote Brit. or "crotch mallow," Saturday September 23, on Peters mountain, near Narrows, Virginia. During the search, the party was able to locate 207 stalks representing 10 or more specimens.

The station was first discovered in 1927 by Dr. Earl Core, professor of botany at West Virginia university. The other known station is a gravelly island in the Kankakee river, Illinois.

Since Dr. McNeill's former visit to Peters mountain in 1936, a few other botanists have searched the area but failed to locate the plants.

Dr. Earl Sherff, of Chicago Teachers College, accompanied by Dr. McNeill, will again conduct a survey of the area for material to be used in a forth-coming article to be published by Dr. Sherff.

—Bluefield Daily Telegraph.



Dear Cousin Cal:

I read with interest the account of Dr. Price's visit at Captain Hull's in McDowell.

Soon after the War Between the States, Mr. John F. Bratton of Jacksons River, near Cleek's Mill, bought the Hull piano for his daughters, Miss Ella Susan and Margaret Kinney, later Mrs. Ella Byrd, now deceased, and Mrs. Margaret Sharp, of Edray. The piano now belongs to Mrs. Sharp and is at her home at Edray.

Do you have the history of the origin of the sweet old song—"Swing Low Sweet Chariot"? I am anxious to have the story. I have read the story but in some way have lost the magazine.

kindest regards

Sincerely,  
Geo. W. Cleek.

Stanton, Va.



### Dear Mom and Mary Boys

Miss Paula McLaughlin of Dunmore, received the following letter from her son, Don C. McLaughlin, under date of Sept. 7, 1945.

Here I am out in the middle of the Pacific ocean, about 150 miles from Yokohama, Japan. We are supposed to land tomorrow morn between eight and nine o'clock. We left Oahu City last Saturday morning, Sept. 1. We got on the boat the 29th of August, the next day I was sent to the ship's Hospital with an abscess on my back. I was in there for four days. I am okay now. I haven't done any work for over a month; feel like a new man.

It's getting lots cooler and the climate in Japan is about the same as Chicago this time of year. Well, it's time to darken the ship and there are lots of ships floating around. Don't know if I will sleep much or not. I have my life belt pumped up in case we hit a mine. I don't want to drown now that the war is over.

Good night will finish Saturday.

Saturday Sept. 8, '45.

Yokohama, Japan:

We landed here this morning at nine o'clock. Your time back there would be between 8 or 9 Friday night I think. I am thinking I will like it better here than in the Philippines. It sure is cool. I haven't seen much yet, since we are still on the ship. We were supposed to get off today, but I don't think we will. There are every different ship that can be named here. I haven't seen the Missouri yet, the ship on which Gen. MacArthur signed the surrender terms. It sure is a huge dock but it has been bombed a few times.

I got up this morning at 4, and have been looking ever since to see what I can. You don't have to worry, we are all armed with 60 rounds of ammunition, if they start anything, but they won't do that. The American Division is going to be one of the Division of Army occupation, but that doesn't mean that I'll have to stay over here. I have 55 points up until now.

Well it is about 2 o'clock, so I will lay down and sleep a few

hours. It is cloudy and is getting too cool on the deck unless I get my jacket. Will write some more later. Our mail is not received yet more so I can write what I want. Did you understand what I meant in the last two or three letters I wrote you in Oahu? I tried to explain that we were going to move; don't know if you guessed it or not.

Sunday Night

Yokohama, Japan.

Well here I sit in a Jap Navy barrack with lights. Like it fine. Sure is a nice city but they seem funny; don't even notice you. The trains and street cars are running things. We are 4 miles from Tokyo. We may be in the parade that goes through Tokyo in the next few days.

You might hear it announced over the radio about the American Division landing here. We are right in the city. The Japs dress funny. A few of them cleaned the barracks up for us. They have city water running, but we don't drink it.

I haven't taken a drink since the 15th of July. Had plenty of beer but never drank it. It's a lot nicer to land here in this way than the way we were planning on getting here sometime in November. If they had not given up, we were going to invade it, and I sure was sweating it out for it would have been tough.

On April 16th of this year one of my best friends was killed lying in bed. He was in our battery; it happened about twelve o'clock at night. He bled to death. Five more were sleeping in the same tent. If he had been found sooner he would have lived. It sure was rough in Oahu for a while. Will write soon again.

Love, Don.

Mrs. Rose B. Holesapple of Anthony, W. Va., received the following letter from her son, Ralph who is in the Marine Corps at Parris Island, S. C.

Sept. 29, 1945.

Dear Rose:

Just to let you know I got your letter. Sure was glad to hear from you. The Marine Corps are sure tough. I'm sore but okay. Hope you are all well. We drive!

all day Sunday. We got our skin, but won't go to the range for a week or two. They shaved my head the first thing and filled some teeth. I have come more to be filled yet. We will get a far enough in 8 to 12 weeks. Won't be allowed to leave camp until we come home. I like all the boys here; some are from W. Va.

We are not allowed to go to the P. X. yet. Please send me a cigarette case, any kind just to keep the cigarettes dry; for it sure is hot here. We sure were rushed for a few days; washed clothes today.

I guess most of the boys are busting now. Has Carl come home yet? There is a Bennet boy here from Carroll Hill. My clothing fit alright, except my cap is too large. You know I never ate chicken or peas. I eat both now and like them too. We get plenty to eat. Tell everyone to write to me. I won't have much time for writing, but like to get mail.

Love to all, Ralph.

A Durham, North Carolina paper prints the following news item about Colonel Knox Dunlap. He is a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Dunlap, former residents of Pocahontas county. The Colonel was born at Millpoint. The General Hefebower referred to in the article is from Winchester, Virginia.

Col. Knox Dunlap, from Ponca City, Oklahoma, has arrived at Camp Butler to become executive officer for the Hospital Center at that post.

Colonel Dunlap served with Brig. Gen. Roy C. Hefebower, commanding general of the Hospital Center at Camp Butler, in Hawaii 1939-41; again the two officers were together at Camp Barkley, Texas, in 1943; and now at Butler the Colonel is a member of General Hefebower's command for the third time.

Colonel Dunlap has 19 years' Army service to his credit. During this war he spent 15 months overseas as commanding officer of the 97th General Hospital near Oxford, England.

Before coming to Camp Butler Colonel Dunlap was a patient at McCloskey General Hospital, Temple, Texas.

Colonel and Mrs. Dunlap and their daughter, Mary, 7, will reside in Durham.

Miss Nancy Phillips of 835 West 4th St. of Wilmington, Delaware, who is employed in a leather factory, received a letter from her brother in the Armed Forces now somewhere in the South Pacific, saying he is rated corporal and expects another rating soon. He is in the Paratroopers.

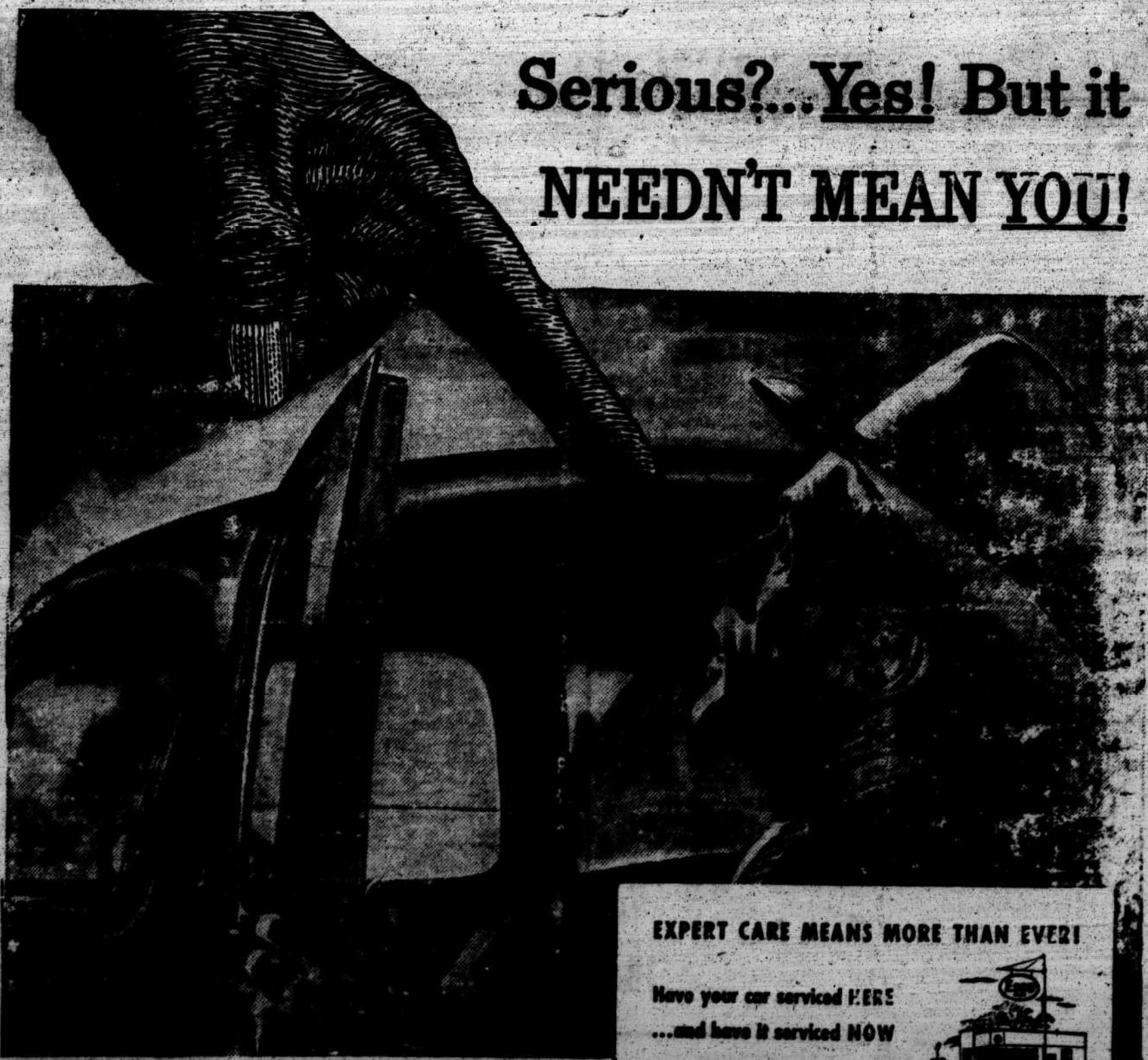
## Time for a get-toget



### ...or making the party a suc

It's easy to plan a date at home when you have frosty bottles of family refrigerator. Have a Coke says the hostess, and the affair is off. To young or old, this friendly invitation opens the way to better acquaintance and enjoyment to entertaining. From Alabama to Oregon, Coca-Cola is the pause that refreshes—a pleasant way to make folks feel at home.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY  
MARLINTON COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.



## Serious?... Yes! But it NEEDN'T MEAN YOU!

WITH plenty of gasoline available, motorists will do more driving than in recent years. This means the Finger of Trouble is sure to be busy this winter! And winter is always especially hard on cars...

Your car today is a year older than last Fall, and more liable to cause you trouble. But if you take care you needn't worry.

Now is the time for winter care... for complete and dependable winter protection... such as Esso products and your Esso Dealer can give you.



Esso Motor Oil

Make a date today to see your Esso Dealer. Let him do those simple but important things which can keep your car safe from the Finger of Trouble!

Until you can get a new automobile...

Be safe, not sorry... come in and let's

SAVE THAT CAR!

STANDARD OIL COMPANY  
OF NEW JERSEY

### EXPERT CARE MEANS MORE THAN EVER!

Have your car serviced FREE

...and have it serviced NOW



- ☒ OIL CHANGES—Fresh winter-grade Esso Motor Oil will give your motor the proper protection it needs for cold weather running.
- ☒ CHARGE LUBRICATIONS—The right Esso Lubricants in the right places in ample quantity will protect wearing body parts.
- ☒ IMPORTANT PARTS—Your Esso Dealer will give special attention to steering gear, transmission, differential, spark plugs, fan belt, other parts that need proper care in any weather.
- ☒ TIRES—Careful inspection may catch small danger spots that could spell TROUBLE! If you need new tires, let your Esso Dealer show you what Allen Tires have to offer.
- ☒ BATTERY—Needs full power for cold weather starting! Your Esso Dealer will check water for proper level... inspect and clean cables and terminals... give your battery the care it needs.
- ☒ WASHING CARE—Extra important during the winter months. Your car should be tested for low temperature and anti-freeze added as needed. Have carefully inspected for leaks, connections tightened.
- ☒ AUTOMOBILE LIGHTS—Headlights, tail lights, windshield wipers... important items that can cause trouble if they fail when they're needed.

With U. S. Forces in Norway—When the 474th Infantry Regiment reached Norway as a part of U. S. Task Force "A" under the command of Brigadier General Owen Summers, the officers and men might well have said "at last we have made it."

The regiment is composed of units activated in 1943 for the mission of coming to Norway but they took long and often difficult routes to reach this Scandinavian country.

The first and second battalions of the Regiment originally were activated as the First Special Service Force which was half Canadian and half American. They trained for guerrilla-type warfare and were to assault Norway's extensive water-power system. However, they first were used to invade Korea, only to find the Japs had fled, and they traveled half way around the world to show up next to Camblance. They fought with distinction at Anzio and participated in the invasion of southern France before being deactivated as the First Special Service Force. The Canadian personnel were transferred to Canadian units and the Americans became the first and second battalions of the 474th Infantry.

The third battalion of the regiment is the 29th battalion activated at Camp Ripley, Minnesota, in July 1949. It was novel from the standpoint that all its personnel were of Norwegian descent. It reached France shortly after D-Day as a separate battalion, was attached to armored units for the St. Lo break-through and raced on through France, Belgium and into Germany with armored units. During the Ardennes offensive it fought with particular valor.

The regimental commander is Colonel Edwin A. Walker, of Center Point, Texas. Other personnel include Private Donald W. Jack and Harry R. Cochran, of Marlinton, West Virginia.

Aboard a Fast Carrier in the Pacific—Ray Madrid Irvine, of Marlinton, West Virginia, who is now serving in the United States Navy, recently was advanced in rate from Seaman Second Class to Seaman First Class, his commanding officer announced today.

He is now serving on board one of the nation's large aircraft carriers helping to take the war direct to Japan. He is the son of Mrs. Lulu Belle Irvine, also of Marlinton.

### HARVEST DAY

The annual Harvest Day will be held at the Baxter Presbyterian Church, Dunmore, on Saturday, Oct. 6 or 20th. Rev. B. B. Britton will speak at 11:00 A. M. Lunch will be served by the Women's Auxiliary. In the afternoon there will be a sale of hand work, baking, vegetables, corn and chickens.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the many friends for their kindness and sympathy shown at the death of our dear husband and father. Also for the beautiful flowers and meals. May God bless each one of you.

Mrs. Allen Marks & Family



largest wedding cake.

**Ryder-Friel**

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Friel of near Marlinton, announce the marriage of their daughter Agnes Ruth to Cpl. Harry Ryder, by Rev. D. T. Tharp, at his home, on Friday, October 26, 1945, at 8 o'clock, p. m. in the presence of about twenty guests. The bride wore a blue dress with black and white accessories. Her flowers were white chrysanthemums. She was attended by her cousin Mrs. Martha Irvine, and the groom's attendant was Staff Sergeant Lloyd E. Friel. Cpl. Ryder is a son of Mrs. Iva Ryder of Stang Bottom; he recently received an honorable discharge after twenty-nine months of service, seven months of that time being in the Mediterranean.



BEAVER CREEK

Plummer Cutlip is getting a long fine teaching school.

Glen Underwood is home on a leave with his mother, Mrs Duffie Underwood.

Mervist Kellison is working in Lewisburg as a carpenter.

Raymond Dean is home with an honorable discharge.

Patience Ann Dunn visited her grandparents, Mr and Mrs Harrison Underwood.

Rennie Underwood is home with a discharge after three and a half years in service.

Sherman Underwood is home with a discharge after almost four years in service.

Mrs Lee Symes is visiting her son at Anderson.

Mr and Mrs Benick Underwood and children visited Mrs Duffie Underwood recently.

Ottie Wanless is home on leave with his father, George Wanless.

Mr and Mrs Glen Rucker visited Mrs Rucker's parents, Mr and Mrs Harrison Underwood, last week. Mr Rucker has an honorable discharge after 32 months of overseas service.

We are glad so many of our soldier boys are getting back with a discharge.

Misses Hodge, Pauline, Nancy, Floretta, Mary, Della Underwood and Louise Barr spent Sunday at the tower on Beaver Creek Mountain. J. W. Origger is now on the fire tower.



**Huntersville Cemetery**

It has come to my attention that at last something is being done to beautify the Huntersville cemetery. I understand Mr. A. R. McComb has undertaken the job and has not asked for anything. We who have loved ones at rest there and cannot be there to help personally, should not stand by and throw the responsibility on one person to undertake such a big job.

All brush is being grubbed up, and dirt is being hauled to fill up all low places. I know that any thing that Mr. McComb undertakes will be done well. The best news of all is that Mr. S. P. Curry has given permission to enlarge the cemetery. Now all this is going to cost money, time and a lot of hard work.

I was up there about two years ago and it made tears come into my eyes and my heart ache to see the brush and weeds waist high. I know the ones that are at rest there would not want to see it neglected. I think it is the most beautiful place that I have ever seen for a cemetery, and I am overjoyed to hear that it is going to be cleaned up and enlarged, something that should have been done years ago.

Again I repeat we who have loved ones at rest there should at least contribute to Mr. McComb so he can hire help and really do a good job. Any amount will be greatly appreciated. I knew that any money sent to Mr. McComb will be handled honestly and used for this one purpose alone.

Kyle D. Ginger,  
5037 Dolphin Ave Detroit, Mich.



APACAMONTAS TRIBE  
Reported as the Publisher of the  
Jas. W. W. as second class matter.

ALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DEC. 20, 1945.

I have always had a concern about the origin of the name of Cheat Mountain and Cheat River. I happen to have heard of a mountain down at the other end of the Seneca Trail in North Alabama called Chestnob. However, this did not help any great deal though it might have been good Cherokee, and the Cherokee people were supposed to have come as far as the Greenbrier Valley. The head of our valley heads up against Shavers Cheat Mountain, and the north flow of Shavers Fork of Cheat is alongside the south flow of the Greenbrier for thirty miles or more.

Now, in his column in the Fairmont Times, Historian E. E. Meredith writes about a recent book, "The Horn Papers". This book, by W. F. Horn, proves conclusively the name was given by and for a Frenchman who had exclusive rights to trade with the Indians on this river in 1738, back in the days of New France. Here is a letter from Mr. Horn to Mr. Meredith:

I received the letter making inquiry of the history of John Jacques Cheathe, of Quebec, who was given the hunting and fishing rights along the "Cherokee East Waters," which he named Cheathe's river and which Virginia fur traders named Cheat river when Christopher Gist established Jerome Salem at Salem's Post on this river on the James River National Trail in 1737.

Jacques Cheathe was born in Quebec in 1685 and was with Jean Du Prat in the Shawnee Indian settlement on the "Le Belle Waters" (Ohio river) in 1721.

In 1733 Jacques Cheathe was given free rights to hunt, fish and trade with the Cherokee Indian Elk clan in North western Virginia but his real mission was to keep a lookout for the English frontiersmen making any settlements west of the French-English national boundary line as first agreed in 1701, then renewed in 1717-1724 and lastly in 1737.

Jacques Cheathe was a French Huguenot and a faithful supporter of the French claims in America. He died at the French post at the mouth of his river in June, 1734. Dr. Samuel Eckerlin and James Le Tarte set their Indian trading post on his camp site at what is now Point Marion, Pa. in 1724 and were joined by Wendell Brown and Thomas Eckerlin in 1725. This post was the bone of contention between the French and English from 1741 to 1763. It was Jacques Cheathe who gave his name to the dark waters of the French claimed river, now Cheat river, in 1734.



**NEW RIVER CHOCOLATE**

**Our Army and Navy Boys**

The following letter was sent in by T-5 William C. Bozard, who is serving in the Philippines: Philippine Islands. January 18, 1946.

Dear Friends:

Your boys from overseas send a most urgent plea to you folks at home to bring public opinion to bear on those who have been entrusted with the responsibility of bringing your sons, your brothers, and your husbands home to you.

We GI's know that we are not forgotten by our folks and our friends, but we feel that the responsible few have and are letting us down, either because they are not aware of the seriousness and importance of this matter or because they do not give a damn. We do not know the answer to that; but we do know that we will be forced to stay here until you, our only hope, voice your opinion strongly enough, to force them to take action on the most important event in every GI's life at the present time, that of calling home.

Some of us are single and some married with children, but we all have one thing in common—we are lonesome and homesick. We are fed up on being used like little school children by every piece of brass who would be the masters of our minds, our bodies and our souls. Our own protests, against being used to fulfill high theories, have been silenced with the threat of court martial. It is of no use to follow, but never the less, court martial and a possible dishonorable discharge awaits a GI, who in his homesickness and discouragement joins with other soldiers in a public demonstration against being kept on foreign soil. We certainly cannot understand any dishonorable part of wanting to get home, but none of us want a US Army tag of disgrace attached to our names, so we turn to you folks in a plea to get us home; public opinion can fight. Do we get the loyalty we deserve, or do we stay here until the red tape untangles itself many months from now and finds returning soldiers bitter and disillusioned. We will be waiting to hear from home, knowing that we can depend on you for all-out support.

Sincerely,  
Boys of the South Pacific.



POCAHONTAS TIMES

Published at the Republic of Marlin-  
ton, W. Va., on second class matter.

ALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1946

This is the day to get up copy for the so called editorial column. There is much to write about and small urge to write it, other than typewriter demanding copy, to fill an aching void, as the poetical expression goes.

The first thing is to call attention to the discharged service men to the fact they must register in order to vote again in primary and general elections. When a returned soldier or sailor goes to the Court House to check in at the office of the Draft Board, and to have his discharge papers recorded in the office of the Clerk of the County Court, why be sure to have the County Clerk get your name on the voters register, and issue registration card. This can be done at any time. There was a little confusion in the minds of some about registering between February 20 and March 18. This is the 30 day period when Marlinton voters cannot register to vote in the special local option election to be held on March 18.

In this paper is published the call for the local option election to be held on March 18, in the Town of Marlinton, for the purpose of voting on the question of whether the municipality will continue to endorse the nuisance of state liquor stores. It is asking just a little too much of a community to be the drinking ground of the alcoholics and the punks who cannot carry their liquor from a big country side. I am getting good and tired of Marlinton and Webster Springs, by being referred to in police circles as the two outstanding bad examples of the whole state for really bad conditions as regards drunks and their outbreaks.

Over in the city of Buckhannon and the county of Upshur, conditions got beyond reasonable control and they voted out the State liquor stores. I have not heard of any ground movement to vote the nuisance back in.

Some months back the drunks in Marlinton were making things a bit rowy night after night. The Mayor and Council got the liquor stores to close at dark for a month. There was a kind of word of mouth understanding that if conditions were bettered, the short hours would become permanent. The police court report shows that in the month of shorter hours there were 33 cases tried on drunk and disorderly charges, as against twice as many in the months preceding.

Then the Mayor, Sergeant, Attorney and Prosecuting Attorney appeared before the State Liquor Commission, and "No" was the answer to the reasonable request for shorter liquor selling hours in Marlinton. The next step out was to refer the matter to the electors in a local option election to be held on March 18, 1946; to see how the voting public will answer such high handed arbitrary rulings.

Down in Kentucky, I have reported that 23 out of 23 counties holding local option elections recently voted the liquor stores out. I also hear that the next Kentucky State Legislature will have before it for consideration a bill to return to State prohibition.

Still on matters of a disturbing nature, it now appears that while there may be a special session of the legislature this year to deal with reports from ad interim committees, the recommend to shift the cost of local schools from the consumers sales tax to a direct tax on property to tune of 20 millions of dollars annually will not be included in the call, if and when made. Even the professors, whom I blame with the big idea for to change indirect tax receipts for local schools' expense over to the support of colleges, got cold feet over including this matter for consideration by an extraordinary session. This leaves an important school measure for consideration the submission of a constitutional amendment, changing the office of State Superintendent from an elective office to an appointive one.

The reason for this change is to allow the governor to name another member of his cabinet. I have known elected members of a state administration to be considerable hindrance to a governor. They may succeed themselves in office, while the poor governor is elected for one term only.

We all have got to do something about the bound dog situation. I see two ways out for relief. The first is to run up on the deer checker weekly, now that the deer herds have increased to such an extent as to threaten open to become a menace to growing crops. Another, is to urge certain farmers to get a 100 day on shooting bound dogs while run and shoot through their legs. The second way is to get after sheep. They have been running an old red fox and had him pressed so hard he had to resort to the old trick of running through and around in a flock of sheep in order to confuse the hounds long enough for him to get his breath for another run.

A good farmer told me the other day he had lost in recent years no less than six pairs of good hounds at the hands of neighbor farmers, when the hounds had run foxes through their flocks of sheep. The good dogs were trying to rid the countryside of the worst lamb thieves going. They had no desire nor intent to kill sheep.

The good farmer, who is now out of the bound business, told me he started in the winter with no less than two dozen quail. He has two quail now; hardly any rabbits and grouse. The last snow, the whole place was padded with fox tracks.

Speaking about the age old trick of the red fox to run through a flock of sheep in order to throw a pack of hounds off his track, an old English hunting tale is always worth referring to. This had to do with an old grandpa fox, which invariably lost the hounds in a certain flock of sheep. Finally the fox hunters laid in wait at this particular flock of sheep one day when the hounds had that smart old fox up and going. Directly the fox came. He ran in to and around the flock, jumping over sheep, and then finally jumped on the back of a big old ram. This leader of the flock ran off toward a stone wall surrounding the pasture. When the ram got close to the wall, the fox jumped lightly on to the wall and made away on top of it. Soon the hounds came up, and lost scent, as usual.

The Ashford Camp and Hospital Council has prepared a list of gifts needed by the Ashford General Hospital. The items needed during the months of February and March are as follows:

- 500 packages of birthday napkins,
- 10 balls of heavy wrapping cord
- 12 harmonicas
- 1 carpet sweeper
- An unlimited number of white socks for patients, sizes 12 to 14.

These are to be used by the Dermatology Wards and should be large around the ankle.

If any of the organizations in the County are interested and can supply any of these items please advise Grady K. Moore, Chairman of the Pocahontas Camp and Hospital Committee, so that a report of pledges can be made. Mr. Moore has been advised that any of these items pledged should be sent through the Red Cross so they can be properly acknowledged and turned over to the department requesting the items.

Let me now turn in report of the Victory Clothing Drive in Pocahontas County, which ended on Valentine Day. No less than 2600 separate pieces were turned in. These included clothes for men, women, children, and infants and bed clothing. Included in this list was 140 pairs of shoes, all of these were in excellent condition. Final packing and shipping was completed on February 14. This work was sponsored by the Womens Club, enthusiastically assisted by other organizations.

Let me wind up with the sweet note that sugar water is running good and sweet this year. Some of the camps are running, and I have been promised a year's supply of maple molasses by a tried and true maker. The extent of my own personal endeavors along the line is to have tapped one of our trees with a single spout, to brew a spot of sassafras tea at end of day.

**Good Appointment**

Sheriff W. O. Ruckman recommended to the County Court the appointment of Marvlin Wimer to succeed the late Elba B. Callison. The Court promptly confirmed the appointment, and Mr. Wimer is now at work.

Mr. Wimer is just home from the Navy with an honorable discharge. He served nearly three years, much of the time outside continental United States. Before going to the Navy he had experience as a bank clerk.

Hubert Kerehnert, who has been with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in disposing of surplus war property, is again with the State Road Commission. He went to work on Monday as equipment superintendent for the 6th district. He will work out of the Elkins office.

Mrs. Joe McKenney has returned from Warren, Ohio, where she spent a couple of weeks at the home of Lawrence McKenney.

Mr. and Mrs. George O'Connor and family, of Brown, were here last night in Marlinton.

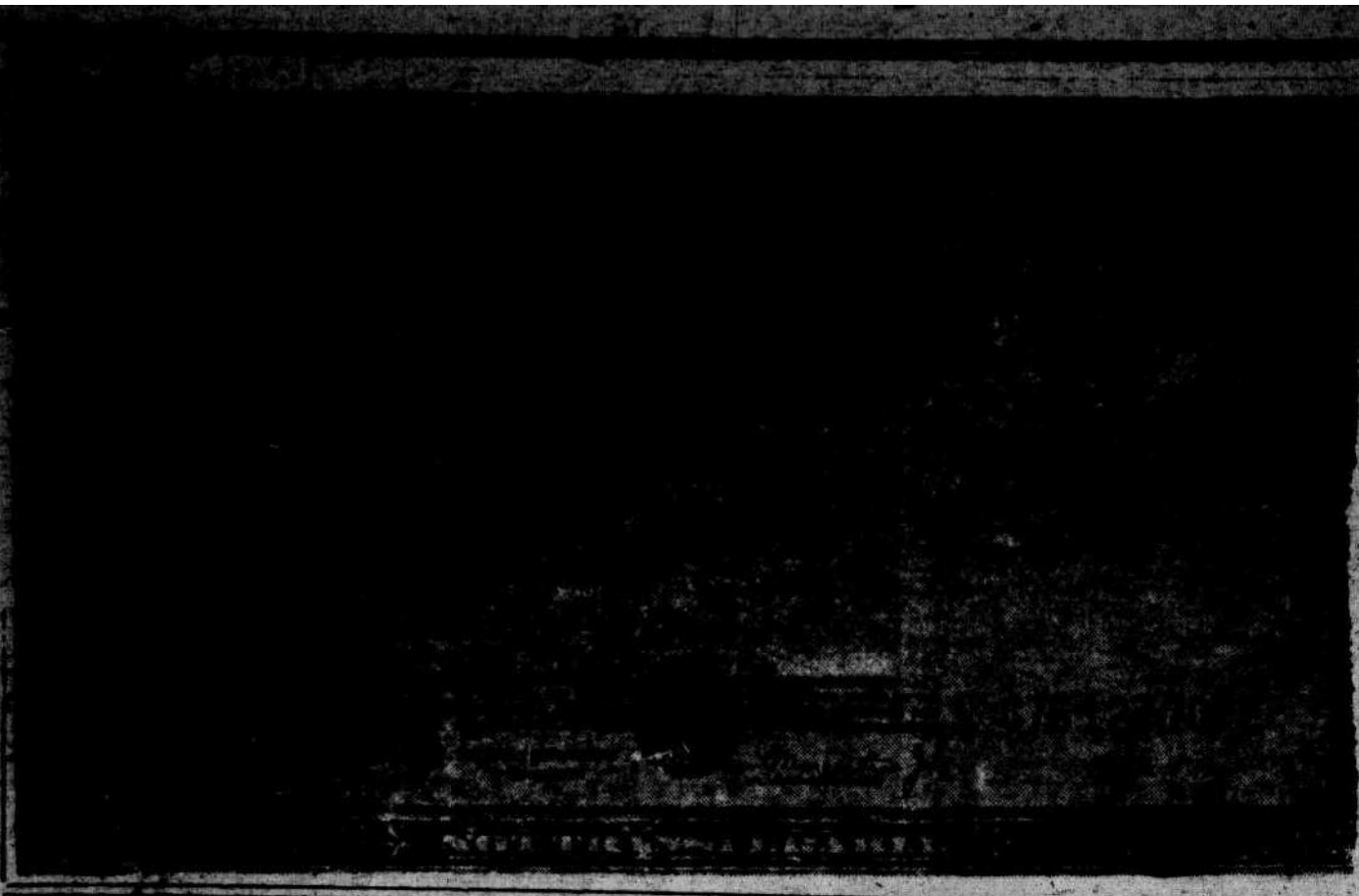












### Our Army and Navy Boys

Second Lt. Fredric B. Karl writes from somewhere in Belgium:

#### DEDICATION

Epics have been written on men in the Air Corps and Infantry, but little has been said on the crews who man the tanks. Tanks alone are piles of steel. The nucleus of this great weapon is the men themselves. To these brave, fighting men this epic will perhaps have a meaning all its own.

"Good luck tankers, who like the housewife, your work is never done."

#### THE ATTACK

"This is it." These are the words of the Medium Tank Company Commander to his platoon leaders early one morning.

The organization has had a rest, we regrouped; our tanks have been cleaned, repaired and restored. Now we're parked in an assembly area sweating out the weather. The weather hasn't been good. Each morning the same message came from Headquarters, "Weather not right today." Day after day this was the first information that we received. At last the words, "This is it," greeted us. We knew the weather was right and we were ready.

H-Hour is 13:45. Every man knows his job, the entire attack has been well planned, every detail considered, and everyone has confidence in the outcome.

Thirty minutes before H-Hour, the air is filled with a terrific roar as each driver starts his engine and begins to warm it up.

The Lieutenants are together for last minute details. Then H minus 30 and the first vehicle moves out to the road. We can see some of the names now, and they mean a lot. There's "Double Dare V", perhaps number six will be born within a week; "Death and Destruction", an appropriate name for the Company Commander's Tank. That's our Regimental motto, by the way. Here comes old "D-Day." She's been hit eight times so far and we're all hoping that she won't share the philosophy of the cat's nine lives.

They move on, their large colored identification panels shining

ever so brightly in the noon-day sun. The good chaplain is here, standing ankle deep in cold mud, giving absolution and blessing each man as we roll by.

The war correspondents are here, snapping pictures of men, some of whom will be heroes in a few hours, others that never a gain will attack.

As we move along the muddy roads each man has his own thoughts. The Lieutenants still thinking of the details of the attack, looking back to be sure all vehicles are on their way and that everything is all right. Each tank commander is checking his interphone, thinking about his job, where he is going, his designated target and the proximity of the enemy. All other crew members, drivers, gunners, pioneers, and bow gunners are checking instruments, weapons, and ammunition. There can be no lost motion in battle.

In addition to their professional thoughts each man has his own personal ones. Mental pictures of home and childhood flash through his mind. He sees his sweetheart or wife saying "Good luck, honey, hurry home." Perhaps he wonders for a moment whether he'll ever see home again.

Then like a voice in the night, the radio barks, "Move out and give them hell."

We jump off and the attack is on. All personal thoughts vanish and everyone concentrates on his individual job. That funny feeling in the stomach appears, just as it used to at the kick-off on the football field, then even that is lost as the fight begins.

As darkness approaches we have taken our second objective. Ammunition is brought up, gasoline and oil too. Under cover of darkness we reoccupy our vehicles, preparing for whatever the next day may bring.

Toward morning we are once again ready. It's too late to sleep—it's beginning to get light again. Someone suggests eating.

"Yes," we all agree. "We should eat. It's been quite a while since our last meal." We each take out a "K" ration and make the attempt, but the appetite just isn't there. Oh, well, we'll eat later.

Morning comes and the attack continues. Perhaps today we'll stop—but we don't. Another night, another day, another at-

tack and at last the final objective. Then we stop—yes, we stop and sit there in our tanks waiting for a fresh unit to relieve us. We sit there ready to repel counterattacks and to hold the grounds at all costs. We sit there, five men in a tank. It's crowded and cold, but it's not so bad. We sit there and willingly sweat it out.

Then at last the good news comes. The new unit is on its way. Once again the drivers warm their engines, and we prepare to move out. This time, however, it's not to attack, but to rest. As we move out this time most of the thoughts are personal. We move back through the area that we wrenched from the enemy's hands. We think of friends that are gone, gone on the path that all warriors have tread in days gone by. We pause of our unfortunate tank, and a tear that to the casual spectator seems foolish, drops up into the Commander's eye. If you listen closely you faintly hear him say, "Well, done, my boys, rest in peace."

We continue on, the scene has changed considerably. Sixteen tanks attacked, with ten returning. When we began the tanks were clean, the equipment and clothing neatly stacked on the rear of the vehicles. Now the tanks are dirty and the neat piles of clothing and equipment are torn to shreds by shrapnel. Each of us left the assembly area in the sunshine, clean shaven and happy. Now riding along in the rain we return with dirty beards, blood shot eyes, and that tired, worn-out look.

Yes, the scene has changed. Many friends won't be in the chow line, many tanks will never again attack. That's o.k. We made the attack and accomplished our mission, and now we get a bath, a hot meal, and some sleep.

Tomorrow we regroup, then start repacking and cleaning the tanks again. We'll talk of our experiences as we work hard getting our tanks in condition for another D-Day, another H-Hour when we once again attack and move closer to Berlin.

Private Vernon C. Diller, of Germany, writes to his Mother-in-law, Mrs. Edgar Woodell of

under date of April

When I wrote to you I meant like its been a long time since I had a little guilty pleasure. Since then I have had several days in Belgium and then passed through the war zone.

When I was in Belgium, I had my first kiss since coming over here. It was about the same quality as a kiss at home and was about the same size as Eski's kiss at home. It cost 5 francs a kiss, about 6 or 7 cents in Belgium money. A man brought it into the camp in a little yellow box which he carried by a strap over his shoulder. His box of ice cream didn't last very long with the G. I.s taking at least six bars at a time.

I didn't see much of Belgium as we were kept in camp most of the time. We walked through one good sized town and it seemed to me that the shops, cafes, etc., were kept much cleaner than in France. I noticed in a window some round, perforated flat topped leaves of bread about 6" high and 8" across. Also the Belgians are either more progressive people or the Germans were not severe with them because their equipment is more up to date. One evening a boy friend from Michigan and myself went down along the river bank to pass the time. On the other side of the river was a highway and there were as many cars on it as

on the roads back home, nearly all the cars were American made—Fords, Chevrolets, Plymouths, and other more expensive models. There was a street car line across the river too and John (my friend) said the cars were just like the ones in Detroit, only smaller. In this instance it was a small train, as the first car had two smaller cars hooked to it. The farms too seemed better equipped. I saw several Fordson tractors in the fields.

Oh yes, going from France to Belgium, I rode in a French box car with 16 others. Over here, the soldiers and veterans of the last war call them 40 and 80 because on the sides are printed "Hommes" (men) 40 "Chevaux" (horses) 8, which is their capacity load. We traveled all night and when the 17 of us stretched out on the floor there wasn't much room left. I don't know how forty would make it. It was a rather rough ride but I was much more comfortable than I thought I would be.

April 15th, at 6:45 p. m., I crossed the German-Holland border. We traveled by truck all afternoon and we came through one big town in Belgium that reminded me of Kansas Valley. The country as a whole all the way here was pretty and seemed fertile land. There was quite a few cattle, about 99 2/3 per cent Holstein breed. A lot of orchards too but not the Normandy kind. These were mostly pear and cherry orchards, all of them were a solid mass of white blossoms. How's the little Cherry tree at home this spring?

Just before entering Germany we ate supper of "C" rations—a half pint can of frankfurters and beans mixed, and a half pint can of biscuits, candy and a beverage powder—in an area that had been reforested by sowing acorns in rows. The little oak tree grew about 12" to 18" high and about 6" apart. There had been some heavy fighting here and also where I am now. The German people in this section have suffered nearly as heavy as the French of Normandy.

We are among enemies in this country and it isn't hard to notice it. One of the first signs I saw of this was the white flag hanging from a window sill or tacked to a front door. Here the people stand and look at the lines of trucks passing toward the East too, but not as the people of France did. Here there is no laughing, no handshaking, no cheering, no kissing, and no hand waving. The soldiers in all the towns are armed and usually in groups of two or more.

The German people appear well enough fed. They are clothed almost as good as the people at home. Wooden shoes being the exception rather than the rule as at home. All the "Fraus" and "Fraulines" have their silk or imitation silk stockings. And Herr German has his good overcoat.

Sunday morning, I was in the town on business and was passing by the church as the people were leaving. I think all the people left in the town had been to the Church as there were very few to be seen until after Church. It was a scene the same as in the States except for the battered buildings. One little girl was running and tripped over a stick and fell flat. When she got up she had two very dirty knees, and before she was so clean and neat looking.

The first few days in Germany were nice and warm and I am glad of it for we had to live in pup tents. Since Saturday it has been cold and rainy, one day we had a thunder shower, and the next day it sleeted a little. But now I am living in a German house and have an old couch of salvaged material to sleep on. We have carpets on the floors and curtains at the windows. All the conveniences of home! Hat! The electric lights and running water is out of commission but we have plenty of men here and ought to get it fixed up soon. I helped to feed nearly 18,000 prisoners today and that is only a fraction of them.

Well, Geneva, I got the picture of you and Ed and you both look just as natural as last time I saw you. It can't be too long until we see you. The prisoner's most popular question is "The Americans in Berlin yet?" And our stock answer is "The Russians are in Berlin," and we don't need to say any more. My best regards to all.

Love,  
Vernon.

The many friends of Rev. and Mrs. N. S. Hill, now of Dunbar, W. Va., will greatly rejoice with them to know that their young son, Rockman, was liberated from being a German prisoner of war for nearly twenty-one months. He was captured in Sicily in August 1943, after service in the war in North Africa. Rockman left home for training camp the day after Thanksgiving, 1941, and was never granted a furlough home. He was liberated April 15th, and wrote his home folks the same day; they received the letter on May 9th. We hope he will soon be home.

### Marshall, King Pledge Victory to 'Bond Front'

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Army has overcome what in the past would have seemed to have been insurmountable obstacles and the Navy has promised full unconditional surrender.

Chief of Staff General George C. Marshall and Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King said today, in commenting on the Military and Navy War Loan.

"We in the past would have seemed to have been insurmountable obstacles. So have you. That is where the enemy miscalculated—for to Americans, nothing is ever beyond the impossible. Yours is a hard task—a heavy responsibility. But we of the Army have confidence we will again achieve the impossible."

Admiral King said: "We have had two wars in the past. One of those wars is just beginning. That means that your own labors, far from over, are also just beginning. The Navy, like the Army, has one objective. The unconditional surrender of the enemy. We will attain that objective because of our good faith. People who have demonstrated their patriotism and their willingness to undertake the most gigantic financial task ever undertaken by a free people."

KING

Private Vernon C. Diller, of Germany, writes to his Mother-in-law, Mrs. Edgar Woodell of

### Peanuts 'n popcorn 'n... Have a Coke



#### ...field day for fun under the Big Top

Everybody loves a circus. Everybody comes for fun. From big city to small town it's a real treat—a day when everyone wears a smile and joins in with friendly good nature and neighborliness. Have a Coke are words heard all around, for the circus is the time to relax and enjoy yourself. And nothing was ever invented to help you do just that better than ice-cold Coca-Cola. Enjoy one now.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

HAMILTON COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.





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George Alexander Buterbaugh

George Alexander Buterbaugh,  
son of the late John Alexander  
and Mary Segiale Buterbaugh,  
was born on April 11, 1883 in  
Indiana County, Pa., and depart-  
ed this life after a lingering illness  
at his home in Donmore; on May  
11, 1945. His age being eighty-  
two years and one month.

He is survived by his widow,  
Mary Alderman Buterbaugh, and  
their seven children, Mrs. Icie  
Sharp, Mrs. Lillie Dean, of Dun-  
more; Mrs. Oia Wooddell, of  
Meadville, Pa.; Mrs. Vallie Ray,  
of Knoxville, Tenn.; Jacob But-  
erbaugh, of Detroit, Mich.; Gil-  
bert Buterbaugh, of Mount Mor-  
ris, Pa.; and George of Durbin.  
One son, McKinley, preceded his  
father, in death nearly two years.  
Also, two sisters, Mrs. Becky Pit-  
man, Coopersport, Pa.; Mrs. Ida  
Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa.; and three  
brothers, Grant, Dan and Jesse  
Buterbaugh, of Windber, Pa.

He is also survived by thirty  
grand-children and twenty great-  
grand children, and a host of  
nieces and nephews.

On Monday afternoon the fun-  
eral was conducted from the home  
by his pastor, Rev. Quade Arbo-  
rast, assisted by his nephew, Rev.  
T. D. Alderman. Interment in  
the family plot at Arboreale.

The pall bearers were Leonard  
Dean, Ward Gum, Leland Ray,  
Clive Alderman, F. W. Holiday,  
C. A. Sheets and William Ritter.  
The flower girls were his grand-  
daughters, assisted by Mrs. Jake  
Dean.

He was a member of the Meth-  
odist Church and lived a consist-  
ent Christian life; although he had  
been an invalid for some time,  
he bore his affliction with patience  
putting his trust in Christ.

Mr. Buterbaugh was held in  
high esteem and respected by all  
who knew him.



THE EDITOR

POCAHONTAS TIMES

Published at the Postoffice at Martinsburg, W. Va., as second class matter

GALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1945

HONOR ROLL

Here is the list of those who gave their lives in service in World War II, as prepared by Pocahontas Post, American Legion, and read at the service at Mountain View Cemetery on Memorial Day.

Roll Call of Honored Dead from Pocahontas County as reported to May 15th, 1945:

Miss Decima McLaughlin, Huntersville

Thomas Smith, Marlinton

John Alderman, Huntersville

Gay Fertig, Huntersville

George Shiller, Marlinton

Edward Gibson, Marlinton-Elk

Carl D. Brock, Hillsboro

Paul G. Sharp, Marlinton

Henry Vaughn, Hillsboro

Harlan Dean, Droop

John J. Dunn, Weirton

Owen E. Gilliland, Arbovale

Andy Hefner, Marlinton

Clarence Cloonan, Marlinton

Loris Harry Duncan, Marlinton

Don C. Roman, Marlinton

Orvil G. VanRensselaer, Marlinton

William M. Jeffries, Marlinton

Barthelme Leach, Marlinton

Paul J. Griffin, Marlinton

Frank E. Burris, Marlinton

Letcher King, Cass

Garland Moore, Cass

Huffman Summerfield, Cass

Marshall Shinaberry, Cass

Hubert Mathews, Cass

James H. McNeill, Duckeye

George W. Ray, Clover Lick

Woodrow McLaughlin, Huntersville

Burley Hively, Huntersville

Leonard Edwards, Huntersville

Edgar McCombs, Huntersville

Eugene Meeks, Stony Bottom

Emil Grogg, Green Bank

Paul Friel, Green Bank

Edward Keith Hudson, Green Bank

Samuel B. Hannah, Green Bank

Everett Curry, Durbin

Fred Spencer, Bartow

Clyde J. Williamson, Seebert

Raymond R. Mullenas, Durbin

William D. Watts, Durbin

Letcher McCarty, Frost

Walter R. Haptonstall, Cass

Dale Edgar Willfong, Bartow

Floyd McLaughlin, Cass

Samuel Gay, Marlinton

Eddie Baker, Marlinton

Elmer Bazzard, Huntersville

George Cameron Burns, Clover Lick

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Mr. Elsie S. VanReenen of Edray, received the following letters concerning her son, Sgt. Cecil Glen VanReenen. The people heart awarded him has been received:

Headquarters 424th Infantry.  
May 9, 1945.

My Dear Mrs. VanReenen:

In reply to your letter of May 26, 1945, concerning your son, Sgt. Cecil G. VanReenen, 3576 3619, Co. K, 424th Infantry, the following information is now available.

Your son was the leader of a 90 millimeter mortar squad in the weapons platoon of Co. K, 424th Infantry. Company K was in a defensive position on January 24, 1945, in the vicinity of Dieden-berg, Belgium. The Company was preparing to move out on an attack. Sgt. VanReenen was standing up in his fox hole talk- ing to the platoon leader, when an artillery round came in burst- ing nearby, severely wounding the platoon leader and causing the death of Sgt. VanReenen. His body was interred in the Ameri- can Cemetery Henri Chapelle No. 1, in Belgium.

Your son was very good as a gunner and when an opening came for a squad leader Sgt. Van- Reenen was chosen at once. He led his squad exceptionally well, and the rifle platoons were al- ways glad to have him and his squad with them. He was a very fine soldier and was held in high esteem by everyone in the Com- pany.

Please accept my deepest sym- pathy in behalf of your great loss. I know this has come as a great shock to you, but I pray the "Lord may bless you and keep you in his love."

Very sincerely,  
Alford V. Brady  
Chaplain (Capt.) 424th Inf.



Received by the Postoffice at South-  
Boston, N. H., on August 2nd 1945.

GALVIN W. PRIOR, SENATOR

THURSDAY, AUG. 2, 1945

Navy Dry Dock,  
X41 Shop, Bld 56,  
South Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Prior:

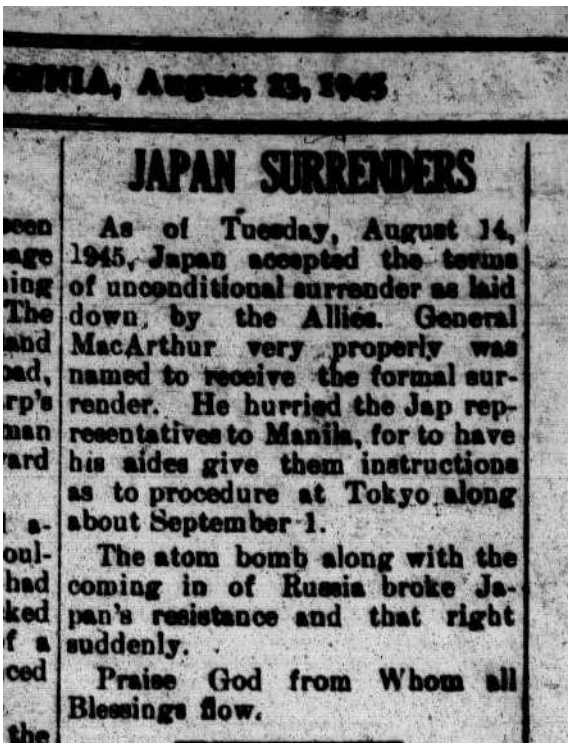
Just a few lines to send you a  
little piece I cut out of a Boston  
paper. I wish some of the peo-  
ple who complain in Focahontas  
County would stop and count  
their blessings for plenty to eat  
even they do live in the South.

I work in the Navy yard 9  
hours each day except Sunday. I  
go to work at 7:20 and quit at  
5:10 and by the time I get to a  
store "sorry, no meat, plenty of  
fish."

I have worked here nearly eight  
months; was out of work one  
week on annual leave with pay,  
have not been late to work a day  
yet or missed a day and have  
worked 7 Sundays.

Yours truly Hill Billy,  
Selma Alderman.











1942, September 23, 1942

### In The Book Now

the "The Great Smokies and the  
Blue Ridge" is a book published  
by the Vanguard Press of New  
York. The editor is Robert  
Peattie; the contributors are Ed-  
ward S. Drake, Ralph Erskine,  
Alberta Pierson Hannum, John  
Jacob Niles, Donald Calross Peat-  
tie, Henry S. Sharp, Arthur  
Stophes. The manufacturer of  
the book is H. Wolff.

Back in the years when a bunch  
of us failed in our effort to save  
West Virginia from herself and  
from a piker or two by the elec-  
tion of the Honorable Clem Sha-  
ver to the United States Senate,  
I recall meeting Mr. Wolff at  
Graceland, Elkins, then home of  
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kennedy.

But to get back on the beam:  
this Blue Ridge book is second  
in the line with "The Friendly  
Mountains," also edited by Mr.  
Peattie. What that book did  
was for the Green, White and Adir-  
ondack Mountains of New Eng-  
land and New York, this book  
does for the Great Smokies and  
Blue Ridge of this southern moun-  
tain region. It is a regional sto-  
ry with chapters by authorities  
on the formation of the southern  
ranges, their natural history,  
recreation opportunities, folkways,  
climate, arts, crafts, music, for-  
ests, flowers, wildlife and the  
first invasions of man.

Alberta Pierson Hannum tells  
fascinating tales of the folks in  
her chapter on "The Mountain  
People" under the sub-head  
"Lure of the Heart." Some par-  
agraphs are devoted to the Poca-  
hontas Times. I republish her  
comments by permission special-  
ly given by the Vanguard Press:

There is a current weekly news-  
paper in West Virginia, The Po-  
c ahontas Times, which runs ad-  
vances as usual. Its edito-  
rials lean to hunting. Not that  
such a matter as a war throwing  
six continents into travel is ig-  
nored. Not at all. In the last  
issue the two columns at the left  
of the front page are devoted to  
the hunting of the deer and  
the hunting of the turkey and  
the hunting of the quail.

creation and thinking about Po-  
c ahontas County and wanting to  
get back home to it. That they  
might get back there honorably  
and safely, the Pocahontas Board  
of Trade had a big box ad about  
buying War Bonds. The Minne-  
haha Farm Women's Club had  
met to learn to fix rib-sticking  
lunches for their men out doing  
war work, and the women along  
Beaver Creek had got together  
for a Red Cross meeting. That  
covered the war news.

There were no last minute  
flashes from far fronts. There  
were no headline accounts about  
Big Men meeting to decide Big  
Things. There were no spreads  
about national labor arguments—  
although there was a long piece  
about a Pocahontas housewife  
who had gone to work in an air-  
plane factory and had received a  
merit award for an efficiency  
which had such grace and ease  
she seemed to be playing. The  
friendly, meandering bill paper  
goes on the evident theory that  
Pocahontas County does what it  
can in its own way and need not  
keep itself harassed by condi-  
tions beyond its power to control.

It is the local Rod and Gun  
Club therefore that gets the steady  
front-page space, and in the is-  
sue at hand the editorial starts  
out to be on Victory Gardens but  
shortly veers off into fishing.

"The next time you are in a  
trout stream," begins the third  
paragraph enthusiastically "and  
hit a piece of luck with trout all  
of a sudden beginning to jump  
crazy for a fly—" The Pocahontas  
Times with its news of hunting  
and fishing is famous for its effect  
of a little bit of quiet in a noisy  
world.



**Wedding - Alderman**

Mr. and Mrs. Olive Alderman of Hantowille, announce the marriage of their daughter, Edith Virginia to P.F.C. Guy F. Van Rensen which took place at the Edray Parsonage on the evening of September 5, 1945.

The double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. E. H. Skaggs in the presence of the parents and friends of the bride and groom. They had as their attendants Miss Sue Ann Molzwee and Dennis Jackson Jr., both of Marlinton.

The bride wore a dress of light yellow wool with black accessories and a shoulder corsage of garden-lilies.

Immediately after the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents where the young couple welcomed many of their friends.

The former Miss Alderman is a graduate of Marlinton High School, class of 1945 and is now employed by the State Department at Washington, D. C.

P. F. C. VanRensen has recently returned from two year's service overseas.



Star

**PFC. Henry M. Vaughan**

Henry Milton Vaughan aged 3 years was killed April 2, 1945 while saving his country. He had been in the South West Pacific zone for, as a member of the 133 Infantry of the American Division. He had served at Bougainville, in the Solomons, until the invasion of the Philippines by the United States. He had been there only a short while when he met his death on Cebu.

The deceased was a native of Pocahontas County, the son of Milton D. and Josephine McNulty Vaughan.

In October 1941, Henry went to Rocks, Md., where he was employed by the Edgewood Arsenal. He worked there until he entered the Army in October 1943, and was promoted to assistant foreman over the plants property.

On July 15, 1943, he married Arlene Brock, daughter of Gilbert and Nancy Wansley Brock, of Rocks, Maryland, who survives. Also his father, mother, four sisters and one brother: Mrs. Neil Kinnison, of Hillsboro; Pearl A. Vaughan, New York City; Vera Sue; Mary Frances and James Edward at home. One brother, aged 16 months preceded him in death January 8, 1931.

During a revival service conducted by Rev. L. S. Shires at Emanuel Church Henry dedicated his life to Christ.

Memorial service was conducted in his honor July 15, 1945 at the church.

Relatives from a distance attending the service were: Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brock, Arlene and Agnes Brock and Mrs. Henry M. Vaughan, of Rocks, Md.; J. L. Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Vaughan and daughter Orianna, of Logan, W. Va.; Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Scafe of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Gladwell of Lewisburg; Mr. and Mrs. Pat H. McNulty and son, Pat, III, of Bluefield; Pearl A. Vaughn, New York City.

Headquarters, 133 Infantry, Regiment A, P. O. Box 116, P. M. San Francisco, Cal. CPO,

July 25, 1945.

Dear Mrs. Vaughan:

I regret that you haven't heard from us before, concerning the death of your husband, PFC. Henry M. Vaughan, although we had written.

You mentioned in a letter to PFC. Richard Le Haven, of the Medical Detachment, that you had not heard your husband was killed in action on April 2, 1945, during the most crucial battle of this entire campaign. He was killed by gunshot wounds which entered his left shoulder and penetrated the chest. Death came instantly and there was no suffering.

What greater tribute can we pay your loved one than to say that he gave his life with honor unblemished by weakness or compromise. (See note.)

He was given a dangerous mission and he carried it out completely even unto death. Thereby contributing to the saving of lives of others. His final action was in keeping with his whole record as a soldier. He was admired and respected by the men in his Company and looked up to as a dependable and able leader. He will not be forgotten by us.

I recall for you the words of our Saviour, Christ: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." These were the words which were repeated over the grave of your husband as we conducted the funeral rites.

He was given a Christian burial with military honors. His grave is surmounted with an appropriate white cross bearing his name. The cemetery known as U. S. Armed Forces Cemetery, No. 1, Cebu, Philippine Islands, will be cared for and beautified in a manner worthy of the honored dead who sleep therein.

You too have made a great sacrifice in giving your husband to the service of his country and his God. For that, we would like to have you know we honor you in the knowledge of what it means, and we assure you of our constant prayers for your comfort and sustaining faith.

Ever yours,  
Chaplain Joseph L. Riley.

On the USS CHENANGO off Japan.—Delbert N. Wilfong, seaman, first class, USNR, son of Mrs. Raula Wilfong, Cloverick, served on this coast aircraft carrier, which is climaxing her war career by helping in the occupation of Japan.

This veteran suffered no battle damage in clearing 500,000 mines in bomb-damaged waters, after being converted from a fleet tanker in early 1945.

She took part in the invasion of North Africa, Tunisia, Sicily, Salerno, Anzio, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, Japan, the Philippines and Okinawa and in the battle for Leyte Gulf.



Technical Corporal Brown Campbell, of Dunmore, is home from the Army on a short furlough.

Mrs. Elbert Fuller has received a letter from her brother, Harold R. Brown, telling her that he has been promoted to 1st Sergeant, Camp White, Oregon.

## England Has a Mutiny On the Rat-Tail Bunt

J. A. Sydenstricker is in Richmond at the monthly meeting of the Directors of the Federal Reserve Bank.



**Boost**  
YOUR  
BOND  
BUYING  
thru  
**PAYROLL  
SAVINGS**

In the last war my brother, Cliff Watmough, came over to fight in 1915, and a prisoner of war for a year. Now, he is a time keeper at an air port at Pearce, Alberta and has been there since last November.

Marlinton, West Va.

# Infant S C

## Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Jordan were over from Covington

**BUY Your War**

**Light, Joseph Cotton**  
**Maps and Heads Here**

**Peoples Stores**  
**MARLINTON**



THE  
POCAHONTAS TIMES

Published at the Presses of the Pocahontas Times, W. Va., on second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1945

In the May 13 issue of this paper there appeared the tall story of twin brothers, from east of the Blue Ridge, coming to visit their uncle in Marlinton during ramp time, just before they were to be examined for induction into the army. While here the boys cultivated and developed weak news for ramps. They reported to induction station, smelling like nobody's business. The examining physician caught whiffs of their breath; lost his own breath and just about keeled. Then he recovered enough to send the boys home, telling them they were suffering from some dread malady; so far as his knowledge and observation went the disease was a new one to the science of medicine; to take at least six weeks of absolute rest under care of the family physician, and report later.

Well, the story struck the fancy of Raymond L. Gibson, engineer in the government navigation office in Columbus, Ohio. An army officer attached to this station is Major D. P. Strausbaugh, late head botanist at West Virginia University. So, Engineer Gibson, affectionately known among his fellows as Hoot, refers the science note to Major Strausbaugh, the high authority. There is nothing, dogmatic about the Major; he came back with this intensely interesting and highly scientific observation—

"Evidently ramps are becoming increasingly potent. Why not gather several tons of these rank smelling herbs, transport them by plane and drop them from bomb-bays on Schickelgruber, Togo and their ilk? Thus the lowly ramp could be elevated to a high place as a vital factor in the winning of the war.—P.D.S."

S. S. Davidson was down from Back Allegheny last Saturday on business. He has profitable side line in poultry raising along with general farming. He keeps 150 or more hens the year around. He specializes in the large, English White Leghorns. Mr. Davidson gives a reason for the high rate of mortality among young pigs. He says it is "black teeth." These are extra teeth, sharp as needles, and cut the mouth so sorely the little porkers will not feed.

Friend George H. Hefner was in early Monday morning to extend his subscription another year. I asked him about his sheep shearing, and he said he had laid off that kind of work. Then I asked him about his record number of sheep clipped in a day. He said ninety-five head with old time sheep shears. He started clipping at day light, and to finish the last one he had to send the boy who grew up to be Mayor Carl Sheels, of Marlinton, to the house for a lantern. Before Carl could get back with the light, the wool was all off. Mr. Hefner said he could have gotten the ninety-five head, all clipped in day light if the sheep had been in one lot and in one pen. He had to walk several miles between the homes of the late Francis McCoy, Mr. W. Gordon and James L. Sheets. An average day's shearing with shears is around twenty-five or thirty head.

Cale Nelson, of Upper Tract, killed a four-foot rattlesnake on Gauly, while trout fishing the other day—8 rattles and a button. When Cale came up, the snake started to make away; then it turned and came back fighting. A couple of well-placed rocks put him out of business. He was a black one.

The long cold spell in May got here this year the first of July. With it was the June rise in the Greenbrier. You know the old saying about our river always having its June freshet, even tho' it may not happen until August or later.

The cool spell makes it now look as if a big potato yield might be assured in Pocahontas County. This is a fickle vegetable, subject to many fits. The hot weather had us bothered over the prospect of blight. The farm experts all were telling us to look a little out as chances favored a blight season as the disease was so wide-spread last year. This opinion was based on the fact that practically all seed obtainable was from blight affected plants.

Old timers and hopeful idiots took the contrary view; that the disease was again a two blight year and a rain year; that seed from blighted plants have some immunity or resistance, if weather conditions are not too favorable for infection. There is the catch which holds that immature potatoes make the best seed after

all; that it makes small difference whether the green vines are killed early by blight or cut down in the fall by frost. It is immaturity of tuber which counts most.

Then, too, there is the old saying that high priced potato seed produces a low priced crop. On this is based the old Pennsylvania Dutch farm practice to plant a given number of dollars worth of seed potatoes each year rather than a given number of bushels on a given number of acres. For easy figuring, say the yearly seed set for potato seed is \$100. If this amount of money will purchase 100 bushels of seed potatoes, why plant five acres at the rate of 20 bushels to the acre; if \$100 will buy only 20 bushels of seed, the safe farm practice is to plant one acre that year. They say this system has worked out reasonably well through the years where commercial potato growing is the rule and practice.

However our scientific farm advisors reply with the direful experience of a century ago, when blight for several years in succession caused the Potato Famine in Ireland, to cut down the population of the Emerald Isle one-half through famine and emigration.

This year was sure the scarce-potato spring, when the lowly spud got up in the luxury class. To start with, there was a short crop last year; the armed forces rightfully had first call; there was starvation among the people of our allies; there was unprecedented demand for seed; last but not least, the Southern new potato crop was about six weeks late in coming to market. Usually the soggy spuds from the far south come in when the old crop begins to run short. Late spring and high water held back the crop.

Now, they say, there are such quantities of new potatoes that the market is swamped. The far South crop went to market about the time the big Virginia and Maryland crops were ready. The yields everywhere bountiful.

Now, the potatoes from early crop states do all right as new potatoes, but they do not keep well and are not quality to eat when you can get better. The skins are thin, and they do not lend themselves to the new process of drying—dehydrating. I hear now they are canning these early potatoes.

It is coming out now that one of the slick tricks of the bootleggers on the blackmarket was to sell certified seed potatoes at a fancy price to house keepers for table use. They do say that people living in city apartments as high up as the seventh floor signed their souls away on applications for seed potatoes for to eat.

I most always could buy potatoes for less money than it cost me to raise them. The exception was one year in the last war. Labor was scarce and high, and I got pruned and thrifty and planted no potatoes for winter use. That year the crop was short and the scarcity of flour made extra heavy demand for the starch the spuds contain. Eating potatoes retailed at five dollars a short bushel, with me on the buying end. I never, before or since, saw a family so spud hungry; it looked like they could eat a peck a day. With cellar bins bulging, no one seems to eat potatoes to amount to anything.

Weeds and Bugs Costly  
Weeds and bugs cause an annual loss of \$4,500,000,000 in the United States.

Are you getting ready to do it?  
Does it mean anything to you personally? Then dig down and buy more and more War Bonds.



Call to the Armed Forces

The office of the Local Board Selective Service announces the following men have recently qualified for service subject to examination by the Armed Forces Induction Division:

Walter Augustus Ehrhidge, Marlinton  
John Lawrence Gillet, Marlinton  
Joseph Francis Selin, Marlinton  
William Ella Curry, Durbin  
Benjamin Jackson Moore, Jr., Durbin  
Carl George Beard, II, Millpoint  
Dempsey Allen George, Marlinton  
Charles Junior Gragg, Durbin  
James Franklin Kirkpatrick, Marlinton  
Kenton Trimble, Chestnut, Jr., Frost  
Ralph White Curry, Frost  
William Letcher Simmons, Hillsboro  
Ronald Leroy Small, Beard  
Alfred Curtis McCoy, Marlinton  
Dallas Lamen Abdella, Huntersville  
Harry Bernard Ryder, Clover Lick  
Delbert Kershner, Beard  
Hill Headly Pritt, Droop  
Herman Price Menefee, Marlinton  
Dennis Clyde Totten, Millpoint  
Coe McClure, Marlinton  
Elmer Lee Tinscher, Hillsboro  
Everette Lemuel Nottingham, Marlinton  
Edgar Price Boblett, Millpoint  
James Esther McClure, Beard  
Delford Brisen Lambert, Greenbank  
Ivan Gray Vandevander, Arboreale  
Benny Paul Viglanti, Slaty Fork  
Ivan Dale Williams, Hillsboro  
James Woodrow May, Bartow  
William Delbert Caswell, Cass  
Dwight Frederick Waugh, Millpoint  
Artie Lee Shinaberry, Clover Lick  
William Howard Moore, Huntersville  
Frank Edgar Burris, Marlinton  
Calvin Andrew Lanty Underwood, Huntersville  
George Elwood McPherson, Cass  
Hunter Forrest Taylor, Huntersville  
Jacob William Fertig, Clover Lick  
Theodore Ford Hammond, Huntersville  
Cecil Anderson McCombs, Marlinton  
John Michael Kane, Jr., Cass  
Robert Burley Wilfong, Watoga  
William Killeen Moore, Marlinton  
Norman Hunter McLaughlin, Cass  
Warren Grant Alderman, Huntersville  
Robert Wilton Fox, Cass  
Charles Cleveland Riley, Jr., Arboreale  
Edwin Burton Kincaid, Durbin  
Calvin Loyd Sharp, Marlinton  
Delbert Davis Delbaugh, Clover Lick  
Jesse Curtis Blankenship, Cass  
Paul Green Burks, Millpoint  
David Wayne Sparks, Marlinton  
Paul Preston Hill, Greenbank  
Stewart Richard Ryder, Bartow  
Allen Artie Hunter Hayes, Cass  
Transferred to Local Board:  
Denny Warrick Sharp, Marlinton  
Harold James Barbee, Millpoint  
Shurles Allen, Millpoint

May Use Juice of Orange  
In Making Gunpowder

WINTER HAVEN, FLA.—Making gunpowder from oranges was one use for the citrus fruit that even the Florida Chamber of Commerce had overlooked. But federal scientists say it can—and probably will—be done soon.

Citrus officials here report that by using the scraps from oranges, 100 proof alcohol can be produced and further processing can be made into ammunition.

Costs will be cut one-third by use of the orange waste which is pressed into juice, as compared with the use of blackstrap molasses, scientists at the United States Citrus Products laboratory say.

The discovery resulted from experiments to use the sugars found in the pressed juices to manufacture alcohol and so render more sugar available for human consumption.

NOTICE

There will be a revival meeting at the Church of the Nazarene in Marlinton, July 6th, and continue through each evening to July 18th. Rev. Warren E. Posey, of Kankakee, Ill., will be the special speaker at each service. Come and let us worship God together, and pray and trust for an old-fashioned revival meeting. Services start each evening at 8 o'clock. Every body is welcome.  
Rev. Blaine Nutter, Pastor

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE

To the Public of Pocahontas County



The West Virginia Real Estate License Law provides that every person who engages in the real estate business is the buying, selling, renting, leasing or managing real estate, or who attempts to do these things, for another or others on a brokerage basis, shall first secure the proper license from the Real Estate Commission, a department of the State of West Virginia, whose duty it is to regulate the real estate brokerage business.

Only by dealing with the regularly authorized and licensed real estate brokers and salesmen can you receive the maximum protection to which you are entitled under West Virginia Law. Every person licensed by this Department displays a license certificate in his place of business and carries a pocket identification card which he is required to show upon request. An inquiry to the commission will bring additional information.

The following Persons Paid Fines in Pocahontas County are duly licensed to engage in the Real Estate Brokerage Business as of July 1, 1945:

GAY, Pat

RICHARDSON, Jack

West Virginia Real Estate Commission

Chamber of Commerce Building Charleston, West Virginia



VOL. 25 NO. 25

MARLINTON POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, JULY 25, 1943

### Our Army and Navy Boys

The following letter was written by Technical Sergeant Earl E. Underwood to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Underwood, of Huntington:

Dear Mother and Dad:

I received your letter and was glad to hear from you. It leaves me feeling fine and it finds you the same. My mail is about well; I still cough a little but not much.

I had a nice time while I was home even if I did cough most of the time. I wish I could have stayed longer but I could not. Maybe next time I will be stationed back east. They are giving fifteen days furlough now, they started it the day I got back.

I made good time from Rome, N. Y. to Chicago. I got into Chicago at 8:45 and the train left at 8:45 so I missed it and had to lay over 24 hours. I could have stayed at home one more day and still had plenty of time to catch my train.

I had a nice time in Chicago. I went to the U. S. O. and stayed all night. I ate my meals there and it did not cost me a cent. They gave me a ticket to the Cincinnati White Sox and the Chicago Cubs baseball game. I went from there to the museum and saw a lot of things I had been wanting to see for a long time.

I went from the museum to Lake Michigan. I would have gone for a boat ride if it had not been so cold. I went to the U. S. O. and got a ticket to go to the theatre and saw a good show. Went back and ate supper and it was time to catch my train.

The U. S. O. in Chicago is really nice. You can take showers, eat, sleep, and all kind of recreation free.

I made good time from Chicago to Sacramento. The train ran on schedule all the way. I got back to camp in plenty of time.

Mother and Dad I am proud of both of you and proud of the kind of life you have lived before me; I am also proud of the family and to be a part of it.

Do not worry about me for I am going to be all right and come out of this war safe and all in one piece.

I must close for this time. Answer soon.

Your son, Holl.

Loris E. Duncan, 23, electrician's mate, son of J. P. Duncan, Marlinton, completed basic training at Submarine School, Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut, for duty with our growing fleet of undersea fighters.

E-M Duncan will be entitled to wear the twin dolphin insignia of the submarine service after further experience aboard a submarine during which he must demonstrate to his commanding officer that he is fully qualified to carry out the duties of his rate. The insignia is regarded as a mark of distinction throughout the Navy.

Duncan was graduated from Marlinton High School five years ago, competing in softball while

After joining the Navy he went to Great Lakes, Illinois, for initial training, and said he selected submarines "for interesting educational duties, important responsibilities and added pay."

The Submarine School, the only one of its kind in the Navy, is attended by a picked group of men who must pass special physical, mental, and psychological tests.

The school work takes place not only in classrooms and laboratories, but also in numerous training submarines in which students master the actual techniques of operating the powerful fighting craft.

Many students at Submarine School already have seen battle as members of surface ship crews before volunteering for submarine duty. Others are fresh from training stations, but all graduates are sure of action once they are assigned to a submarine due for offensive patrol. Large numbers of recent students now are serving in submarines which have sunk enemy naval or merchant vessels.

North Africa,  
June 9, 1943.

Dear Mr. Price:

Just a few lines from an old Pocahontas County boy who misses the hills and dear friends very much.

I want to thank you for your paper the Pocahontas Times which I began to receive while I was in England and of which I have received several copies since I have been in North Africa. You cannot imagine how much I enjoy reading your paper. In it I find out about all the boys I used to know in Pocahontas who are in the armed service from your Army and Navy Boys section.

Keep the field notes coming. I see some of the old hunters still find time to kill a few bears. I am looking forward to some big fish stories and for the big catch of the season. One really does not know how much he misses those sports until he sees how scarce they are in other parts of the world.

Well, it is really hot here now and has been for the past month. It has not rained for weeks and the grass has really burned up. I expect to see a grass fire any day.

The farmers in this region have already made hay and are now harvesting their wheat, oats, barley and rye crops. In fact that is about all they grow in this section of Africa.

Tell all my friends in Pocahontas hello and to keep the wheels of industry rolling to bring old Pocahontas and the U. S. A. out on top and no matter how tough things seem to be going over there you are still in the finest country in the world.

Your friend,  
Austin M. Sharp.

The following poem was written and sent to Mrs. Clara Ware, by a friend, Sergeant Charles Dexter, who is now serving with the armed forces in New Guinea:

Somewhere in New Guinea  
Somewhere in New Guinea where  
the sun is like a curse,  
Where each dull day is replaced

### Farm Women's Club

The Farm Women's Club of Loeb met at the home of Mrs. G. A. Hull on June 30, with sixteen members and seven visitors present. The lesson, "Understanding the Early West," was led by Mrs. Otto Kinnison, who also led the devotionals. The program was closed with a beautiful by Mrs. Alva Sizemore. After the lesson games were played, and the hostess, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Ivan McKee, served a delightful plate of refreshments, which were enjoyed by all. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Otto Kinnison, led by Mrs. G. A. Hull.

by another slightly worse. Where the brick and red dust is thicker than the shifting desert sands;

And the white man dreams and wishes for a greener and fairer land.

Somewhere in New Guinea where a woman's never seen.

The sky is never cloudy, and the grass is always green.

The Jingo goes howling for a man of blessed sleep.

Where there isn't any whiskey, and beer is never seen.

Somewhere in New Guinea where the mail is always late.

Where a Christmas card in April is considered up to date.

Where we never have a pay day and we never have a cent.

We never miss the money cause we never get it sent.

Somewhere in New Guinea where the ants and lizards play.

And a hundred fresh mosquitoes replace every one you slay."

So take us back to San Francisco.

And let us hear the mission bells. For this God forsaken post is a substitute for home.

Dear Mr. Price:

Since entering the Service on February 1, 1943, I have been a subscriber of the Times. I cannot express in words how much I appreciate reading them. Being some four thousand miles from Pocahontas, it is much like reading a letter from home to read your paper.

Recently I was transferred. So please change my address from Salem, Oregon to:

Cpl. Tech. Wm. Ashford,  
22nd Q. M. S. R. Co.,  
Fort Lewis, Washington.

San Marcos, Texas—Master Sergeant Harry Williams, Clark, son of John Clark, Marlinton, has recently arrived at the 94th College Training Detachment (Aircrew), located on the campus of the Southwest Texas State Teachers College, San Marcos.

Here he will undergo a course of Army Air Force instruction lasting approximately five months prior to his appointment as an Aviation Cadet in the Army Air Forces. During this period he will take numerous academic courses as well as military and flying training.

Upon completion of this course he will be classified as a pilot, navigator, or bombardier and go on to schools of the Flying Training Command for training in these specialties.

Navy Recruiting Officer H. H. Perry, stationed at Elkins, was in Marlinton on last Friday, and signed up for service in the Navy these young men—

Larry O'Neil Meeker, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Calvin Meeker, of Stony Bottom.

Paul Frederick McLaughlin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Floyd McLaughlin, of Stony Bottom.

Porter Lee Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie A. Robinson.

Lieutenant Gillie Olsen is at his home in Marlinton with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Olsen, on leave. He has just received his commission upon completing a seventeen weeks course in the Anti-Aircraft Artillery Division at Camp Davis, North Carolina.

Corporal-Technical William F. Ashford, of Fort Lewis, Washington, spent a short furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ashford, who was home on furlough.

Columbus, O. 10—William S. Rose, of Marlinton, a newly inducted soldier of the Army of the United States, has been sent forward from Fort Hayes to Camp Walters, Texas.

Paul Malone, Ph. M. S., Unit of the United States Army, now stationed at Camp Bessie, North Carolina, will leave the post on Sunday.

### Typical Clinics

Typical immunization clinics will be held at the following time and place—

Pine Grove school house, July 21, 22 and August 1 at 2 p.m.

Clover Lick school house July 23, 24 and August 6 at 10 a.m.

Camp school house, July 23, 24 and August 9 at 1 p.m.

Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity if you have not had the vaccine in the past two and a half years.

Smallpox and diphtheria vaccine will also be available.

with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest McElwee. He was accompanied by his friend, Robert Theriot, Ph. M. S., U. S. N., of Massachusetts.

Lieutenant Alfred McElwee was home on furlough from the Army last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McElwee. He is with the Engineers. On Saturday he will go to West Over Air Field, near Springfield, Massachusetts.

Jim Vaughan, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Vaughan, is in the hospital at Camp Crowder, Missouri, for treatment of a lame knee, a hangover from high school football days.

George Vaughan, of the Navy, cables his mother, Mrs. J. H. Vaughan, under date of July 7, from some point east, possibly North Africa, that he was well and getting along fine.

Woodrow Kuehner was home from the Army on furlough last week with home folks on Droop Mountain.

Technical Sergeant John Siler, of the Cavalry, stationed in the State of Washington, is at home this week with his mother, at Arboreale, who is very ill.

Neal Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Morris, is on the furlough. He is stationed in Texas. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Calvin K. Morris, of Slaty Fork.

P. F. C. Norman H. Dilley graduated on July 19, from Aerial Photography School in Denver, Colorado, and has been transferred back to his previous base at Fort Lewis, Washington.

Corporal Dempsey W. Dilley, of the United States Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Dilley, has graduated with honors from Military Technician School, of the Beaumont General Hospital, El Paso, Texas. He left El Paso on July 14 for Camp Barkley, near Abilene, Texas, where he will be stationed for some time. Mrs. Dilley left Monday to make her home at Abilene with Mr. Dilley.

P. F. C. Richard H. Abldridge, Third Army Headquarters, Finance Section, Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, returned to his duties today (Wednesday) after spending a fifteen day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Abldridge, at Millpoint.

Tappan Thomas and "Pooley" Curry, of the United States Marines returned to their station at San Diego, California, Sunday.

### WORKERS WANTED

The United States Employment Service Office, Lewisburg, West Va., J. G. Hamrick, manager, announces that a representative from a shell loading plant in Maryland will be at Lewisburg at the U. S. Employment office, on Friday, July 16, 8:30 a. m. to 5:00 p. m. to interview men and women, white and colored, who are interested in essential war work. The work is light. Pleasant working conditions. Housing facilities available for families. Room and board available of reasonable rates. Transportation to plant paid by employer. Proof of citizenship necessary. Persons who apply should be able to pass physical examination which is not rigid. Workers now employed full time on war work at their highest level of skill will not be considered.

For further information contact United States Employment Service, War Manpower Commission, Telephone 216, Low Island.

night, after spending a short furlough here with their parents, Mrs. Anna Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Collins. These young marines were wearing medals awarded them on the rifle range for expert marksmanship, sharp shooting etc.

Mrs. James Michael has received letters from her husband Private James L. Michael that he had landed safely in Africa. He was inducted into the Army on January 8, 1943, and sailed from New York about June 10. Two other Pocahontas County boys with him are Neal Hudson and James Wamsley.

Private Carl L. Gibson serving with the armed forces overseas in North Africa is enjoying good health after "serving" several months in active service. He is hoping to be returned to the homeland for a furlough soon. Before entering the service Private Gibson made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Dilley and was employed by the State Road Commission.

Corporal Hevener Davidson, of the Army Air Force, has returned to Sioux City, Iowa, after spending a ten day furlough with relatives in Lintz, Pennsylvania, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Silas S. Davidson, of Back Allegheny.

Corporal Haywood Coleaw, of Breckinridge Kentucky, spent a ten day furlough with his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Coleaw and other relatives of Back Allegheny.

Lake VanReenan is home on furlough from the Armed Forces. He is just back from "service" in the South Pacific.

Walter Rhodes has notified his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rhodes of Marlinton, that he is back in California after service in Australia. This is the first word from him in four months.

The good word has been received that Captain Oren Poage has been promoted to Major. He is in the Air Service. The Major is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Poage of Edray.

Soldier and Mrs. Kenneth Bumgardner are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Bumgardner. Mr. Bumgardner is stationed at Camp Hood, Texas.



WE ARE  
WITH YOU

No matter where you are,  
we want you to know that  
this bank is solidly behind  
you, doing all we can to  
hasten the day of victory.

First National Bank

MARLINTON, W. VA.

FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Member of

### ALPINE THEATRE

Week Starting Wednesday, July 14th

Wednes.

Thurs.

'I Married A Witch'

with Frederic March—Veronica Lake

Friday

Satur.

Double Feature

'Frankenstein Meets Wolf Man'

Lon Chaney, Jr.

ALSO—THE KID RIDES AGAIN'

with Buster Crabbe

Mon.

Tues.

'GUTLER'S CHILDREN'

with Bonita Granville, Tim Holt

BUY War War Stamps and Bonds Here











WEST VIRGINIA, AUGUST 12, 1943

22¢ A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Us Back Our Hearts."

T-Sgt. Wm. E. Gulker,  
877th A-B Engr. Avn. Bn.,  
Westover Field, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Taylor re-  
ceived the following letter from  
their son, Elmer.

South Pacific,  
July 22, 1943.

Dear Mom and Dad:

I hope you have not been too  
worried over me because you  
have not been hearing from me.  
This is the first opportunity I've  
had to write in nearly a month  
now. I will not say that I have  
been safe and getting along all  
right for I have not been but I  
can say that I am now and I sure  
do thank God for bringing me  
through everything safely. I have  
been in combat but God saw fit  
to bring me through it in safety  
and I sure am thankful. I am  
back in a place of safety resting  
up now so you need not worry  
over me anymore for the worst is  
over and things will get better  
from now on. I am sound and  
whole in every way and I certainly  
am thankful. I am not allowed  
to tell much but it certainly  
was horrible and not everyone  
was as lucky as I am sorry to  
say.

I sure hope that you are both  
okay and enjoying the best of  
health. I have not received any  
mail for three weeks now and  
probably will not get any more  
for some time. I have been on  
the move too much for it to catch  
up with me. I hope it is not so  
terribly long before I get some  
more, though, for it would surely  
be nice to hear from you again,  
and to know that you are okay.  
The last letter got from you was  
dated June 6th I think. I had  
been saying your letters but  
through unavoidable circumstan-  
ces I lost them all but one. I also  
lost all the big pictures I had of  
you too, but I still have the small  
ones. I still have my watch too,  
and it is running okay.

If you had seen me this morn-  
I doubt if you would have recog-  
nized me. I looked like the "old  
man of the mountains." I had not  
sure had a crop of whiskers. It  
was some job shaving them off. I  
wish I could have gotten a pic-  
ture of myself. My hair has not  
been cut for over 2 months but I  
hope to get it cut this afternoon.  
I just had two baths in three  
weeks.

How are all the folks around  
there? Tell them all hello for  
me. It sure would be nice to get  
negotiation home again and see you both and  
very idle all my friends and the old town  
government again. Hell it changed much. I  
reopen a don't know anything for sure and  
I hate-- can't promise anything but I have  
the unity strong hopes of seeing you again  
war. We in the next five or six months.  
world war It would be heavenly to get to  
nothing to spend next Christmas at home.  
this war-- As I said before the worst is now  
we don't worry for me. I have seen my  
the doubt combat duty and came through it  
is in the safe and sound so now I should  
back too-- begin getting a few good breaks.  
all worth Anyway there is nothing left for  
peace of you to worry over now for I will  
thoughts, be safe from now on. Just pray  
that you and thank God that I am safe and  
2-- Give also say a few prayers for my

FURNITURE

Studio Couches  
Kroehler Platform Rockers  
Rocking Chairs  
Reclining Chairs with foot  
stools  
Bed Room Suits  
Kitchen Cabinets

We have a few 10 gallon cream  
cans.

C. J. RICHARDSON  
Hardware and Furniture  
Martinton, West Virginia

buddies that were not so lucky as  
I was.

I will close for this time as  
there is not much I am allowed to  
write but I will write again in a  
day or two. Tell Betty and Uncle  
Will and the rest that I will write  
as soon as possible. I am going  
to write to Katherine now. Ans-  
wer real soon and often and I will  
get some mail soon I hope.

Lots of love from your de-  
voted son, Elmer.

(Editor's Note--Elmer in this  
letter does not let on that he was  
seriously wounded in action on  
July 17, but the War Department  
so notified his parents.)

P. F. C. Francis N. Skaggs, of  
Camp Stewart, Georgia, arrived  
Tuesday night to spend a ten day  
furlough with his parents, Rev.  
and Mrs. R. H. Skaggs.

Corporal Marvin L. Vander-  
vort, of the 888th Central Postal  
Directory, arrived in Martinsburg  
a ten day furlough with his par-  
ents, Dr. and Mrs. M. K. Vander-  
vort. Also Mr. and Mrs. Austin  
Vandervort from Baltimore were  
weekend guests of his brother and  
parents.

Sergeant Houston E. Simmons  
is spending a seven day furlough  
with his wife and their small  
daughter, Agnes Hannah, and  
other relatives and friends. His  
branch of service is the Military  
Police and he is stationed at Fort  
Custer, Michigan.

George Vaughan, of the United  
States Navy, came Monday to  
spend a short furlough with his  
parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert  
Vaughan.

Captain Edward Wilson is at  
home from the Army on furlough.

DEATHS

William B. Gatewood, aged  
about 65 years, died at his home  
in Huntington on Thursday, Au-  
gust 5, 1943. Interment on Mon-  
day in Huntington. The deceas-  
ed was a son of the late Colonel  
A. C. L. Gatewood, of Linwood.  
His brothers are Eugene, Massie  
and Andrew. His sister, Mrs.  
John Dunlap. He was a promi-  
nent business man of Huntington,  
president of Langhorn & Lang-  
horn, a big contracting firm.

Cloverlick--James Miller Craw-  
ford, aged 16 years, of Point Ma-  
rion, met death in a drowning  
accident in Seneca Lake on Tues-  
day, August 6, 1943. He was  
bathing and got beyond his depth  
not being able to swim. The  
young man was a brother of Mrs.  
J. Ligon Coyner, whom he had  
come to visit. Interment at Ma-  
rion, Pennsylvania, Monday.

Mrs. Mattie Jordan, aged 29  
years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.  
John A. Jordan, died August 9,  
1943, after a long illness. On  
Tuesday her body was laid to  
rest in the family cemetery near  
Huntersville.

Greenbank--Mrs. Anna Light-  
ner Gum, wife of John Gum,  
died August 10, 1943, after a long  
illness. On Wednesday after-  
noon her body was laid to rest to  
rest in the Arboreal cemetery.  
She is survived by her husband  
and a brother, Austin Lightner.

NOTICE--The Marlinton Pres-  
byterian church will be open on  
Thursday afternoon, August 12,  
for those who desire to get cans  
for their food offering to Davis  
Stuart Schools.

NEED MONEY FOR SOLDIER DEPARTURE FUND

Efforts have been made from the beginning to present each man called  
to arms with a small bag containing two packages of cigarettes and some  
post cards, on behalf of his fellow citizens and as a token of welcome and  
gratitude. The committee has raised money for these small gifts by se-







**Writing for Editor**

Other editors print about the  
new letters they receive, but  
here is the sour kind I sometimes  
get:

Dear Cal—

I want to ask you one question.  
Why are you fighting the Liquor  
Store so rapidly? You helped to  
bring it in when you voted for  
Mr. Roosevelt. You who support  
the "wet" party, and especially a  
man as wet as Mr. Roosevelt, cer-  
tainly have nothing to say. It's  
true the Liquor Store is a nuisance  
to our town and I'm against  
it full force, but, I could see far-  
ther than the end of my nose a-  
bout thirteen years ago when your  
party was elected.

In your paper this week, we  
were told to pray, pray, and pray  
and completely abolish the Liquor  
traffic. Let me ask you why the  
majority of the people didn't  
pray before they voted in the  
General Election of 1933 when  
Mr. Roosevelt was elected? That  
was the time for earnest and fer-  
vent prayers!

Do you think, Mr. Price, one  
could be christian and remain  
christian, after electioneering,  
howling for, and supporting the  
Democrat party? I don't.

Yours for one more good ole  
Republican administration with  
plenty to eat and a pair of clyons.

You can publish this letter if  
you're not ashamed of your  
party. And by the way, Mr.  
Price, is it true that you folks  
are planning to run Mr. Roose-  
velt's picture for the 5th  
term? ! !

A Reader  
Marlinton, W. Va.



**A Small Cigarette**  
(By Harper Anderson)

I am a little cigarette  
They sing my praises loudly  
They keep my faults so well con-  
cealed  
That I am unknown widely.  
The ladies take their fingertips  
And place me in their rosy lips  
And smoke me very proudly.

I am a little cigarette  
But very popular  
They thought me indispensable  
In winning the late war.  
They do associate with me  
In top row of society  
The same as in the lower.

I am a little cigarette  
So harmless I appear  
And so well spoken of by men,  
That no one has a fear  
That I could do them any harm  
No man has sounded the alarm  
Because they do not care.


I am a little cigarette  
But I am dealing death  
To people who inhale my smoke  
And breathe it as their breath  
A lot of folks who fell for me  
Are now acquainted with T. B.  
Investigation with.

I am a little cigarette  
But in me there is dope  
And I can bind my smokers down  
With the strong habit rope  
Then my destructiveness is strong  
They lose their sense of right  
and wrong  
And have no hope.

I am a little cigarette  
To those who "sigh and cry,"  
It is abominable to see  
Me make the people die.  
So do not give me any praise  
As one of the commandments says  
"Thou shalt not die."

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# Where Do We Go From Here?

How far you go depends on how well you plan for the future. . . . Do your *planning now!* If your plans call for additional farm buildings, new farm equipment or improved acreage, we can help you finance the investment over a period of years. You will know your money cost — a **LAND BANK** **LOAN** removes all doubt! — the cost can never go higher — and payments are scheduled to fit farm income. **Come in and let's talk it over.**

**R. P. BELL, Secretary-Treasurer**  
Phone 176—Box 628  
**LEWISBURG, WEST VIRGINIA**

NFA

NATIONAL FARM ASSOCIATIONS

## From Japan

Oita, Japan.  
February 10, 1946.

Dear Mr. Price:

I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you hear from me. Well, Mr. Price, I am now in Japan and it is some place. To give you an idea what it is like, first of all I will tell you about the people. I have never before seen people like these. They never wear shoes and all the shoes they have are wooden ones. As for food, they eat fish heads and rice. Lots of the fellows sell the Japanese people candy and cigarettes. They get anywhere from two to ten dollars for candy from them and I know one fellow who sold a blanket for two hundred dollars. Well so much for the food.

As for the work I am doing you know I was a farmer. Well, when I came to Japan with the Thirty-Second Division they put me to work on a Japanese train. For the first two months I was a fireman and now the fourth month is here so they put me to driving a locomotive. I have been doing that for a good while. I like my work very well. My run is about two hundred miles from camp around the island and back

to camp. All we had are supplies.

Mr. Price, I do not know if you can read this or not. I am in a little shack and all the lights we have are candles.

For the work of the Japanese people, this is the first place I saw where the women do more work than the men. They carry more loads on their back than we put on one of our horses.

As for the place where I am it is about three hundred miles from Tokyo. But Oita is off limit to all soldiers but we have a little place called Seppu, about eight miles from Camp where they have a hotel for all American soldiers and the hotel has hot baths. There are a lot of springs close to the hotel and they are sulphur water too.

Just back of our camp there is a big mountain and it is full of caves. Last Saturday a friend and I were up on the mountain and went into some of the caves and it was quite a set up if you ask me. There were all kinds of airplane factories and about anything else you could think of. I got a bomb sight from a plane. The Japanese had lots of airplanes and they built them all underground. It looks like the Japanese people had prepared for war for the last ten or fifteen years.

But our boys made them change their minds. So ha.

Well, my friends in states guess as I will close for now. I would like for you to give my love to all of my folks.

From your friend,  
P. F. C. Zed E. Weatherholt.

February 14, 1946

Dear Mr. Price:

I will drop you a few lines again this week to let you know that I am still living and well. Last week I told you a little about Japan and the Japanese people so I will try and tell you a little more this time.

Well, to start off, the first thing the Division I am in (the Thirty-Second) is breaking up. We do not know yet where we will go, but we all hope it will be to the States.

I have been out on a patrol since I wrote to you and I will start off from there. One place up in the hills where I was I saw a place where the Japanese burned all their dead soldiers. It was the first crematory I had ever seen so I did not know what to make of it. I watched the Japs put a body in to burn and I saw it when it came out. I could have put all of the ashes in a large shoe box after the body was burned. It was quite a sight for me. Well, that is about all the dope I have on the cremation.

Last week I was telling you about the food the Japanese eat. I do a lot of traveling on the train and a lot of the Japs have their lunch with them and they want me to eat with them. You could imagine what I would look like eating fish heads and balls of rice with chop sticks.

Yesterday I came into the train station and saw a jinrikisha standing at the gate. I got in and told the Nip to take me for a ride. He took me about two blocks and wanted to charge me \$1.50 for the ride so I gave him a chocolate bar and he was very well pleased.

When I saw the Japs plowing to plant their rice it reminded me of when I used to plow new ground for you up on Jerico. ha.

Mr. Price, I am sending you a little book you might like to read and I am also sending you some Japanese money.

I guess I had better close for now as it is about my bed time. Please give my love to all of my folks.

Your friend,  
P. F. C. Zed Weatherholt.



Some weeks ago, my friend George Alderman reported on what he termed a "yodelling" crow. This crow has a peculiar penetrating voice. He sounds like a boy practicing yodelling. Mr. Alderman first heard the bird down on Swago. He thought it was a boy. The neighbors ascribed him it was a crow, and that it had been known there the past twenty-five or more years. Since then Mr. Alderman has heard the bird in the Greenbush District and over on Beaver Creek. Now Will Crigger speaks up to say that he too has observed this self same crow from his tree down on White Rock above the Beaver Lick. He bears testimony to the fact that when this yodelling crow speaks his piece it is a call for something to eat. And he does not call in vain either for the rest of the flock soon come a-flying with whatever food they are rustling up at the time. It would appear the yodelling crow does not deign to hustle for his food. He perches on a tree while others look, and yodels for his share when food is found.

Everyone is familiar with the crying of young crows in the nest about feeding time. So, I read the sign that here is one crow of low cunning and plenty shrewd to discover that crows instinctively respond to the food call of their young. He decided never to grow up and now for a generation of men, has played the part of a parasite on his fellows; living off the fat of the land with no effort on his part, other than putting out his call for food.

I looked up in the reference book about the life span of a crow. I found it to be two hundred years, much to my surprise. I would say that the yodelling crow has already made a good start on a century of existence, and is likely to make it out unless the other crows get wise to his racket and let him starve to death.

We have no crow roosts in this part of the country. A crow roost is a place, often a pine patch, where during the fall and winter crows by the thousand will congregate from miles around for the night. To clear out such congregations and rid the countryside of the pest of an overplus of crows, men often explode charges of dynamite under trees packed with sleeping crows. This hazard will not confront this crow.

Crows do get shot for pulling corn, but the yodeller sits safely perched in a tree on the hillside until he is brought the sweet morsel of a sprouting grain, carried by his fellow who has run the risk of getting shot.

Another way of holding crows in check is to poison eggs, to be placed in corn fields. Foraging crows get this bait, but never the yodelling crow, which cries until he is fed.

Speaking about crows and eggs, the reference book says that scientific observers checking up on a crow's nest up in New York State report the finding of the shells of no less than five hundred eggs, carried into the nest to feed the four young crows until they were able to fly away. The eggs ranged from sparrow to duck.

Just Monday morning, D. A.

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**Another Lost War Bride**

Salt Rock, April 26—Mrs. Betty Adkins, 30-year old British war bride, settled down with a long sigh of relief in her new home here after wandering the breadth of West Virginia, with her seven-month-old daughter for three days in search of her husband.

Three days and nights of bewilderment for the young English matron ended Tuesday when her husband, former Sergeant Artie Adkins, drove across the state to claim his "lost" war bride and the daughter he had never seen.

Finally at her Salt Rock (Cabell county) destination today, Mrs. Adkins related her troubles in locating this community on the western edge of the state since arriving in New York last Friday, aboard the liner Washington.

The first leg of her trip to her West Virginia home proved easy. Mrs. Adkins and her daughter reached St. Albans by train and scheduled Sunday evening. Adkins, advised of his wife's arrival, was waiting in Huntington, 38 miles away.


But the terminal point on Mrs. Adkins' ticket was St. Albans—and there her trouble began. Inquiries for directions to Salt Rock, brought blank looks, and in the confusion caused by the arrival of another British bride, also temporarily lost, Mrs. Adkins was directed to the town of Cass.

That meant backtracking more than 300 miles to Cass which is located on the eastern fringe of West Virginia. Mrs. Adkins and her baby were given overnight shelter by a St. Albans family, and the tortuous rail trip to Cass, where again she encountered frustration. No one ever heard of either her husband or Salt Rock.

In the meantime, Adkins alerted the American Red Cross and traced his family to Cass. Adkins hopped into his car and drove the width of the state to guide them back to Salt Rock.

Mrs. Adkins cheerfully remarked of her expedition "the West Virginia hills are lovely." And she should know.—Charleston Gazette.





### NOT ON YOUR TINTYPE!

Grandma looks calm and collected as she poses for posterity, but she wasn't—not on your tintype! Getting her family ready for this picture was a long, weary business.

The day this photo was snapped, Grandma was up at dawn, wrestling with the old wood stove, coaxing the kettle to boil, cooking breakfast. And the day before, she ironed the mountain of clothes that had needed such hard scrubbing. The day before that—

But that was Grandma's life. She didn't know any other kind. Her way of housekeeping took lots of time, lots of elbow grease. In Grandma's gayest dreams she never imagined the time would come when a woman would have dozens of electric servants daily for the cost of a bar of soap.

Electric service—ready and willing around the clock and calendar—is a modern miracle Grandma missed by being born too soon. But electrical dependability (and cheapness, too) didn't happen by accident. Not on your tintype! They're the result of plenty of hard work and practical experience on the part of your neighbors who operate this company.

● Hear NELSON EDDY in "THE ELECTRIC HOUR" with Robert Armstrong's Orchestra, Sundays, 3:30 P. M., 2ET, CBS Network.

## MONONGAHELA POWER CO.

### Our Army and Navy Boys

Here follow two letters written from Germany by Private First Class Robert L. Beard, of the Army of Occupation, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Beard, of Lewisburg, former residents of Hillsboro:

Lauf, Germany.  
May 5, 1946:

Dear Folks:

Well, everything is ready to move out except the vehicles are not all painted. The way it looks we will move anyway. It is going to look pretty bad moving into a new town with no paint on a lot of the vehicles. It is very pretty today—Sunday, and I slept late—the sun is shining, the birds are singing and everything is nice and green. This is a nice country over here. I'll have to

say that. Last night the ammunition dump at Furth blew up—was it some show.

I would say we are at least 20 miles from there and it knocked out a lot of windows in our barracks. The sky was lit up and every once in a while a ball of flame would go straight up in the sky, stay there for a while and then spread into a million little meteors going into all directions. The dump was near a German poison gas factory so they moved all military and German personnel out. We have not so far heard just how much damage was done but I would say there was plenty. While it was going on you should have seen some of these fellows who had been in combat. They almost went crazy—the noise was just too much for them.

Also some of the German peo-

ple were just as bad. Not the ones who lived in Lauf but the people who had to move here because of the war. It was really pathetic. War is not forgotten in a matter of weeks nor months. It will take years for these people to forget if they ever do.

Must close and go to chow.

Love to all, Bob.

Coburg, Germany.  
May 7th, 1946.

Dear Folks:

Well, we are here at last. I cannot say much about the place but things do not look too good or too bad.

We arrived in here about 1:30 yesterday afternoon and had chow at 3 o'clock; the first since 4 o'clock that morning.

We started straightening out things and we are still doing it this morning. We were restricted last night and probably will be for a few days so I cannot tell you anything about the town. Coming through the country it did not look bad.

From my window I can look out and see some large castles and large buildings on top of the hill. It's very beautiful.

We are living in former S. S. trooper barracks and later a D. P. Camp. It was fumigated and scrubbed out before we went in. We are the first troops to move in here so before everyone is settled everything will probably be moved a dozen times. The country around here is very pretty—a little hilly but no really large mountains, and nice farm land in the valleys. It rained a little yesterday morning but this morning the sun is shining.

Well, that is about all for now. Hope Dad is feeling a lot better now.

Say, Pop! there's a herd of awful nice Holsteins just down over the hill from here. There is a long green valley and those black and white spots show up pretty nice. It would look a lot better if they were Herefords though. Might make me home sick if they were. Must close and do little work. Be good, everybody and do not work to hard.

Love to all, Bob.

Pfc Robert L. Beard, 35995202  
Troop A, 6th Constabulary Sqdn.,  
A. P. O. 189—care Postmaster,  
New York City, New York.

GRAND PAGEANT

At the Marlinton High School Auditorium, June 4th, 1946, at 8 P. M.

A wonderful play—Subject: "Building the Church".

Under the auspices of the Seibert Circuit, for the benefit of the Church funds.

Come and see this great pageant by a group of artists from Lewisburg.

General admission—25 cents; children under 12 years, 20 cents. Tickets now on sale.

Rev. Bradley Johnson,  
Pastor

NOTICE

To whom it may concern:

My wife, Juanita Wilfong, has left me without just cause and I will not be responsible for any debts she may make.

Delbert N. Wilfong,  
Century, W. Va.

5-3-46

Dear Carl

Guess receiving Times as usual at a time a lot. You write don't I quite a bit

I know qualified bar, so I you up I are chan

I am Transport Dept. U. roo, and and Bud self, wife that are Carl, I d him, got enlisted. Air Corp now at Ft. Me rapidly 1941 a t from the Harbor greatest Artillery tion Corp fense of here, at Ground The st port New and buset Buckro has fired, but has everything Buckree The ce last week were the and even crowd. that no everyone The w good. W blows an day was p shiny and I am some vac gnia this up about I want to road the inducementive Virgi the smoke Well, I for now fore snow

Colleg

FIN

You will the final counts of I ministrato H. A. Shi before the stoner of A County, S Given on 20th day o

Straw

To cents \$1.25 debt about June ers early ers.

Min







**Dr. Frank McNeill**

Dr. Frank McNeill, of the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga., 19, passed the final oral examination to his dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Duke University. On Saturday the degree was formally conferred.

As member of the Concord staff since 1928, McNeill has been investigating the algae of West Virginia and teaching at the Athens institution. At the beginning of the study, very little examination had been made of the algal flora of this state, in fact only two major contributions to the subject in the whole eastern United States. The frontiers of knowledge in botany were pushed back farther than the previous contributions. Two hundred nineteen new species, varieties and forms were found for West Virginia including a new genus and species *Trichospira bula*, a new species *Scipitococcus infundibuliformis* and a new record for North America *Bulbochaete mirabilis*. For the first time in the history of botanical science keys to the classes, genera and species exist. These contributions were recognized and approved by the examination.

Dr. McNeill, a native of Pocahontas County, attended Marlinton High School, diploma 1922, Concord College, A. B. 1928, West Virginia University, M. S. 1930. In the interim before winning the doctorate, he had fellowships for teaching and study at West Virginia University, University of Virginia, and Duke University. While with the University of Virginia, McNeill worked at Mountain Lake; at Duke he investigated marine algae at Beaufort--the ocean station of that institution.

All collections made in this research--A Contribution to the Knowledge of West Virginia Algae--are deposited at Concord College. Herbarium sheets of many forms were requested by the Field museum, Chicago and other herbaria in the nation.

When asked of future interests Dr. McNeill said, "My first objective is teaching botany, and second, I am interested in algae."







**Veterans Foreign Wars**

Twenty-seven applications for membership were accepted at a meeting of the Seneca Trail Post 4595 VFW, held July 11. Those accepted and elected were: Earl W. Shaven, Arlio D. Sharp, Harry L. Thomas, James L. Higgins, Henry R. McFeters, Joe L. Waugh, Norman G. Irvine. And in M. Sharp, James Norval Pifer, Lew W. Sharp, Wilbur O. Curry, Captain M. Thomas, Geo. Fritts, Addison, Lawson S. Cochran, Carl L. Gilson, Lee W. Smith, Merl, Jack A. Sharp, Raymond A. Dean, Geo. W. Duncan, Percy O. Hansford, Muriel A. Robertson, Harper H. Galford, Nickola Glencosta, Oren J. Poage, William E. Gowan, William Eugene Smith, Cecil H. Anderson.

Twelve new members were present and took the oath of obligation—Arlio D. Sharp, Norman G. Irvine, Wilbur O. Curry, Luther Bright, James Norval Pifer, Merl Faulknier, Carylton O. Kelley, Forrest H. Dean, Barlin B. Rider, Leonard U. Fritts, Hugh Jackson, Jacob A. Smith.

A team, composed of one or two members, in 24 of the 27 voting precincts of the county was named to contact all voters at the polls August 6th and remind them of the importance of voting on the Levy Ballot, which will be separate from the Official Primary Ballot. The member of the teams will be notified by letter and instructed as to their duties.



THE  
POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Martins  
burg, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1943

Talking about deer fights, up  
on Paddy Knob, the two War-  
ren brothers of Minnehaha  
Springs, heard one powerful rack-  
et of whistling, snorting animals  
down in the woods. They fig-  
ured bears a fighting. Getting  
closer they saw it was five big  
buck deer. Two of the deer  
made for the young men. These  
they shot down. For a little  
time it looked like the other three  
bucks might have to be killed in  
self defense.

Earl Sharp of Frost, is working  
at Pearisburg, Giles county, Vir-  
ginia. Over twenty years ago,  
a number of elk were brought  
from the Yellowstone country,  
and in Wyoming, and turned  
out in the Mt. Lake, Angels Rest  
and No Business parts of Giles  
and Bland counties. For the past  
several years there has been an  
open season on elk in Giles and  
Bland counties and this year was  
no exception.

During the open season Earl  
had half a day off, and with a  
friend, Edward Morris, he walk-  
ed to the woods to see where the  
elk were staying. Late in the  
afternoon, they found the elk  
were low down on the ridges, in  
the flat woods where there are  
swamps, big timber and acorns.  
There was some snow and finally  
they came to fresh sign of seven  
elk, where they had been rooting  
in the leaves for nuts. Too late  
to locate the game, the hunters  
called it a day and quit.

Early next day, Earl and Ed  
were again on the job. Climbing  
the mountain in the dark they  
heard a wild cat squeal. On top  
they had to wait for day. Soon  
they picked up a couple of fresh  
elk tracks, but they had not fol-  
lowed far when they saw where  
another hunter was following the  
same tracks. Cutting across  
country towards the swamps, they  
came upon two more tracks,  
which they figured were made by  
the same elk they had first fol-  
lowed. Finally Earl saw one of  
the elk—a spike bull. The cover  
was thick, but he took a shot,  
the elk hit but not in the right  
place. The elk went into a hollow  
and then another hunter killed it.  
That was rotten luck, but the  
hunters continued towards the  
flat woods. There they found  
the elk. Here the  
woods were open, with a vision  
of a couple hundred yards or  
more. Directly Earl heard some-  
thing walking and hitting the  
trees like a man with dry pole on  
his back. He hunkered down  
and soon saw a big a bull  
elk as any one would wish to see.  
He was walking along and horn-  
ing the small trees out of his  
way as unconcerned as if no one  
were around. His antlers came  
in sight first; then his big body,  
as high at the shoulders as a man's  
head; from the shoulders back a  
kind of a roan color.

When the big elk came to an  
open place with no brush between  
Earl whistled, and he stopped  
broadside. The first shot was  
right behind the shoulders, but  
with a grunt the great animal  
reared to his hind feet and pranc-  
ed around. Back-otter, deadly  
shots were required to get him  
down, though the second cut the  
jugular vein. Any one of the  
five shots would have stopped any  
deer right off.

His elk was lumped off at 900  
pounds or more. The fine ant-  
lers carried six points for the  
beam; 33 1-2 inches across from  
tip to tip and 45 inches from  
head to end of beam. That was  
a big rack to carry through the  
woods.

It was all mighty interesting  
hunting and bagging such big  
game, but a considerable of a  
problem to get the game out of  
the woods. There was a walk of  
nine miles to get four men and a  
truck. The six men had to carry  
the meat, head and hide about  
five miles through the mountains  
to the truck.

This was the largest elk killed  
in that region this year. It was  
number 55. Earl estimates the  
number of elk left in the moun-  
tain where he hunted at one hun-  
dred and fifty head.

A young farmer friend of mine  
runs a trap line during fur season  
along Greenbrier River and  
Knappa Creek. He had been do-  
ing real well by muskrats, but  
this entailed looking the traps

each morning. During the six  
days of the deer season, he knew  
he was not going to have any too  
much time to run his trap line, so  
he changed over to mink sets.  
Except with water sets, he al-  
ways figured it took three or four  
days for a set to weather up for a  
mink. The fourth day, the trap-  
per did take time out from deer  
hunting and sure enough he had  
two minks as big and pretty  
as any one would like to see.  
They were perfectly matched in  
size and color. They were caught  
close together, one on one side  
of the river and the other on the  
other. I hear fur prices are high  
this winter, and those mink are  
liable to bring in the price of a  
good big calf.

A couple of the sons of Morris  
Fried have been trapping for fur  
around their home on Swago.  
The other morning they went to  
look their traps, and in one steel  
trap they found two nice, big  
raccoons—one a piece. The way  
they read the sign is that a coup-  
le of coons were a coming along  
together; both saw the bait and  
each reached a paw to grab it.  
The timing must have just per-  
fect for both of them to get  
caught as the jaws of the steel  
trap sprang shut. Who ever  
heard of the like of this!

An old timer and his boys have  
been cown hunting down in the  
Oldham woods east of the Green-  
brier, opposite Beard. They are  
not seeking publicity, but on the  
quiet way they found there are  
at least two panthers working on  
deer herds of the Oldham woods  
and the Watoga State Park. The  
other night they heard two pan-  
thers squalling to each other, one  
from the Nigh Gap and the other  
from the Horse Face. Another  
night they came upon the freshly  
killed carcass of a deer, so fresh  
the meat was still warm. The  
panther had eaten his fill from  
the neck and shoulders and cover-  
ed the rest with leaves. At an-  
other time the tracks of a big  
panther were found in a soft  
place on Oldham Run.

A hunter over on Anthony's  
Creek killed a chunk of a rattles-  
nake on December 3, while deer  
hunting. On December 2, P. W.  
Underwood, of Beaver Creek,  
hunting deer on the top Beaver  
lick Mountain, came onto the  
biggest toad he ever saw.  
The toad was a bit stupid from  
the cold. Mr Underwood did his  
good deed for that day by dig-  
ging a nice round hole and bed-  
ding the toad down in leaves.


**B. B. Hamrick**

Bernard Butcher Hamrick was  
born December 17, 1861, and de-  
parted this life November 23,  
1943, at the age of 81 years eleven  
months and 23 days. He was  
twice married, his first wife being  
Miss Susie N. Meeks; to this  
union nine children were born,  
four girls and five boys. His  
wife and two boys preceded him  
to the grave.

His second wife was Miss Bes-  
sie Copen. They were married  
October 20, 1935. He is surviv-  
ed by his second wife, four daugh-  
ters, Mrs. Gertrude Gum of  
Cass; Mrs. Lillie Blackhurst of  
Rand; Mrs. Warren Shiflett, Mrs.  
Clyde Byrds of Cass; three sons,

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## WINTER

plays no favorite

WE HAD JUST a litt  
ter up to now. The biting winds, sn  
heavy freezes are yet to come. We've  
in readiness for weather emergencies a  
electric users also have taken a "stit  
checking over their appliances, their f



THE  
POLARIS TIMES  
Published at the Post-Office at Martinsburg, W. Va., as second class matter.  
CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR  
THURSDAY, JAN., 6, 1944

In a piece in this paper a couple of weeks ago, I said I had always heard that Tuckahoe Plantation was on the James not far below Lynchburg.

Dr. J. W. R. Smith, of Charlottesville, kindly writes in that I have located Tuckahoe Plantation too far up the river. Tuckahoe was on the north side of James River, in Goochland County, probably in the south east corner, near the line between Goochland and Henrico, say 15 miles from Richmond. He says it is possible but not probable that in 1735 there may have been more than one Tuckahoe Plantation.

The Doctor continues: In 1935 William Randolph, of Tuckahoe, Goochland County, and Peter Jefferson, of the same county, took up grants 2400 acres and 1000 acres respectively on the Rivanna River just east of present Charlottesville. All of Randolph's land was on the north side of the river and all or the greater part of Jefferson's land was on the south side. Randolph was anxious for Jefferson to build his home on the north side of the river and in 1736 he deeded him 900 acres from the west end of his tract, for his home. The consideration set up in the deed was Henry Weatherhaune's biggest bowl of punch. In 1741 Randolph deeded Jefferson 200 acres more, adjoining the previous 900 acres. Jefferson built his home on this 400-acre farm and named it Shadwell. There he spent the balance of his life. Randolph named his farm Edgemoor.

William Randolph was the grandfather of Thomas Randolph Jr., Governor of Virginia; Peter Jefferson was the father of Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States. Governor Thomas M. Randolph married Thomas Jefferson's oldest daughter. Peter Jefferson's wife was a first cousin of William Randolph, above mentioned. The Jefferson and Randolph families were nearly as much mixed as the McNeels and Beards in the Little Level.

Dr. Smith has never been able to find a Tuckahoe on any Virginia road map. He has been informed by a native of Goochland there was a small station on the C. & O. in Goochland County named Tuckahoe. He said it was near the Henrico county line. This would place it on opposite side of the river from the present dividing line between Chesterfield and Powhatan counties.

It is of interest to note that Dr. Smith's father in 1879 purchased a portion of the Shadwell farm, including the old home site. There he built his home. The Jefferson home was destroyed by fire in 1870 and never rebuilt. Mr. Smith bought five tracts of land at different times off the Edgemoor grant. All the Shadwell and a part of the Edgemoor purchases are now owned and operated by the Smith heirs. Until purchased by Mr. Smith, these lands were held by the Randolph and Jefferson families.

Editor's Note: There is no Tuckahoe postoffice in Virginia. There is a Tuckahoe flag-stop on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad on top of Alleghany east of White Sulphur Springs. In Cape May County, New Jersey, there is a Tuckahoe postoffice, and also in Westchester County, New York.







Our Army and Navy Boys

The following letter was sent in by Mr. and Mrs. Bessie Moore, from their son, Minter.

Alaska, Highway  
Dec. 6, 1943.

Dear Mother, Dad and All:  
Just a few lines in answer to the letter I received yesterday. Sure was glad to hear that you were all well. These few lines leave me in the prime of health. I am still gaining weight. I will be a man some day, don't you think?  
Remember how I used to like mechanical work; they found out about it here and I am a mechanic now. I would rather be driving, but the trucks must roll on the Alcon and it is my place to see that they do it, whether I like it or not.  
What is everybody doing, back in good old Pocahontas these days? I sure wish I could have been there for the deer season.  
Tell Pete to drop me a few lines.  
I am sending you a picture of my girl friend. She is a school teacher, and getting along good. Take good care of the picture for me. I value it highly, that is why I am sending it, so I won't get it destroyed. I wish you could meet her. I know you would like her a lot.  
I know you were glad to hear from uncle Garland. I sure would like to see him.  
Tell Mr. Calvin Price Hello, for me, and to keep The Times coming; for it means a lot to me.  
Tell all the people around there Hello and I'll be seeing you soon I hope. Answer soon.  
Always,  
Minter.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Carpenter of Millpoint received this letter from their son over seas, Cpl. Clyde W. Carpenter:  
Dear Dad and Mother:  
Will try to answer your letter or I should say two letters, I received today. One was written November 12, and the other written Nov. 21. Sure was glad to hear from you all. I also, received a letter from Lucille and one from Jacoba. Oh! yes, and the package from them also. The package was in good shape. Tell the girls I said "Thanks" and I wish I could send them a package too, but I guess I can't this year.  
I wrote a letter the other day, but forgot to mail it, so I thought I should write another one.  
You said in one of your letters,

that you had already sent me six cartons of cigarettes. Boy! that's going to be just fine for me. We are not getting many cigarettes these days. So thanks a lot, Mother and if I ever have the chance, I'll send you something in return.  
Did you ever get the letter I wrote to you asking you to send about ten cartons and stop until I requested more.  
Mom, I am writing this letter at 2:00 A. M. I am on duty and don't have much to do, so that's one way to pass away the time; I think it is about 9:00 P. M. back there!  
We are stationed near a small town and the people are very friendly. They have dances often and invite us always.  
If I could only speak French, I would be all right.  
Well, I will have to quit pretty soon for I have a few more letters I want to write. I will close now and write again soon.  
Lots of love,  
Winton.

Written by Harper Anderson, of Marlinton, about his son, Corporal Cecil Anderson, of the United States Army:  
WATCHING AND WAITING  
Far across the stormy ocean,  
We are parted, Chubb, and I,  
When he left one April morning  
I was hurt too bad to cry.  
He is now somewhere in England  
Though he cannot tell me where  
I was comforted a little  
When we heard that he was there  
And had not gone to the bottom  
Of the ocean on the way  
Where the iron whales of Hitler  
In the muddy waters play.  
As he was protected over  
God alone can take him through  
If he will obey and trust Him  
And bestow Him so to do.  
Chubby serves at a hospital  
He is serving to save life  
Where he has been kind to people  
In the middle of the strife.  
It was certainly a favor  
From the One who knows the  
heart,  
To be placed in that position—  
To be given such a part.  
God is love and full of mercy  
He is gracious to forgive  
If we only try to please Him  
He is pleased to let us live.  
Far across the stormy ocean,  
Oh, how happy I shall be  
When across the stormy ocean,  
My dear boy comes back to me.  
Harper Anderson.

Musing through some old pa-

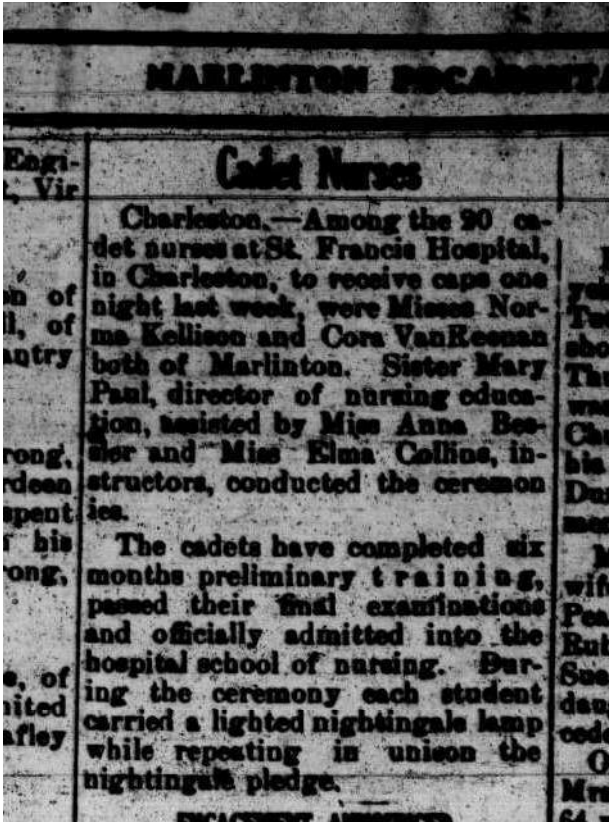
pers the other day, I came upon the original Muster Roll of "The Pocahontas Rescuer," mustered into service the 18th of May, 1861.  
Captain, Stofor, D. A.  
Lieutenant, Skenner, C. I. J.  
Orderly Sgt., Slaughter, D. W. C.  
Musicians, Roby, Walter R.  
Ervine, Wm. H.  
Privates—Acres, James  
Alderman, Andrew C.  
Angers, Timoleon  
Boone, Beverly  
Burr, George  
Burr, Frederick  
Carpenter, Wm. H.  
Consett, Mustoe  
Cole, William  
Cash, George  
Friel, Montgomery R.  
Grimes, Peter  
Gimmon, Cyrus S.  
Gransfield, John  
Griffin, Nathan P.  
Helwick, Amos  
Herold, Charles R.  
Herold, Benjamin F.  
Hogsett, W. L.  
Higgins, Isaac B.  
Hannah, Robert A.  
Hannah, Joseph  
Hapson, William  
Hamilton, Adam G.  
Johnson, Joseph I.  
Jordan, Joseph D.  
Lyons, Enos  
Moriarty, Patrick  
McLaughlin, James H.  
McLaughlin, Hugh P.  
Moore, Michael  
Moore, Levi  
Mitchell, Sylvester  
Pyles, William L.  
Pyles, John  
Pence, John H.  
Swadley, James  
Smith, Lewis  
Sirey, Calo H.  
Slaven, William W.  
Seebert, Lantz L.  
Shannon, James  
Sharp, Martin  
Varner, Daniel A.  
Whollihan, Michael  
Whollihan, Patrick  
Wangh, Levi  
Weaver, Charles W.  
Weaver, Robert L.

LOBELIA NEWS  
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Clark and son Billy, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hill and daughter, Dotty Lou, spent Tuesday at the home of C. C. Outlip.  
Mrs. Sarah McMillion and son, Theodore, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Hill, Christmas Day.  
Misses Kathleen and Eileen McMillion visited their aunt, Mrs. Herbert Hill Sunday.  
Johnnie Hill, is quite ill with flu.  
Albert Outlip is seriously ill with bronchial pneumonia at the



VIRGINIA, MARCH 15, 1944	
Rationing At A Glance	
	PROCESSED FOODS
organ-	Green Stamps K, L, and M. in
ized	War Book 4, good through March
iden-	20; Blue stamps A-8, B-8, C-8, D-
there	8, and E-8 now valid for ten
ntin-	points each, all expiring on May
stut-	20. One-point green stamps and
the	Blue tokens valid as change.
the	Meats—Brown stamps Y and Z.
home	in-war Book 3, valid through
en-	March 20; Red stamps A-8, B-8
match	and C-8 valid for ten points each
	through May 20; red stamps D-8
	E-8 and F-8 become valid March
	13 for ten points each, good
	through May 20; one-point Brown
INS	stamps and Red tokens valid as
	change.
and	SUGAR—Stamp No. 30, good
	for five pounds indefinitely; stamp
	31 to become valid on April 1, for
	five pounds. Sugar stamp No.
	40 valid for five pounds of can-
	ning sugar (through February
with	1945).
	SHOES—Stamp 18, in War
all	Book 1, good for one pair shoes
full,	through April 30; Airplane Stamp
their	No. 1, in War book 3, good for
	one pair until further notice.
	GASOLINE—A-10 Stamp good
	for three gallons through March
	21. B and C, B-1 and C-1 Stamps
and	good for 2 gallons each. B-2 and
	C-2 and B-3 and C-3 Stamps good
	for 5 gallons each. For your pro-
on	tection against the Black Market,
red	all stamps must be endorsed with
	license number and state of regis-
	tration.







THE  
POCAHONTAS TIMES

Printed at the Postoffice at Martinsburg, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1944

Macle McNeill, professor of biology will have leave of absence for the second semester from Concord college where he has taught for 14 years, on January 28, to complete his work on a Ph.D. degree.

He will continue his work at Duke university where he has studied previously and make taxonomy his major with miners in ecology and possibly forestry.

Botany is Mr. McNeill's chief interest. Having done much research on the algae of Southern West Virginia, he has found over 300 new species never before known in this section of the country. On this research he will base his doctor's dissertation.

This native West Virginian received an A. B. degree from Concord college and an M. A. at West Virginia University and has had several years of graduate work at the University of Virginia and Duke University.

Like most Concordians Mr. McNeill is a "joiner." At the present time he is Vice-president of the West Virginia Academy of Science, a member of the American Botanical society, Southern Appalachian Botanical club, American Society for advancement of Science, American Society of Plant Taxonomists, Torrey Botanical club, Phi Epsilon Phi, national botanical fraternity, and Tau chapter of Phi Sigma.

Some papers of biological interest in algae and seed plants in this area of West Virginia has been printed recently by Mr. McNeill.

H. A. Wells, P. C. Bibbee and Mrs. Thompson will take over the biology classes taught formerly by Mr. McNeill.

—Concord State College Paper.

The following is a story told to the law class while I was a member in 1897-1898-1899, by Judge Okay Johnson, a former member and President of the Supreme Court of Appeals, and at that time Dean of the Law School at West Virginia University:

"When the State of West Virginia was formed, it adopted, so far as applicable, the constitution and laws of the State of Virginia, but by the year 1872 the people of West Virginia decided that they needed a new constitution. Consequently, a constitutional convention was called and held at Wheeling, West Virginia, in the year 1872. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution, and when the committee reported the first clause provided as it does today, 'West Virginia is and shall remain one of the United States of America.' There were in the convention some who still thought and hoped, at least, that some day the new State would possibly be taken back into the old State, and there was an old Virginian in the convention (who was a resident of the new State) who was violently opposed to the first paragraph in the new constitution, so he, being noted for his oratorical ability, delivered an oration in opposition to this clause in the constitution. He became very violent and stormed in the convention and in concluding his address he said:

"My God, men, do you mean to say that on the last great day when the Angel Gabriel comes again forth and sets one foot upon the sea and the other upon the land, blows his horn and declares in stentorian tones 'Time has been, but time shall be no more', that he will be met by a little delegation from West Virginia who shall declare, 'Back, Gabriel, back. It shall not be West Virginia is and shall remain a part of the United States of America.'"

—Story by Edward G. Donley, sent in by Judge Baker, of Morgantown.

Many years ago, and long before the Wright brothers took their first flying machine into the air at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, there lived in the head of Buffalo Creek in Clay County, a man long past middle age who was noted for his laziness and procrastination. His name was not Darius Green, but that name will serve for the purpose of this article. Now, Darius had a large brood of children, and a wife noted for the asperity of her temper. It was quite a job for Darius to find food to sustain the family, even in mild weather. But when the snows of winter covered the ground and the creek froze up, thereby putting the small water grist mill out of business, it was much harder to get sufficient food for the family.

One cold winter morning his wife informed him that the last batch of corn meal had been cooked, and he must go to Clay Court House, where there was a steam grist mill and get some corn meal. After much urging he got his sack of corn on old Darius took his fiddle under his arm, obtained for his bundle, of which he had several, and started on the long trek to Clay Court House. After he had traveled about ten miles, his dog jumped a fence, started to run in the direction of the head of West Fork River in Calhoun County. Darius left his sack of corn at a neighbor's, and with his fiddle started in pursuit of the fox and the hounds. When night came on he found himself at a friend's house in Calhoun County, who gave him a warm reception, and invited him to stay all night. He said his daughter was going to get married that night, and they were going to have an affair and a dance, and wanted some one to fiddle for them. So the frolic started and lasted three days, Darius furnishing the music and neighboring boys and girls having the time of their lives. But every good thing must have an end, so Darius started on his long journey retracing his footsteps. He got his sack of corn and went to Clay Court House, and had it ground into meal, and started home, arriving there at dark. His wife met him at the door with the children hanging on to her skirts and weeping bitterly, not having had anything to eat for nearly a week. She commenced to upbraid Darius in language that only an Amazon could use, but finally slowed down for want of breath, when poor Darius lifted his hands in the air of supplication and exclaimed,

"My heavens, Maria, do you take me for a flying machine?"

Tales of the Elk by Col. Henry Davenport.

Red Cross War Fund

\$10.—Wilbur Sharp and family Mr. and Mrs. Mack Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Harper Smith, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Smith, Mrs. W. H. Unger, Mrs. Georgia A. Beard, Pocahontas Lodge 121, Helen Patterson, G. C. Beard, L. V. Weatherholt, Mrs. Susie Stahlaker

\$20.—Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Kramer and Betty Jo.

\$15.—Mrs. E. P. Hendricks;

\$5.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Mann & Frank, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Sterl McElwee, Mr. and Mrs. James Bear, Mr. and Mrs. John Sydenstricker, James Brooks, Dr. John B. Davis, Dice Smith, Helen Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McNeil, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Beard, Elizabeth Price McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Stemple, Betty Lee Williams, George Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Shrader, Mrs. E. G. Herold, Mr. and Mrs. Myrie Ervine, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Baxter.

\$5.—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Patterson; \$4.—Mrs. Preston McLaughlin, Ads Wooddell.

\$3.—Mr. and Mrs. Beecher Mead and Mrs. Paul Morris and children, Bonnie Lee Patterson.

\$3.—Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barlow, Mrs. Mary L. McLaughlin, J. R. Slavin, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Beckett, Mrs. Maggie Long, Glenn Sharp, Jane Kinaid, Pearl Carter, Nelle McLaughlin, J. H. Arbogast, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McLaughlin, Mrs. H. S. Ardell.

\$1.25.—Brownsburg School, Mrs. George Hill.

\$1.—Mary Catherine Wiseman, Mrs. H. H. Schfield, T. D. Moore, L. O. Simmons, Harry L. Sharp, E. F. McLaughlin, Dorsey Little, Mrs. R. H. Lipps, Mrs. L. J. Bush, Mrs. Mary Evans, Mrs. Demmie Galford, Mrs. Flora Johnson, Mrs. W. A. Browning, R. H. Callison, Eleanor McLaughlin, Bly Dever, Mary Skaggs, Beatrice Gladwell, Lucille Gibson, Grace Sharp, J. Z. Johnson, Alice Waugh, Mrs. Harlow Waugh, Mrs. Leola J. Carter, Mrs. Mary Bartlett, B. L. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Ida Sharp, Mrs. B. W. Eades, Mrs. Clarence Michael, Clarence Michael, Mrs. Anna Kelley, Mrs. Mary Hall, Mrs. G. B. Bartholomew, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Mary McNeil, Frances Hutchons, Ruth Bowman, Faye Hemrick, James Sydenstricker, Mrs. Martha Lewis, Mrs. Roy Farmer, Mrs. James Rock, Mrs. Olivia Furr, Angelina Rizzo, Theodore Moore, Hillsboro Colored School, Mrs. Ira Hannab, E. B. Pennington, Mrs. Lee Beckman, Mrs. Walter Jett, Mrs. Clyde Buehard.

Ted Blackhurst, Mrs. Chas. Galford, Oney Flyler, Mrs. Dale White, Mrs. Belle Cross, Mrs. Harry Wanless, A. J. Blackhurst, Mrs. Flosten Sampson, Mrs. P. P. Galford, Allen Galford, Mrs. Roy Cook, Mrs. F. C. Nickel, Roy Nickle, Dr. F. C. Nickle, J. A. Belcher, L. W. McPherson, Mrs. Madeline McComb, Audra D. McPherson, Rev. H. Blackburn.

Mrs. Arnet McNeil, Mrs. Gilbert VanRosen, Mrs. Lucy King, W. L. Price, Mrs. Stella Shanahan, A. R. Gay, Mrs. Walter Shafer, Betty Clay Sharp, Sam Moore, J. P. Duncan, Frank Young, S. E. Moore, Allen Gay, Mrs. D. F. Barnes, Mrs. Marion Sharp, Geraldine Sharp, Mrs. Hansen Sharp, Mrs. Birdie Sharp, Mrs. Hannah Waugh, Mrs. Henry Waugh, Mrs. J. R. Nottingham, Walter Abbott, Mrs. Calvin Gay, Boggs Run School, Mrs. Will Adkison, Mrs. Mary Dominici, Herbert Wheeler, Mrs. Harper Beveridge, O. W. Barnett.

Mrs. W. L. Fowler, Mrs. Lucy Overholt, A. B. Overholt, Ordo E. E. E. W. L. Waugh, Mrs. Earl McLaughlin, Mrs. E. C. Moore, Mrs. D. G. Harvey, E. B. Harvey, Mrs. Clyde Wagner, Mrs. J. E. Kirby, Mrs. Mary Weaver.



**Dear Mary:**

The following poem was sent to me by Alice Hively, of Arlington, Va.

**THE CRIPPLED DRAFTSMAN**

We are crippled draftsmen  
World War Number Two  
With disability discharged  
And no work we can do.

"Victims of the draft boards"  
And doctors' ostracism,  
We daily tramp the streets and roads—  
Will we have to beg or steal?

"Some of us lost good jobs—  
I lost a business too,  
I had when I was drafted—  
It's not our fault, we're through."

"I have been from factory to factory  
But the answer is always the same:  
We don't hire men past 40  
Who are crippled or lame."

"Did I go to the Veterans Bureau  
And file a claim, you say?  
I filed it many months ago  
I'm still waiting patiently."

"So please pardon how I feel,  
But I really think it's true,  
Instead of so much NEW DEAL  
We need a SQUARE DEAL, too!"

The following letter is from Sgt. Roscoe Reynolds, who is stationed at Anzio Beachhead, Italy:

Dear Calvin:

It has been a long time since I have written you, but that's not saying that I have forgotten you good folks back home.

I was planning on writing you from Sicily, and about the great invasion of Italy, I think, but neglected doing it. We certainly are proud of the equipment you folks are sending us.

With the radio informing us that the Third Division is officially here ("onchancing our glory," I think it said), I guess the old rock of the Marne is getting a lion's share of newspaper space back in the States.

While no one here could ever accuse the GI of being prima donnish and God knows nobody here would ever say "enhancing glory" is any glamour job. We do like to read about ourselves, and the magazines for newspapers, which mentions the name of the Third, or includes a photo of a dirt-stained doggy wearing our square blue and white striped patch, it races through the outfit, like news of a victory. Speaking of newspaper pictures, we are easier to recognize now, that we wear the patch on both sides of our helmets as well as on the left shoulder.

The news that we are "officially" here (with the eyes of the world upon us) first reached us via radio and our Division News Sheet. Yes we have an Anzio newspaper—which is only one mimeographed sheet with no pin-up girls or comics, but it brings the outside world into place where it missed most. Even the Krauts had us on the air one night. According to a guy who hears the nightly show job, from the Nazi propaganda factory, that famous soft-voiced girl in Berlin, welcomed us to Anzio, and asked the boys how they liked it here. Well, she's getting her answer—mitt grub on. That girl on the radio has a strange fascination, throughout the entire Mediterranean area, she is affectionately known as the "Berlin bitch"—and her ears would be very red, if she could hear things guys on this side of the line say about her.

Did I say doughnuts? No, but I've been thinking about them all day. Probably the strangest secret weapon, buried away in a

handkerchief, and out what is going on back there.

I don't mean a nice place, lots of sun and plenty of places to go, when you are pretty enough to get off to go and see it. I would like to tell you some of the best places to be around here, but you know the Army. But still I liked Africa the best.

I am still waiting for that letter from you. I sure have seen a lot of this world, since I have been in the Army—Africa, North Africa, Sicily and Italy, so far and if I am still lucky I will see plenty more. There isn't much I can write about, so I will ring off for this time. Tell Mrs. Price and all hello.

Your Friend, Barney.

Headquarters, Panama Canal Department.—Opl. Earl Irvine, of Marlinton, is a member of the automatic weapons unit which was awarded the Ramon Cup this week for outstanding performance in a two month inter-battery anti aircraft firing improvement contest within the Coast Artillery Command here.

Opl. Irvine, who is a power plant operator, and other members of his battery appeared in formation at presentation exercises attended by Maj. Gen. G. Ralph Mayer, commanding general of the Panama Coast Artillery Command, and Opl. Adolph L. Ramon, donor of the award and commanding officer of the automatic weapons organization which conducted the competition.

On behalf of the men in his unit, Capt. Howard L. Williams, of Toledo Ohio, received the trophy from Gen. Mayer. The winning battery was determined on the basis of competitive scores, preparation for firing, the conduct of firing, actual hits, and maintenance of firing equipment.

The Marlinton soldier has served with the armed forces guarding the Panama Canal since April 1, 1942. His brother, John Irvine is a resident of Marlinton.

The following poem is from P. F. C. Kermit O. Poe, of Cass, who is stationed overseas, in Sicily:

**TILL PEACE IS WON**

Only yesterday, I was a little boy  
With laughing eyes and face of joy  
Playing with a train of cars  
And nibbling chocolate candy bars

A little lad with golden head  
And clothes of brightest blue and red  
Today I am a man and far away  
I said good-bye in such a way,  
you could not cry  
But forced a smile and thought  
God, what a war, it must be fought

By boys who left as I have done,  
to stay 'til earth's freedom won.  
Lord keep me safe, I pray each day  
Let Mom be brave and shed no tears  
And have no fear, though I am young  
I'm very proud to be her son  
May she stand by dear God, 'til peace is won.

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PFC. Owen K. Gillispie, age 22 years, was accidentally killed at Camp Maxey, Texas, on Monday April 3, 1944. Details of the accident have not been reported. On Sunday afternoon his body was laid to rest in the Arboreal cemetery, the funeral being conducted from the Arboreale Methodist church, by Rev. J. W. Pugh. Surviving are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Gillispie, Durbin; three brothers, Harry, Keaton and Donald, all at home, and six sisters, Mrs. Hazel Shears, Mrs. Ruth Lambert, and Mrs. Lulu Mullenax, all of Arboreale; Miss Myrtle and Alice Gillispie, both at home, and Mrs. Peble Alexander, Paris, Texas.



# WE SPEAK UP

## For Our Boys, Wounded and Dead . . . .

We parents have a stake in this war—paid with the blood and lives of our sons. We have a right to speak—and a duty to do so. If our boys were here, they would cry out to the conscience of the people of West Virginia.

Our sons fought—and many died—that Democracy might live. When Tojo attacked Pearl Harbor, and Hitler and Mussolini joined in the war upon us, we determined to destroy this unholy alliance and its menace to the peace of the world. That's why American boys are fighting . . . and dying.

When war came upon us, our nation was tragically unprepared. Why? Because some so-called "Statesmen" in Congress and Senate bitterly fought every effort to arm and prepare ourselves. How?

These men told us we would never be attacked

These men tried to block every reasonable defense measure

These men embraced and denounced our potential allies

These men created disunity at home.

These men—living in a fool's paradise, short-sighted, failing to understand the forces that sought to destroy our country—these men played directly into the hands of the Axis.

And to our everlasting shame, there were even those among them who cooperated actively—if unwittingly—with the Nazi propaganda machine in this country. AMONG THESE WAS RUSH HOLT OF WEST VIRGINIA!

### HERE ARE THE FACTS

George Sylvester Viereck (alias James Burr Hamilton) was convicted for failing to register legally as a Nazi agent and sent to prison. The evidence proved that he was a ringleader in spreading Nazi propaganda in America, and at the trial, RUSH HOLT WAS LINKED DIRECTLY WITH VIERECK AND HIS PROPAGANDA NETWORK!!

This is what happened—

Sigfried Hauck published pro-Nazi books in New Jersey. His publishing firm was named in a Federal indictment as a tool of the thirty persons now charged with engaging in a plot to destroy Democracy in this country and throughout the world. Hauck testified that his firm received about \$30,000 from Viereck, the Nazi spy-off man. HAUCK ALSO TESTIFIED THAT HIS FIRM ARRANGED FOR THE PUBLICATION OF TWO BOOKS BY RUSH HOLT.

Now, get this. Hauck also testified that he and Viereck went to Rush Holt's home in Washington to discuss Holt's book and how to promote its sale; that Holt agreed to buy about \$1,000 worth of advance copies out of his own funds; and that Holt offered to cooperate in promoting the book by using certain of Holt's mailing lists.

Read the record yourselves. It's in Criminal Cases Number 68648—United States of America versus George Sylvester Viereck in the District Court of the United States for the District of Columbia.

(Sigfried Hauck is on the witness stand being questioned by the Federal Prosecutor—)

Page 381 From Transcript of Proceedings

Q Tell us briefly what happened. You had dinner with the defendant (Viereck) and then where did you go?

A Yes, and then afterward we went to Mr. Holt's home, or at least where he was staying at the time.

Q Were you accompanied by the defendant? (Viereck)

A Yes.

PAGE 381

Q Tell us what took place at this conference between you and Senator Holt, and the defendant Viereck? What took place?

A We discussed Mr. Holt's manuscript. They now numbered two. We were planning to publish both of them eventually. We discussed their promotion and sale.

PAGES 384-385

Q Was there anything said about any financial assistance from any person?

A Yes.

Q What was that?

A Well, I explained to Mr. Holt that we were a rich and prosperous publishing house, that we would require some help, preferable in the form of advance sales of the book, and he agreed to buy out of his own funds a certain number of copies in advance.

Q Do you remember how many it was?

A Well, it was going to be \$1,000 worth at a certain regular discount, I believe. In other words, he would get more than \$1,000 worth.

PAGE 386

Q Was anything said about any mailing list of any person at that time?

A I think Mr. Holt mentioned he had—he would cooperate with us in promoting the books, if they were published, and I think he said he had some mailing lists that he might use himself in connection with publishing the book.

PAGE 386

Q What was done with the galley proofs?

A Well we struck off several proofs, and sent one or two sets to the author, and I believe a set to Mr. Viereck, and kept a couple of sets.

PAGE 388

Q Now, during the time when your firm, Flanders Hall, was publishing all these books that have gone in evidence, can you tell the Court and Jury how much money that your firm received from George Sylvester Viereck during that period of time?

A I think I would have to have the books to make a definite statement on that.

Q Can you tell us approximately?

A Twenty thousand dollars.

The above is the sworn statement. The testimony further showed that the draft of Rush Holt's book HAD BEEN SENT TO GERMANY TO BE EXAMINED BY THE NAZI AUTHORITIES! The British censorship officials had intercepted it at Bermuda.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY.

(Miss Gardner of the Special Branch of the Imperial Censorship at Bermuda is testifying)—

PAGE 1048

Q Now, I show you Government's Exhibit 65 (identified as material for Holt's book) in evidence, which is a batch of

papers, some chapters of clippings from the Congressional Record. Will you tell us if you have ever seen that document before, and if so, when and where?

A Yes, I saw this; it was contained in a letter, which came to me for examination and which I opened.

Q Which you opened in the course of your official duties as a member of the British Censorship at Bermuda?

A I did.

Miss Gardner then identified the envelope which contained the material for Holt's book and an inner envelope.

PAGE 1049

Q I call your attention to the fact that the inner envelope is addressed to Dr. Hans Dreckhoff, Berlin, Germany. Do you know who he was?

A He was German Ambassador to the United States and is now in the German Foreign Office.

Q The outside address is Senhor Hoinyngero Hueneros. Do you know who he is, addressed in Lisbon?

A That is an alias used by the German Embassy at Lisbon, Portugal.

Voters of West Virginia, there is the Holt record. Yet this man wants you to grant him the highest honor in West Virginia, the Governorship. Yes, he wants to be honored for his short-sightedness, for his dealings with pro-Nazi, and for his failure to help prepare our Nation for the greatest crisis in its history.

### HOLT AGAINST PREPAREDNESS

The following is the record of Holt's votes on preparedness measures during 1939 and 1940, the crucial years:

1939	
Strategic War Materials Bill	Vote Not Recorded
Planes For The Army	NO
Appropriation For The Navy	NO
1940	
Permit Sending Arms To The Allies	NO
Surplus War Stocks For Allies	NO
Military Training for CCC	Vote Not Recorded
One Year Training In Army	NO

### WHO APPLAUDED THIS "STATESMAN"?

With a record like that, it is clear why William Dudley Pelley, now in jail and again indicted for alleged sedition, reprinted speeches made by Rush Holt. ("Liberation"—issue November 7, 1940.)

With a record like this, it is clear why Edward James Smythe, also indicted for alleged sedition, described Holt as "the greatest American in the halls of Congress." And who published Smythe's statement? Court Asher, also under indictment for alleged sedition, in his magazine, "Publicity" (issue December 26, 1940.)

The sacrifices made by your boys, and ours, must not be in vain. The cause for which they fought—and still fight must be won! It must be won on the battlefields and it must be won at home. America's finest, now, man the guns. And only the finest should lead us in the halls of Government. We owe it to our boys, ourselves, and to the future of our State and Nation.

Vote for men of vision—real Americans who understand the fight for Democracy. Vote for any of the fine Americans who are Candidates on both Republican and Democratic Ballots—but DO NOT Vote for Rush Holt!

## We Speak Up for Our Boys, Wounded and Dead . . . and Say NO to Rush Holt for Governor of West Virginia

**Mr & Mrs H.M. Appeldorn, Indiana**  
Son, S-Sgt. Thomas J. Appeldorn  
Killed in European Area, Feb. 6, 1944

**Alden E. Belcher, Veteran, Rock**  
Permanently injured, June 3, 1943

**R. B. McCutcheon, Fayetteville**  
Father of Pfc. Cecil D. McCutcheon  
Killed, Mediterranean, March 7, 1944

**Perry Selvey, Fayetteville**  
Father of Charles Selvey, Army Air C.  
Missing in Action

**Charles Outright, Kaymoor**  
Father, Charles C. Outright, U.S. Navy  
Killed in Action

**Ray Light, Fayetteville**  
Father of Wilbur A. Light, U.S. Navy  
Killed in Action

**Mrs. Gertrude Kelley, Canard**  
Mother of Pfc. Edward E. Kelley  
Killed in North Africa, Sept. 26, 1943

**Mr & Mrs W. H. Kerns, Tiptoe**  
Son, Sgt. James Kerns  
Killed North Africa, Aug. 28, 1943

**Mrs. Roberts Turner, Charleston**  
Son, Robert Lee Turner, U. S. Navy  
Killed April 11, 1943

**Mrs. Annie King, Red House**  
Son, Pvt. Denver King  
Held prisoner by Japs in Philippines

**J. E. Matthews, Winfield**  
Stepson, Pvt. Raymond Sheldon  
Held prisoner by Japs in Philippines

**Thos. C. Hudnell, Canby Bridge**  
Father of Pfc. Jess W. Hudnell  
Killed, North Africa, Oct. 26, 1943

**Mrs. Audrey E. Deal, Powhatan**  
Wife of Fred O. Deal, U. S. Army  
Killed May 7, 1943

**Mrs. Stella Painter, Bothan**  
Mother, Wm. J. Painter, U.S. Marines  
Killed in Action

**R. T. Wilson, Edmond**  
Father of Benjamin T. Wilson, Jr.  
Killed, Mediterranean, March 31, 1944

**Mrs. Edna Ruth Craddock, Long Branch**  
Mother of Donald R. Craddock  
Killed, North Africa, June 7, 1943

**Clarence H. Wynn, Marshall**  
Son, Edward Wynn  
Killed in Action, 1st Cavalry, U.S. Army

**Mrs. Jessie Virginia White, Lohm**  
Son, Pfc. James H. White  
Killed, North Africa, June 19, '43

**Mrs. Florence Akers, Beeson**  
Son, Pvt. Clarence W. Akers  
Killed, Mediterranean, Dec. 18, 1943

**Clyde Gray, Kingston**  
Brother of Ernest Gray  
Killed in Action

**Mrs. L. W. Long, Kingston**  
Mother of Jack Long, U.S. Army  
Killed in Action

**Mrs. M. Waldron, Kincaid**  
Mother of Herbert L. Wriston, U.S.  
Army, wounded

**Mrs. Vivian Boyd, Mt. Hope**  
Mother of Richard E. Boyd, Jr. U.S.  
Navy, Killed in Action

**Charles Tyler, Oak Hill**  
Father of Chas. H. Tyler, U.S. Navy  
Killed in Action

**Stephen Garvin, Jane Lee**  
Son, Stephen Garvin  
Killed in Action, 1st Cavalry, U.S. Army

**Mr & Mrs Bert Samples, Beckley**  
Parents of Bert T. Samples, Jr., Pfc. U.S.  
Marines, Killed in Action

**Mr & Mrs Hugh Hancock, Beckley**  
Parents of Pvt. Martin Hancock  
Killed in Action

**Mrs. Laura Wingler, Beckley**  
Mother of Pfc. Paul D. Wingler, U. S.  
Marines, Killed in Action

**Mrs. Sophronie Young, Charleston**  
Gold Star Mother; Son, John W. Young,  
killed at Verdun, Oct. 2, 1918; buried at  
St. Mihiel, France.

**Campbell Savage, Wheeling**  
Son, George C. Savage, radio operator  
Killed over Latin America, July 18, 1942

**Mrs. Iva A. Stine, New Martinsville**  
Son, Lt. Homer A. Stine  
Killed in Action, South Pacific

**Mrs. John Hawkins, New Martinsville**  
Son, 2nd Lt. Vernel Hawkins, Bombarrier  
Shot down over Belgium

**G. L. Hinchey, Mt. Hope**  
Father of Lt. J. L. Hinchey, Army Air  
Corps, Missing in Action

**Latelle Ingram, Kingston**  
Veteran 2nd World War  
Wounded in Action, South Pacific

**Mrs. Jan. A. Feringer, Longacre**  
Mother of Sgt. C. L. Persinger  
Casualty of World War II

**Mrs. Nell Johnson, Smithers**  
Mother of Sgt. William Johnson  
Casualty of World War II

**C. F. Lavender, Cannerton**  
Father of Lt. James Lavender  
Casualty of World War II

**Mrs. Anna Mae Muir, Powhatan**  
Wife of Sgt. Ernest G. Muir  
Casualty of World War II

**Mrs. L. G. Kincaid, Amsted**  
Mother of Lt. Kincaid  
Casualty of World War II

**Mr & Mrs J. A. Ramsey, Welch**  
Parents of Claude J. Ramsey  
Wounded in North Africa

**Mr & Mrs J. B. Shown, Welch**  
Father and Mother of son  
Casualty of World War II

A Paid Political Advertisement







VOL. 41 NO. 41

MARLINTON POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, MAY 11, 1944

51.00 A T

### Our Army and Navy Boys

Army Air Base, Dalhart, Texas—Sgt. Jerry R. Cassell, of Cass, W. Va., will soon complete his training in the Second Air Force and in the near future he will go overseas in a combat area to do his part in defeating the enemy. He is stationed at the Army Air Base, Dalhart, Texas, at the present time receiving a very important part of his final training as a Tail Gunner. Sgt. Cassell is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Cassell, Cass, West Virginia.

Great Lakes, Illinois.—Recent graduation ceremonies at the Naval Training School (Electrical), North Dakota State School of Science, Wahpeton, N. D., saw Bluejacket Austin Paul Duncan, 27, husband of Mrs. Lyda Jane Duncan, of Buckeye, West Virginia, receive recognition as eligible to qualify for the petty officer rate of electrician's mate third class.

Selected for this special training on the basis of his recent training aptitude tests the Bluejacket completed a course of study that included the use, function and maintenance of all electric tools used by the Navy. A theoretical phase included electricity and the radio elements of electricity.

The graduate is now awaiting active duty orders to sea or to some shore station.

Headquarters, European Theatre of Operations.—When word was passed officially that airborne troops were in the theatre in strength, West Virginia had more than a passing interest, for hundreds of her sons were among the parachute and glider men ready for the assault on Hitler's roofless Europe. A leader of one of the rugged parachute infantry battalions is Col. Robert L. Wolynson, of Elkins. All American airborne troops—ground forces, who use gliders and troop carrier planes—have been stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia, or at MacCall, North Carolina. They maneuvered in Tennessee.

Colonel Wolynson's outfit set a record by marching 110 miles in three days after 13 weeks basic training. Pocahontas County soldiers in the airborne troops ready for the invasion are—

Pfc. Gerald R. McNeill, Route 1, Marlinton, radio operator.

Pfc. Howard E. Bowers, Huntersville, ammunition bearer.

Pfc. Carl C. VanKeenan, Marlinton, mortar gunner.

Pfc. Daniel G. Stone, Bartow, gunner.

Corp. Jay B. Graham, Buckeye, fireman and cook.

May Seabolt received the following letter from her brother, Robert Hinkle, from somewhere in India:

April 15, 1944.

Dear Sister:

I will answer your letter, I just received. It was the first letter I had got from you for quite a while. I had just about begun to think you had forgotten to write. This leaves me well and Q. K. I sure hope it finds you and all of the family well and enjoying life. As usual there isn't much to write. We sure are having some hot weather—the hottest I ever did see. Do you remember one year ago today I was home, just starting back to camp. There was a snow, and boy it was cold. I just about froze before I got across the Mt. It was about that cold when I was home last fall. You asked if my buddies were here. Will you send me Elmer's address I would like to write him a line. I send a lot of my letters in air mail envelopes, but I don't guess they get there any faster than ordinary mail. I haven't heard from Roy or Walter for a while. You said Walter was having his teeth extracted. That sure will be some pain. I had another tooth filled a few days ago. I got a letter from you a few days ago, that was mailed before Christmas. Took it a long time to catch up with me, didn't it?

Well I guess I had better close for this time. Tell all of the folks I said hello. Answer real soon, with a long letter.

Your brother, Robert.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Nottingham, of Durbin, received the following letter from their son, Gerald:

Dearest Mother:

I thought I would write and let you know that I got back here from my leave in plenty of time. It was really nice to get back home again, and take life easy just like old times. A fellow really enjoys himself when he can get some home cooking too.

Lucille and I went to Baltimore to see Clara. We saw her but didn't get to stay very long, for I had to take the bus at nine o'clock in order to get back on time.

I am sending you the pictures I had made. You can imagine by looking at the pictures what the place was like, where I was.

Tell everyone hello for me. I was nice to see every body again, although I didn't get to stay long enough.

I suppose that will be all for this time, so I will close hoping to hear from you soon.

Your son, Gerald.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Opal Ervin, of Marlinton, from W. B. Lester.

Dear Sis:

I will drop you a few lines to let you hear from me. This leaves me Q. K. and hope these few lines find you the same. I got a letter from mother a few days ago. They were all well. What is John doing now? Tell him I said hello. I can't think of their names. Sis, tell Eva to write to me. I don't know her address. Write and tell me all the news back there.

I don't know when I will be home Sis, I am somewhere in the South Pacific. I had a letter from Polly and Eva, and I had a letter from Earl. Well Sis, I can't think of much to write, so I'll ring off.

Your brother,

Pfc. W. B. Lester.

Corp. Frank Doyle Kincaid, of the Army Air Corps, stationed at Deming, New Mexico, is home on furlough with relatives and friends at Marlinton and Huntersville.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Dean, of Lobelia, have been notified of the death of their son, P.F.C. Harlan Dean, who was killed in action in Italy, on March 30, 1944.

Corp. Damon Landis, stationed at Camp Maxey, Texas, is home on furlough, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Landis.

Dick Anderson, having completed his "boot" training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, is home on short leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harper Anderson.

Mrs. Herman J. Menefee received a telegram on May 2, saying their son, Private Herman J. Menefee, was slightly wounded in April while on duty somewhere in Italy.

Word has been received that Clarence Dunbrack, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burgess Dunbrack, has landed safely in Italy. His brother, Private Summers O. Dunbrack, stationed at Camp Howze, Texas, is now home on furlough with his wife and other relatives.

Mrs. R. H. Wilfong was down from Stony Bottom last Saturday. She reports her son, Emmett, has arrived safely somewhere in England. He reports a nice country and likes it fine. He serves in the Field Artillery.

Sergeant Julian B. Hanson, who has been stationed at Staten Island, New York, has recently been transferred to Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Corp. Esco Johnson, of New River, North Carolina, and Mrs. Johnson, of Washington, D. C., were recalled to Smithburg, recently by the illness of Corporal Johnson's grandfather, D. W. Sayre.

Harold McMillan, who has been promoted to Aviation Machine Gunner, 3-C, is home on leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilton McMillan, of Droop Mountain. He is stationed at the Naval Air Station, Norfolk, Virginia.

Private Kyle C. Dille, has been promoted to Private First Class. He is now somewhere in northern Ireland. His wife will be glad to give his address to any one who wishes to write to him. Mail is an important thing to our boys who are in Service. It does not take long to write a few lines to a lonely soldier who is a long way from home and the ones he loves. Friends do not forget to pray for our boys.

Harold Gustafson has completed his "boot" training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and is spending a ten day leave with his mother, Mrs. Lilian Johnson, at Boyer.

Lew Sharp, of the Navy, stationed at Great Lakes, Illinois; Corp. Jack Sharp, stationed at Fort Belvoir, Virginia; Corp. Earl Sharp, stationed at Camp Polk, Louisiana, are home on leave and furloughs. They are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Sharp.

Sgt. Keith Hudson, stationed at Camp Howze, Texas, is home on furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hudson at Greenbank.

Pfc. Loran S. Jordan, of Greenbank, has arrived at a port somewhere in India. He is one of a contingent of veterans from the North Africa and Italian fighting. A picture for the daily papers show Mr. Jordan and other members of this contingent being shown the country by an American Red Cross Staff Assistant.

Staff Sergeant Oren L. McLaughlin has been cited for a good conduct medal. He is the son of Mrs. Mary J. McLaughlin of Dunsmuir.

### THE ELECTION

The few and far-flung election returns which are in this paper is printed Wednesday morning would indicate that Judge Meadows has overwhelmed Rush Holt for the democratic nomination for governor, and that it is a horse race between Mages Dawson and R. J. Funkhouser for the republican nomination with odds favoring Dawson.

Judge Meadows carried Pocahontas County, with figures close between Dawson and Funkhouser.

In the only County contest, the race between "Grady" Moore and J. E. Hamrick for Circuit Clerk, the meagre returns favor Mr. Moore.

Senator Allen was taking about all the votes there was, but no word has come from other counties of the district.

The day was good for farming and the vote was light.

Sgt. Harry Smith, stationed at Gulfport, La., is home on furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ashford, of Greenbank, have received word that their youngest son, Wm. F. has been promoted from Corporal to Sergeant. He is somewhere in England.

Miss Peggy Smith, who is in training for a Red Cross worker, foreign service, is home, from Washington, D. C., for a few days, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zed S. Smith, Jr. Her brother, Major Z. S. Smith III, is expected home from the South Pacific next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edith Moore have received word that their son, Ralph has arrived safely "some where in England."

Sgt. I. B. Bumgardner, Jr., is home from the army on furlough.

Sgt. W. A. Gauder has returned to Fort Fisher, N. C., after a ten day furlough spent with his wife and little daughter, Virginia Lee.

Able Seaman Wm. Kyle, of the United States Merchant Marines, is home on short leave to visit his grandmother, Mrs. Augusta Wiley.

### FIELD NOTES

People are reporting in that their cats are dying off worse than usual this spring. It might be distemper; it might be a kind of plague; it might be internal parasites. Cats used to live until they died of old age at from ten to twelve years. Now young cats die by whole sale, and for one to live as much as two or three years, is the exception.

Looking into the matter for the deep consideration, it deserves an old timer tells me that modern day cats know so little about what is good for them that they eat the tails of rats and mice.

The tails of rats and mice is poison size and swift for cats. People and cats of former days knew it too. The guardians of our graineries, barns and houses would invariably leave untouched the tails of rats and mice they caught and consumed. Such cats lived to ripe old ages too.

Just now I am not prepared to say exactly what it is in rat tails to kill cats; whether a subtle, toxic poison, or the small, sharp, four-sided, joint bones which cut the inwards of cats.

On April 4, which was a cold, snowy day, D. D. Adairwell, unearthed a big blacksnake while working on a fence row down on the Dock Cutlip farm on Locust Creek. The snake had evidently wintered in an old post hole; possibly a foot underground.

No finer flower in the spring woods than is the trillium. One plant, gone flower is the rule. However, R. B. Slaven went to the woods and got a few plants, which he set out in shady places around his house on Lower Camden. This year one of the plants had fifty-four blossoms on it.

J. O. Kellison was up from Jackson one day last week. He reported his season's fox catch at twenty-six head; mostly grays. He also got a couple of wild cats.

For several years past, the foxes have cost Mrs. Dan Beverage rather dearly in poultry and set traps. The result of her trapping was eight head of foxes—three reds and five grays. Some foxes pulled out of her steel traps too. The money result in bounties and returns for fur was nearly fifty dollars.

I can report the unusual—a jay bird's nest in a pine tree in the back yard. So far, the jay bird is the least obtrusive, quietest and best behaved bird on the place.

While some have caught nice trout and enough of them, the bigger and better trout waters have been in poor shape for fishing. It has been raining too much and too often. I got mine alright by fishing a small stream, well stocked with hand raised trout. However, it is only right to confess that in teaching grandson, Basil Price Sharp, aged eight, going on nine, how to fly fish, he beat my time, about two to one.

Speaking about foxes; over in Bath County, last week an owner of a summer camp washome from the army had went to look to see how things were faring about the camp since he left it last hunting season. He saw a red fox kit sun

### These THICK SHINGLE

"Because Ruberoid Thick-Shingles have an extra layer of asphalt coating and granules over all parts exposed to the weather. They are much thicker than ordinary shingles and are much longer because the extra thickness is just that much extra. Your choice of colors and blends in these massive strip shingles. Look over our samples. Get our prices. You'll find them very economical."

Genuine  
**RUBER-OLD THICK-BUTT**  
SHINGLES  
for sale at

We have a few Stewart Shearing Machines. Known for all Stewart Machines.

**C. J. RICHARD**  
Hardware and Furniture  
Marlinton, West Virginia

Mr. Benton Smith reports the unusual—he and his partner caught a trout. The men were fishing a pool in Gladys Fork of Cranberry, when Benton got a "bite." Then the other man got a bite. They both pulled up on struggling trout and they accused each other of fouled lines. When they landed their fish, it was one trout with both hooks swallowed down. It was taking all corners that day and playing no favorite.

Talking about the unusual, here is one: Up Stony Bottom way some weeks ago, a farmer's sow found a litter of eleven pigs. All seemed to be doing well until one morning, two of the little pigs were missed. Then another one came up short. It was supposed the old sow was eating up her little ones, so watch was kept. Imagine the surprise of the owner when he saw a big possum coming away from the pig pen, dragging a little pig he had killed.

J. M. Bear has received word that his brother, Captain Hoover Bear, a Chaplain in the Army, has arrived safely somewhere in England.

Mrs. William Call and little daughter, Karen Sue, are up from St. Albans to be with Mrs. Call's mother, Mrs. J. F. Rock, of Hillsboro, who is quite ill. Mrs. Rock was removed to an Elkins hospital on Tuesday for examination.

Mr. of East of marriage, Mae, t Boblet lett, and The white hat was some a sage of Mrs. Crimmon was of white g Imm a recep cers Ch Mrs. State College in a div Army. Lieut ate of. has been for the now to lot Tr as. F will re

SAI Life

### "Control money and you control all"—HITLER

Modern Germany is an example of the dangers of centralized control of money and credit. Hitler grabbed financial power as one of the first moves to dominate the nation. Many say "It can't happen here," but there are some who want it to happen and who are working toward that end. Every American should be on guard to prevent any attempt to "centralize" control of the country's banking machinery.

### First National Bank

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Members of  
**FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM**

National Deposit Insurance Corporation

### ALPINE THEATRE

Week Starting Wednesday, May 10th

Wednes.	Thurs.
<b>What a Woman</b> Rebecca Russell - Brian Abernethy	
Friday	Satur.
<b>Double Feature</b> <b>Mine Sweeper</b> Richard Arlen - Joan Parker <b>Cow Boy in Clouds</b> Charles Starrett Serial, "MASKED MARVEL," chapter 3	
Mon.	Tues.
<b>Thousands Cheer</b> Kathryn Grayson - Gene Kelly BUY Your War Stamps and Bonds Here	

### Potatoes Wanted

I will be at Huntersville on Thursday, May 18, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., with a truck to buy potatoes.

Wallace B. Varner,  
Staunton, Virginia.

### ENAMEL

One Coat Enamel  
Easy to use... covers  
cut... no brush marks  
many gorgeous colors

### PAINT KITCHEN and BATH

with SHERR  
**SEMI-GLAZED**  
Semi-gloss finish  
resists fading  
all interior surfaces  
Durable -

### FOR BEAUTIFUL - DURABLE FLOORING

with SHERR  
A tough, long wearing  
floor for wood, linoleum, and  
floor. Dries hard. Y

"We Still Deliver"  
**Peoples Store & S**  
MARLINTON, W.



**Dear Mr. Price:**

I am sending you my address plates for the Times. I cut out the last one for January 12.

I went from Marlinton to Fort Hayes Ohio, Reception Centre, remained there eight days after which I was sent to Camp Blanding.

I suppose you are still having cold weather up there. The climate is real warm down here. I have seen a lot of country since I entered the service, but I still like the West Virginia hills best. We were on the train 39 hours, making the trip down here.

Give my best regards to my friends in Peabotown. I am sending you a little note on Fort Blanding.

**BATTLE OF BLANDING**

This is the Battle of Blanding. The battle of mind and of smoke. Of weather uncertain And feet that are hurtling And men that are always broke.

This is the Battle of Blanding. So simulate while you may; You simulate leading And even exploding. So simulate, soldiers, today.

This is the Battle of Blanding. Of seventeen weeks of H; But think of the shape Out fight the Japs And then—by golly!—it's swell.

Huntingdon, England.—To show their appreciation for the many good times they had enjoyed at the American Red Cross Club here, 50 GI's recently transferred to another post, drove 40 miles to attend the first anniversary of the club and to pay their respects to Lucy Houston, of Alexandria, Va., assistant director of the club, and Virginia Gardner Wheeling, W. Va., staff assistant.

The large audience of GI's and their British friends which filled to overflowing the comfortable lounge cheered enthusiastically as a sergeant, chairman of the program, concluded his speech with the words:

"A thousand thanks from a thousand Yanks to the American Red Cross."

Among the 50 GI's who arrived in two Army trucks from distant posts for the celebration were Cpl. William Sinkovich, Butler, Pa.; Sgt. Morris Yeager, Shamokin, Pa.; Master Sgt. Bolaw Jazier, Wilkes, Barre, Pa.; Sgt. Charles Hafer, Reading, Pa.; Tech. Sgt. Leo Danielewicz, Edwardsville, Pa., and Sergeant Leo Dilley, Marlinton, W. Va.

In the middle of a walled garden, the club is a lovely old house formerly the headquarters of the local Masonic lodge. It is next door to the house where Oliver Cromwell was born and down the street from the family home of Samuel Pepys. It has retained much of the atmosphere of a private home.

I just can't tell you how it has grown in a year," Miss Houston said. "The more space we get, the more we seem to need, but we try very hard to keep it like a home."

In order to make sure that the increase in space needed by the Red Cross is met with a commensurate increase in funds to keep this fine organization in tip-top shape to help our boys, be sure that you give more this year to your local chapter of Red Cross for the War Fund Drive.

The following poem was sent by Alice Hively, of Arlington, Va.

**THE CRIPPLED DRAFTSMAN**

We are crippled draftsmen  
World War Number Two  
With disability discharged  
And no work we can do.

"Victims of the draft boards  
And doctors' ostracism,  
We daily tramp the streets and roads—  
Will we have to beg or steal?"

"Some of us lost good jobs—  
I lost a business too,  
I had when I was drafted—  
It's not our fault, we're through."

"I have been from factory to factory  
But the answer is always the same  
We don't hire men past 40  
Who are crippled or lame."

"Did I go to the Veterans Bureau  
And file a claim, you say?  
I filed it many months ago  
I'm still waiting patiently."

"So please pardon how I feel,  
But I really think it's true,  
Instead of so much NEW DEAL  
We need a SQUARE DEAL, too!"

The following letter is from Sgt. Roscoe Reynolds, who is stationed at Anzio Beachhead, Italy:

Dear Calvin:

It has been a long time since I have written you, but that's not saying that I have forgotten you good folks back home.

I was planning on writing you from Sicily, and about the great invasion of Italy, I think, but neglected doing it. We certainly are proud of the equipment you folks are sending us.

With the radio informing us that the Third Division is officially here ("onchancing our glory," I think it said), I guess the old rock of the Marne is getting a lion's share of newspaper space back in the States.

While no one here could ever accuse the GI of being prima donnish and God knows nobody here would ever say "enhancing glory" is any glamour job. We do like to read about ourselves, and the magazines for newspapers, which mentions the name of the Third, or includes a photo of a dirt-stained doggy wearing our square blue and white striped patch, it races through the outfit, like news of a victory. Speaking of newspaper pictures, we are easier to recognize now, that we wear the patch on both sides of our helmets as well as on the left shoulder.

The news that we are "officially" here (with the eyes of the world upon us) first reached us via radio and our Division News Sheet. Yes we have an Anzio newspaper—which is only one mimeographed sheet with no pin-up girls or comics, but it brings the outside world into place where it missed most. Even the Krauts had us on the air one night. According to a guy who hears the nightly show job, from the Nazi propaganda factory, that famous soft-voiced girl in Berlin, welcomed us to Anzio, and asked the boys how they liked it here. Well, she's getting her answer—mitt grub on. That girl on the radio has a strange fascination, throughout the entire Mediterranean area, she is affectionately known as the "Berlin bitch"—and her ears would be very red, if she could hear things guys on this side of the line say about her.

Did I say doughnuts? No, but I've been thinking about them all day. Probably the strangest secret weapon, buried away in a

...and out what is going on here.

I don't mean a nice place, lots of sun and plenty of places to go, when you are pretty enough to get off to go and see it. I would like to tell you some of the best places to go around here, but you know the Army. But still I liked Africa the best.

I am still waiting for that letter from you. I sure have seen a lot of this world, since I have been in the Army—Africa, North Africa, Sicily and Italy, so far and if I am still lucky I will see plenty more. There isn't much I can write about, so I will ring off for this time. Tell Mrs. Price and all hello.

Your Friend, Barney.

Headquarters, Panama Canal Department.—Cpl. Earl Irvine, of Marlinton, is a member of the automatic weapons unit which was awarded the Ramon Cup this week for outstanding performance in a two month inter-battery anti aircraft firing improvement contest within the Coast Artillery Command here.

Cpl. Irvine, who is a power plant operator, and other members of his battery appeared in formation at presentation exercises attended by Maj. Gen. G. Ralph Mayer, commanding general of the Panama Coast Artillery Command, and Cpl. Adolph L. Ramon, donor of the award and commanding officer of the automatic weapons organization which conducted the competition.

On behalf of the men in his

unit, Capt. Howard L. Williams, of Toledo Ohio, received the trophy from Gen. Mayer. The winning battery was determined on the basis of competitive scores, preparation for firing, the conduct of firing, actual hits, and maintenance of firing equipment.

The Marlinton soldier has served with the armed forces guarding the Panama Canal since April 1, 1942. His brother, John Irvine is a resident of Marlinton.

The following poem is from P. F. C. Kermit O. Poe, of Cass, who is stationed overseas, in Sicily:

**TILL PEACE IS WON**

Only yesterday, I was a little boy  
With laughing eyes and face of joy  
Playing with a train of cars  
And nibbling chocolate candy bars

A little lad with golden head  
And clothes of brightest blue and red  
Today I am a man and far away  
I said good-bye in such a way,  
you could not cry  
But forced a smile and thought  
God, what a war, it must be fought

By boys who left as I have done,  
to stay 'til earth's freedoms won.  
Lord keep me safe, I pray each day  
Let Mom be brave and shed no tears  
And have no fear, though I am young  
I'm very proud to be her son  
May she stand by dear God, 'til peace is won.

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**PFC. Owen K. Gillispie**

PFC. Owen K. Gillispie, age 22 years, was accidentally killed at Camp Maxey, Texas, on Monday April 3, 1944. Details of the accident have not been reported. On Sunday afternoon his body was laid to rest in the Arboreal cemetery, the funeral being conducted from the Arboreale Methodist church, by Rev. J. W. Pugh.

Surviving are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Gillispie, Durbin; three brothers, Harry, Keaton and Donald, all at home, and six sisters, Mrs. Hazel Shears, Mrs. Ruth Lambert, and Mrs. Lulu Mullenax, all of Arboreale; Miss Myrtle and Alice Gillispie, both at home, and Mrs. Peble Alexander, Paris, Texas.



# WE SPEAK UP

## For Our Boys, Wounded and Dead . . . .

We parents have a stake in this war—paid with the blood and lives of our sons. We have a right to speak—and a duty to do so. If our boys were here, they would cry out to the conscience of the people of West Virginia.

Our sons fought—and many died—that Democracy might live. When Tojo attacked Pearl Harbor, and Hitler and Mussolini joined in the war upon us, we determined to destroy this unholy alliance and its menace to the peace of the world. That's why American boys are fighting . . . and dying.

When war came upon us, our nation was tragically unprepared. Why? Because some so-called "Statesmen" in Congress and Senate bitterly fought every effort to arm and prepare ourselves. How?

These men told us we would never be attacked

These men tried to block every reasonable defense measure

These men embraced and denounced our potential allies

These men created disunity at home.

These men—living in a fool's paradise, short-sighted, failing to understand the forces that sought to destroy our country—these men played directly into the hands of the Axis.

And to our everlasting shame, there were even those among them who cooperated actively—if unwittingly—with the Nazi propaganda machine in this country. AMONG THESE WAS RUSH HOLT OF WEST VIRGINIA!

### HERE ARE THE FACTS

George Sylvester Viereck (alias James Burr Hamilton) was convicted for failing to register legally as a Nazi agent and sent to prison. The evidence proved that he was a ringleader in spreading Nazi propaganda in America, and at the trial, RUSH HOLT WAS LINKED DIRECTLY WITH VIERECK AND HIS PROPAGANDA NETWORK!!

This is what happened—

Sigfried Hauck published pro-Nazi books in New Jersey. His publishing firm was named in a Federal indictment as a tool of the thirty persons now charged with engaging in a plot to destroy Democracy in this country and throughout the world. Hauck testified that his firm received about \$30,000 from Viereck, the Nazi spy-off man. HAUCK ALSO TESTIFIED THAT HIS FIRM ARRANGED FOR THE PUBLICATION OF TWO BOOKS BY RUSH HOLT.

Now, get this. Hauck also testified that he and Viereck went to Rush Holt's home in Washington to discuss Holt's book and how to promote its sale; that Holt agreed to buy about \$1,000 worth of advance copies out of his own funds; and that Holt offered to cooperate in promoting the book by using certain of Holt's mailing lists.

Read the record yourselves. It's in Criminal Cases Number 68648—United States of America versus George Sylvester Viereck in the District Court of the United States for the District of Columbia.

(Sigfried Hauck is on the witness stand being questioned by the Federal Prosecutor—)

Page 381 From Transcript of Proceedings

Q Tell us briefly what happened. You had dinner with the defendant (Viereck) and then where did you go?

A Yes, and then afterward we went to Mr. Holt's home, or at least where he was staying at the time.

Q Were you accompanied by the defendant? (Viereck)

A Yes.

PAGE 381

Q Tell us what took place at this conference between you and Senator Holt, and the defendant Viereck? What took place?

A We discussed Mr. Holt's manuscript. They now numbered two. We were planning to publish both of them eventually. We discussed their promotion and sale.

PAGES 384-385

Q Was there anything said about any financial assistance from any person?

A Yes.

Q What was that?

A Well, I explained to Mr. Holt that we were a rich and prosperous publishing house, that we would require some help, preferable in the form of advance sales of the book, and he agreed to buy out of his own funds a certain number of copies in advance.

Q Do you remember how many it was?

A Well, it was going to be \$1,000 worth at a certain regular discount, I believe. In other words, he would get more than \$1,000 worth.

PAGE 386

Q Was anything said about any mailing list of any person at that time?

A I think Mr. Holt mentioned he had—he would cooperate with us in promoting the books, if they were published, and I think he said he had some mailing lists that he might use himself in connection with publishing the book.

PAGE 386

Q What was done with the galley proofs?

A Well we struck off several proofs, and sent one or two sets to the author, and I believe a set to Mr. Viereck, and kept a couple of sets.

PAGE 388

Q Now, during the time when your firm, Flanders Hall, was publishing all these books that have gone in evidence, can you tell the Court and Jury how much money that your firm received from George Sylvester Viereck during that period of time?

A I think I would have to have the books to make a definite statement on that.

Q Can you tell us approximately?

A Twenty thousand dollars.

The above is the sworn statement. The testimony further showed that the draft of Rush Holt's book HAD BEEN SENT TO GERMANY TO BE EXAMINED BY THE NAZI AUTHORITIES! The British censorship officials had intercepted it at Bermuda.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY.

(Miss Gardner of the Special Branch of the Imperial Censorship at Bermuda is testifying)—

PAGE 1048

Q Now, I show you Government's Exhibit 65 (identified as material for Holt's book) in evidence, which is a batch of

papers, some chapters of clippings from the Congressional Record. Will you tell us if you have ever seen that document before, and if so, when and where?

A Yes, I saw this; it was contained in a letter, which came to me for examination and which I opened.

Q Which you opened in the course of your official duties as a member of the British Censorship at Bermuda?

A I did.

Miss Gardner then identified the envelope which contained the material for Holt's book and an inner envelope.

PAGE 1049

Q I call your attention to the fact that the inner envelope is addressed to Dr. Hans Dreckhoff, Berlin, Germany. Do you know who he was?

A He was German Ambassador to the United States and is now in the German Foreign Office.

Q The outside address is Senhor Hoinyngero Hueneros. Do you know who he is, addressed in Lisbon?

A That is an alias used by the German Embassy at Lisbon, Portugal.

Voters of West Virginia, there is the Holt record. Yet this man wants you to grant him the highest honor in West Virginia, the Governorship. Yes, he wants to be honored for his short-sightedness, for his dealings with pro-Nazi, and for his failure to help prepare our Nation for the greatest crisis in its history.

### HOLT AGAINST PREPAREDNESS

The following is the record of Holt's votes on preparedness measures during 1939 and 1940, the crucial years:

1939	
Strategic War Materials Bill	Vote Not Recorded
Planes For The Army	NO
Appropriation For The Navy	NO
1940	
Permit Sending Arms To The Allies	NO
Surplus War Stocks For Allies	NO
Military Training for CCC	Vote Not Recorded
One Year Training In Army	NO

### WHO APPLAUDED THIS "STATESMAN"?

With a record like that, it is clear why William Dudley Pelley, now in jail and again indicted for alleged sedition, reprinted speeches made by Rush Holt. ("Liberation"—issue November 7, 1940.)

With a record like this, it is clear why Edward James Smythe, also indicted for alleged sedition, described Holt as "the greatest American in the halls of Congress." And who published Smythe's statement? Court Asher, also under indictment for alleged sedition, in his magazine, "Publicity" (issue December 26, 1940.)

The sacrifices made by your boys, and ours, must not be in vain. The cause for which they fought—and still fight must be won! It must be won on the battlefields and it must be won at home. America's finest, now, man the guns. And only the finest should lead us in the halls of Government. We owe it to our boys, ourselves, and to the future of our State and Nation.

Vote for men of vision—real Americans who understand the fight for Democracy. Vote for any of the fine Americans who are Candidates on both Republican and Democratic Ballots—but DO NOT Vote for Rush Holt!

## We Speak Up for Our Boys, Wounded and Dead . . . and Say NO to Rush Holt for Governor of West Virginia

**Mr & Mrs H.M. Appeldorn, Indiana**  
Son, S-Sgt. Thomas J. Appeldorn  
Killed in European Area, Feb. 6, 1944

**Alden E. Belcher, Veteran, Rock**  
Permanently injured, June 3, 1943

**R. B. McCutcheon, Fayetteville**  
Father of Pfc. Cecil D. McCutcheon  
Killed, Mediterranean, March 7, 1944

**Perry Selvey, Fayetteville**  
Father of Charles Selvey, Army Air C.  
Missing in Action

**Charles Outright, Kaymoor**  
Father, Charles C. Outright, U.S. Navy  
Killed in Action

**Ray Light, Fayetteville**  
Father of Wilbur A. Light, U.S. Navy  
Killed in Action

**Mrs. Gertrude Kelley, Canard**  
Mother of Pfc. Edward E. Kelley  
Killed in North Africa, Sept. 26, 1943

**Mr & Mrs W. H. Kerns, Tiptoe**  
Son, Sgt. James Kerns  
Killed North Africa, Aug. 28, 1943

**Mrs. Roberts Turner, Charleston**  
Son, Robert Lee Turner, U. S. Navy  
Killed April 11, 1943

**Mrs. Annie King, Red House**  
Son, Pvt. Denver King  
Held prisoner by Japs in Philippines

**J. E. Matthews, Winfield**  
Stepson, Pvt. Raymond Sheldon  
Held prisoner by Japs in Philippines

**Thos. C. Hudnell, Canby Bridge**  
Father of Pfc. Jess W. Hudnell  
Killed, North Africa, Oct. 26, 1943

**Mrs. Audrey E. Deal, Powhatan**  
Wife of Fred O. Deal, U. S. Army  
Killed May 7, 1943

**Mrs. Stella Painter, Bothan**  
Mother, Wm. J. Painter, U.S. Marines  
Killed in Action

**R. T. Wilson, Edmond**  
Father of Benjamin T. Wilson, Jr.  
Killed, Mediterranean, March 31, 1944

**Mrs. Edna Ruth Craddock, Long Branch**  
Mother of Donald R. Craddock  
Killed, North Africa, June 7, 1943

**Clarence H. Wynn, Marshall**  
Son, Edward Wynn  
Killed in Action, 1st Cavalry, U.S. Army

**Mrs. Jessie Virginia White, Lohm**  
Son, Pfc. James H. White  
Killed, North Africa, June 19, '43

**Mrs. Florence Akers, Beeson**  
Son, Pvt. Clarence W. Akers  
Killed, Mediterranean, Dec. 18, 1943

**Clyde Gray, Kingston**  
Brother of Ernest Gray  
Killed in Action

**Mrs. L. W. Long, Kingston**  
Mother of Jack Long, U.S. Army  
Killed in Action

**Mrs. M. Waldron, Kincaid**  
Mother of Herbert L. Wriston, U.S.  
Army, wounded

**Mrs. Vivian Boyd, Mt. Hope**  
Mother of Richard E. Boyd, Jr. U.S.  
Navy, Killed in Action

**Charles Tyler, Oak Hill**  
Father of Chas. H. Tyler, U.S. Navy  
Killed in Action

**Stephen Garvin, Jane Lee**  
Son, Stephen Garvin  
Killed in Action, 1st Cavalry, U.S. Army

**Mr & Mrs Bert Samples, Beckley**  
Parents of Bert T. Samples, Jr., Pfc. U.S.  
Marines, Killed in Action

**Mr & Mrs Hugh Hancock, Beckley**  
Parents of Pvt. Martin Hancock  
Killed in Action

**Mrs. Laura Wingler, Beckley**  
Mother of Pfc. Paul D. Wingler, U. S.  
Marines, Killed in Action

**Mrs. Sophronie Young, Charleston**  
Gold Star Mother; Son, John W. Young,  
killed at Verdun, Oct. 2, 1918; buried at  
St. Mihiel, France.

**Campbell Savage, Wheeling**  
Son, George C. Savage, radio operator  
Killed over Latin America, July 18, 1942

**Mrs. Iva A. Stine, New Martinsville**  
Son, Lt. Homer A. Stine  
Killed in Action, South Pacific

**Mrs. John Hawkins, New Martinsville**  
Son, 2nd Lt. Vernel Hawkins, Bombslayer  
Shot down over Belgium

**G. L. Hinchey, Mt. Hope**  
Father of Lt. J. L. Hinchey, Army Air  
Corps, Missing in Action

**Latelle Ingram, Kingston**  
Veteran 2nd World War  
Wounded in Action, South Pacific

**Mrs. Jan. A. Feringer, Longacre**  
Mother of Sgt. C. L. Persinger  
Casualty of World War II

**Mrs. Nell Johnson, Smithers**  
Mother of Sgt. William Johnson  
Casualty of World War II

**C. F. Lavender, Cannerton**  
Father of Lt. James Lavender  
Casualty of World War II

**Mrs. Anna Mae Muir, Powhatan**  
Wife of Sgt. Ernest G. Muir  
Casualty of World War II

**Mrs. L. G. Kincaid, Amsted**  
Mother of Lt. Kincaid  
Casualty of World War II

**Mr & Mrs J. A. Ramsey, Welch**  
Parents of Claude J. Ramsey  
Wounded in North Africa

**Mr & Mrs J. B. Shown, Welch**  
Father and Mother of son  
Casualty of World War II

A Paid Political Advertisement







VOL. 41 NO. 41

MARLINTON POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, MAY 11, 1944

51.00 A T

### Our Army and Navy Boys

Army Air Base, Dalhart, Texas—Sgt. Jerry R. Cassell, of Cass, W. Va., will soon complete his training in the Second Air Force and in the near future he will go overseas in a combat area to do his part in defeating the enemy. He is stationed at the Army Air Base, Dalhart, Texas, at the present time receiving a very important part of his final training as a Tail Gunner. Sgt. Cassell is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Cassell, Cass, West Virginia.

Great Lakes, Illinois.—Recent graduation ceremonies at the Naval Training School (Electrical), North Dakota State School of Science, Wahpeton, N. D., saw Bluejacket Austin Paul Duncan, 27, husband of Mrs. Lyda Jane Duncan, of Buckeye, West Virginia, receive recognition as eligible to qualify for the petty officer rate of electrician's mate third class.

Selected for this special training on the basis of his recent training aptitude tests the Bluejacket completed a course of study that included the use, function and maintenance of all electric tools used by the Navy. A theoretical phase included electricity and the radio elements of electricity.

The graduate is now awaiting active duty orders to sea or to some shore station.

Headquarters, European Theatre of Operations.—When word was passed officially that airborne troops were in the theatre in strength, West Virginia had more than a passing interest, for hundreds of her sons were among the parachute and glider men ready for the assault on Hitler's roofless Europe. A leader of one of the rugged parachute infantry battalions is Col. Robert L. Wolynson, of Elkins. All American airborne troops—ground forces, who use gliders and troop carrier planes—have been stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia, or at MacCall, North Carolina. They maneuvered in Tennessee.

Colonel Wolynson's outfit set a record by marching 110 miles in three days after 13 weeks basic training. Pocahontas County soldiers in the airborne troops ready for the invasion are—

Pfc. Gerald R. McNeill, Route 1, Marlinton, radio operator.

Pfc. Howard E. Bowers, Huntersville, ammunition bearer.

Pfc. Carl C. VanKeenan, Marlinton, mortar gunner.

Pfc. Daniel G. Stone, Bartow, gunner.

Corp. Jay B. Graham, Buckeye, fireman and cook.

May Seabolt received the following letter from her brother, Robert Hinkle, from somewhere in India:

April 15, 1944.

Dear Sister:

I will answer your letter, I just received. It was the first letter

I had got from you for quite a while. I just didn't have time to write. This leaves me well and Q. K. I sure hope it finds you and all of the family well and enjoying life. As usual there isn't much to write. We sure are having some hot weather—the hottest I ever did see. Do you remember one year ago today I was home, just starting back to camp. There was a snow, and boy it was cold. I just about froze before I got across the Mt. It was about that cold when I was home last fall. You asked if my buddies were here. Will you send me Elmer's address I would like to write him a line. I send a lot of my letters in air mail envelopes, but I don't guess they get there any faster than ordinary mail. I haven't heard from Roy or Walter for a while. You said Walter was having his teeth extracted. That sure will be some pain. I had another tooth filled a few days ago. I got a letter from you a few days ago, that was mailed before Christmas. Took it a long time to catch up with me, didn't it?

Well I guess I had better close for this time. Tell all of the folks I said hello. Answer real soon, with a long letter.

Your brother, Robert.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Nottingham, of Durbin, received the following letter from their son, Gerald:

Dearest Mother:

I thought I would write and let you know that I got back here from my leave in plenty of time. It was really nice to get back home again, and take life easy just like old times. A fellow really enjoys himself when he can get some home cooking too.

Lucille and I went to Baltimore to see Clara. We saw her but didn't get to stay very long, for I had to take the bus at nine o'clock in order to get back on time.

I am sending you the pictures I had made. You can imagine by looking at the pictures what the place was like, where I was.

Tell everyone hello for me. I was nice to see every body again, although I didn't get to stay long enough.

I suppose that will be all for this time, so I will close hoping to hear from you soon.

Your son, Gerald.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Opal Ervin, of Marlinton, from W. B. Lester.

Dear Sis:

I will drop you a few lines to let you hear from me. This leaves me Q. K. and hope these few lines find you the same. I got a letter from mother a few days ago. They were all well. What is John doing now? Tell him I said hello. I can't think of their names. Sis, tell Eva to write to me. I don't know her address. Write and tell me all the news back there.

I don't know when I will be

home Sis, I am somewhere in the South Pacific. I had a letter from Polly and Eva, and I had a letter from Earl. Well Sis, I can't think of much to write, so I'll ring off.

Your brother,

Pfc. W. B. Lester.

Corp. Frank Doyle Kincaid, of the Army Air Corps, stationed at Deming, New Mexico, is home on furlough with relatives and friends at Marlinton and Huntersville.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Dean, of Lobelia, have been notified of the death of their son, P.F.C. Harlan Dean, who was killed in action in Italy, on March 30, 1944.

Corp. Damon Landis, stationed at Camp Maxey, Texas, is home on furlough, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Landis.

Dick Anderson, having completed his "boot" training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, is home on short leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harper Anderson.

Mrs. Herman J. Menefee received a telegram on May 2, saying their son, Private Herman J. Menefee, was slightly wounded in April while on duty somewhere in Italy.

Word has been received that Clarence Dunbrack, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burgess Dunbrack, has landed safely in Italy. His brother, Private Summers O. Dunbrack, stationed at Camp Howze, Texas, is now home on furlough with his wife and other relatives.

Mrs. R. H. Wilfong was down from Stony Bottom last Saturday. She reports her son, Emmett, has arrived safely somewhere in England. He reports a nice country and likes it fine. He serves in the Field Artillery.

Sergeant Julian B. Hanson, who has been stationed at Staten Island, New York, has recently been transferred to Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Corp. Esco Johnson, of New River, North Carolina, and Mrs. Johnson, of Washington, D. C., were recalled to Smithburg, recently by the illness of Corporal Johnson's grandfather, D. W. Sayre.

Harold McMillan, who has been promoted to Aviation Machine Gunner, 3-C, is home on leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilton McMillan, of Droop Mountain. He is stationed at the Naval Air Station, Norfolk, Virginia.

Private Kyle C. Dille, has been promoted to Private First Class. He is now somewhere in northern Ireland. His wife will be glad to give his address to any one who wishes to write to him. Mail is an important thing to our boys who are in Service. It does not take long to write a few lines to a lonely soldier who is a long way from home and the ones he loves. Friends do not forget to pray for our boys.

Harold Gustafson has completed his "boot" training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and is spending a ten day leave with his mother, Mrs. Lilian Johnson, at Boyer.

Lew Sharp, of the Navy, stationed at Great Lakes, Illinois; Corp. Jack Sharp, stationed at Fort Belvoir, Virginia; Corp. Earl Sharp, stationed at Camp Polk, Louisiana, are home on leave and furloughs. They are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Sharp.

Sgt. Keith Hudson, stationed at Camp Howze, Texas, is home on furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hudson at Greenbank.

Pfc. Loran S. Jordan, of Greenbank, has arrived at a port "somewhere in India." He is one of a contingent of veterans from the North Africa and Italian fighting. A picture for the daily papers show Mr. Jordan and other members of this contingent being shown the country by an American Red Cross Staff Assistant.

Staff Sergeant Oren L. McLaughlin has been cited for a good conduct medal. He is the son of Mrs. Mary J. McLaughlin of Dunsmuir.

### THE ELECTION

The few and far-flung election returns which are in this paper is printed Wednesday morning would indicate that Judge Meadows has overwhelmed Rush Holt for the democratic nomination for governor, and that it is a horse race between Mages Dawson and R. J. Funkhouser for the republican nomination with odds favoring Dawson.

Judge Meadows carried Pocahontas County, with figures close between Dawson and Funkhouser.

In the only County contest, the race between "Grady" Moore and J. E. Hamrick for Circuit Clerk, the meagre returns favor Mr. Moore.

Senator Allen was taking about all the votes there was, but no word has come from other counties of the district.

The day was good for farming and the vote was light.

Sgt. Harry Smith, stationed at Gulfport, La., is home on furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ashford, of Greenbank, have received word that their youngest son, Wm. F. has been promoted from Corporal to Sergeant. He is somewhere in England.

Miss Peggy Smith, who is in training for a Red Cross worker, foreign service, is home, from Washington, D. C., for a few days, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zed S. Smith, Jr. Her brother, Major Z. S. Smith III, is expected home from the South Pacific next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edith Moore have received word that their son, Ralph has arrived safely "somewhere in England."

Sgt. I. B. Bumgardner, Jr., is home from the army on furlough.

Sgt. W. A. Galtner has returned to Fort Fisher, N. C., after a ten day furlough spent with his wife and little daughter, Virginia Lee.

Able Seaman Wm. Kyle, of the United States Merchant Marines, is home on short leave to visit his grandmother, Mrs. Augusta Wilkey.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to our many friends and neighbors of our community and to our pastor, and others, who came to sympathize with us in our time of distress and grief caused by the death of our dear son and brother, Harlan E. Dean. Also, for the many cards of sympathy, May God bless each and every one in our prayer.

Mr. & Mrs. Guy Dean, & Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Friel and children, Billy, Carolyn, Jean, Eddie and Garry Lee of Huttonsville, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Friel.

Robert Mann has returned to Richmond after spending a few days here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mack Mann.

While some have caught nice trout and enough of them, the bigger and better trout waters have been in poor shape for fishing. It has been raining too much and too often. I got mine alright by fishing a small stream, well stocked with hand raised trout. However, it is only right to confess that in teaching grandson, Basil Price Sharp, aged eight, going on nine, how to fly fish, he beat my time, about two to one.

Speaking about foxes; over in Bath County, last week an owner of a summer camp washome from the army had went to look to see how things were faring about the camp since he left it last hunting season. He saw a red fox kit sun

### FIELD NOTES

People are reporting in that their cats are dying off worse than usual this spring. It might be distemper; it might be a kind of plague; it might be internal parasites. Cats used to live until they died of old age at from ten to twelve years. Now young cats die by whole sale, and for one to live as much as two or three years, is the exception.

Looking into the matter for the deep consideration, it deserves an old timer tells me that modern day cats know so little about what is good for them that they eat the tails of rats and mice.

The tails of rats and mice is poison size and swift for cats. People and cats of former days knew it too. The guardians of our graineries, barns and houses would invariably leave untouched the tails of rats and mice they caught and consumed. Such cats lived to ripe old ages too.

Just now I am not prepared to say exactly what it is in rat tails to kill cats; whether a subtle, toxic poison, or the small, sharp, four-sided, joint bones which cut the inwards of cats.

On April 4, which was a cold, snowy day, D. D. Adairwell, on earthed a big blacksnake while working on a fence row down on the Dock Cutlip farm on Locust Creek. The snake had evidently wintered in an old post hole; possibly a foot underground.

No finer flower in the spring woods than is the trillium. One plant, gone flower is the rule. However, R. B. Slaven went to the woods and got a few plants, which he set out in shady places around his house on Lower Camden. This year one of the plants had fifty-four blossoms on it.

J. O. Kellison was up from Jackson one day last week. He reported his season's fox catch at twenty-six head; mostly grays. He also got a couple of wild cats.

For several years past, the foxes have cost Mrs. Dan Beverage rather dearly in poultry and set traps. The result of her trapping was eight head of foxes—three reds and five grays. Some foxes pulled out of her steel traps too. The money result in bounties and returns for fur was nearly fifty dollars.

I can report the unusual—a jay bird's nest in a pine tree in the back yard. So far, the jay bird is the least obtrusive, quietest and best behaved bird on the place.

Benton Smith reports the unusual—he and his partner caught a trout. The men were fishing a pool in Gladys Fork of Cranberry, when Benton got a "bite." Then the other man got a bite. They both pulled up on struggling trout and they accused each other of fouled lines. When they landed their fish, it was one trout with both hooks swallowed down. It was taking all corners that day and playing no favorite.

Talking about the unusual, here is one: Up Stony Bottom way some weeks ago, a farmer's sow found a litter of eleven pigs. All seemed to be doing well until one morning, two of the little pigs were missed. Then another one came up short. It was supposed the old sow was eating up her little ones, so watch was kept. Imagine the surprise of the owner when he saw a big possum coming away from the pig pen, dragging a little pig he had killed.

J. M. Bear has received word that his brother, Captain Hoover Bear, a Chaplain in the Army, has arrived safely somewhere in England.

Mrs. William Call and little daughter, Karen Sue, are up from St. Albans to be with Mrs. Call's mother, Mrs. J. F. Rock, of Hillsboro, who is quite ill. Mrs. Rock was removed to an Elkins hospital on Tuesday for examination.

### These THICK SHINGLE

"Because Ruberoid Thick-Shingles have an extra coat of asphalt coating and granules over all parts exposed to the weather. They are much thicker than ordinary shingles and are much longer because the extra thickness is just that much extra. Your choice of colors and blends in these massive strip shingles. Look over our samples. Get our prices and find them very economical."

Genuine  
**RUBER-OID**  
**THICK-BUTT**  
SHINGLES  
for sale at

We have a few Stewart Shearing Machines. Known for all Stewart Machines.

**C. J. RICHARD**  
Hardware and Fur  
Marlinton, West Vir

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### "Control money and you control all"—HITLER

Modern Germany is an example of the dangers of centralized control of money and credit. Hitler grabbed financial power as one of the first moves to dominate the nation. Many say "It can't happen here," but there are some who want it to happen and who are working toward that end. Every American should be on guard to prevent any attempt to "centralize" control of the country's banking machinery.





### First National Bank

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Members of  
**FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM**  
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

### ALPINE THEATRE

Week Starting Wednesday, May 10th

Wednes. Thurs.

**What a Woman**  
Rebecca Russell - Brian Abernethy

Friday Satur.

Double Feature

**Mine Sweeper**  
Richard Arlen - Joan Parker

**Cow Boy in Clouds**  
Charles Starrett

Serial, "MASKED MARVEL," chapter 3

Mon. Tues.

**Thousands Cheer**  
Kathryn Grayson - Gene Kelly

BUY Your War Stamps and Bonds Here

BRIGHTEN UP FURNITURE • WOODWORK • PAINTING • ENAMELING • One Coat Enamel • Easy to use • covers all • no brush marks • many gorgeous colors

PAINT KITCHEN and BATH • with SHEEN • SEMI-GLOSS • Semi-gloss finish • covers all • Durable •

FOR BEAUTIFUL • DURABLE • SHEEN • FLOOR • A tough, long wearing floor for wood, linoleum, tile, etc. •

"We Still Deliver" Peoples Store & Service MARLINTON, W. VA.



Sixth Army Group, France—Warehouses so badly gutted by the retreating Germans that they had been declared impossible to repair are now still in use in Italy a tribute to the skill and hard work of a company of Negro engineers now serving in France with the Continent Advance Section, supply organization of the Sixth Army Group and the Seventh Army.

When this group of engineers moved in to rehabilitate the warehouses, they applied "GI-genuity" to their work. The warehouses were quickly repaired and made usable and many of the supplies that backed the invasion of Southern France were stored in them before shipment.

The organization has been over seas two years and its members have earned three battle stars for participation in as many campaigns. But it is proudest of its achievement in Naples, when, after a German air raid, the men of the company worked 48 hours to rescue two soldiers and a civilian trapped under 24 tons of debris.

Among the soldiers in this company are Private Manuel Harrison Evans, son of Harrison Evans, and Corporal Nathan A. Walker, son of Mrs. Susie L. Walker, of Marlinton, West Virginia.



BERGOO MILL TO CLOSE

Webster Springs.—The Pardee & Curtain Lumber Company has announced the closing of their big band saw mill at Bergoo. The mill will be dismantled and sold through second hand dealers or as junk. The balance of the company's timber holdings, consisting largely of isolated tracts, will be manufactured on portable mills.

At one time this company employed as high as 350 men. Of late months mill and woods forces consisted of about 150 men.

The Pardee and Curtain Lumber Company is one of the oldest lumber firms in West Virginia. Seventy-five years ago they began operation in Taylor County. Later they operated in Braxton and Nicholas Counties. The operation at Bergoo began nearly twenty years ago, the mill being moved from Cuzick, in Nicholas. In the thirty years operation at Sutton, about a billion feet of lumber was manufactured. Much of this timber was floated down Elk River during high water stages.

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**VIRGINIA, February 22, 1945**

**DEATHS**

**Samuel Buckner Wallace**

The subject of this sketch, Black Staff Wallace, as he was familiarly known by his friends and associates, was born on a farm in the Valley of Virginia, near the town of Fairfield, Rockbridge County, Virginia, September 29, 1879, and passed away at his home in Marlinton, February 5, 1945. He was the son of the late John William Wallace and Virginia Tysinger Wallace.

His funeral was conducted at his residence in Marlinton on the afternoon of February 8, 1945, by the Reverend J. C. Wool, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. His interment was in his family plot in the Mountain View Cemetery. He was a member of the Lutheran Church. He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Eleanor Bennick of New Market, Virginia, who died about ten years ago. On November 27, 1943, he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Hill of Marlinton, who survives him. He is also survived by one brother, W. E. Wallace, of Akron, Ohio. Another brother, John L. Wallace, of Jacksonville, Florida, preceded him in death about fifteen years ago.

He was educated in the schools of his native county and grew to manhood on his father's farm. He always seemed interested in drugs and medicine, for at an early age his first venture in business for himself after leaving his ancestral home was a traveling salesman in West Virginia, representing the well known drug firm of Loewy Brothers of Baltimore, Maryland. He continued in this for about four years. In June 1903 he came to his adopted town of Marlinton and with Dr. E. C. Curry and S. L. Carter as his partners purchased the old and well established retail drug store of Harry R. Echols. The business was conducted in the partnership name of the Marlinton Drug Store. The business was successful from the beginning and in the course of time he purchased the interest of his associates and conducted the store alone until 1930 when he sold the retail business to the Echols family and organized the wholesale business of selling drugs and accessories and incorporated it under the name of S. B. Wallace & Company. By his untiring energy, industry and with his other officers and working force, he has built up a wholesale business which would be a credit to a much more populous and important city.

From the time S. B. Wallace located in Marlinton, he adapted himself to the manners, customs and people of the County and was one of them. He endeavored to do everything to make his country a better and happier place to live. He was interested in the industries inside his county, the improvement of roads and transportation facilities and betterment of rural farm conditions. He was always interested in the young people of the town and county and soon after he established himself he organized a baseball team and through his example, training and clean living, developed a very successful team. Many of the young men who played on the teams have become leading citizens in their different fields of occupation.

He will probably be remembered best for connection with the Pocahontas County Fair which was organized in 1919, when he became the first and only President and general manager and for 25 years had been the life and inspirational force that kept it going. In the conception of Mr. Wallace and which he endeavored to impress on the directors that it should be a county fair for the county people. Different from typical county or State fairs, an exhibition of objects of art, products of the farm and garden, live stock and poultry, thus fostering a friendly competition among local people for the improvement of the livestock industry, agriculture and the arts.

He was enthusiastic, and could inspire confidence in others, in anything which he would undertake, and did with all his zeal and might, whatever his mind and hand found to do, until it was finally accomplished. He was a very lovable man and loved his home, his friends, his business and will be greatly missed by a large number of friends in this and adjoining counties.

Thus is noted the passing, in the prime of manhood one of the leading and prominent citizens of Pocahontas County.

T. S. M.







Our Army and Navy Boys

Mr and Mrs F. E. Grogg and family were notified last week by the War Department of the death of S-Sgt. Emil L. Grogg, on August 8th, in England, due to injuries received in action.

St-Sgt. Emil L. Grogg was born on September 22, 1923, at Greenbank. He was a graduate of Greenbank High school in May 1942. He was then employed as a sheet metal worker by the Glen L. Martin Company in Baltimore, until he entered the Air Corps on March 22, 1943.

He completed months of specialized training in Army Air Force Technical schools at Keesler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi and Laredo Army Air Base, Laredo, Texas; then had final training in Combat Crew Training school as an aerial engineer and gunner at Colorado Springs, Colorado, before he left for the theatre of war. After landing safely in England on June 28, 1944, he was sent to Northern Ireland where he completed an orientation course designed to bridge the gap between training in the States and combat soldiering against the enemy in France.

St-Sergeant Emil L. Grogg is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest E. Grogg, of Dunmore; six brothers, Charles, Melvin, Edward Ray, Donald, Forrest, Jr., and Marion David; four sisters, Dorothea, Betty and Ruth Ann, all of Dunmore; Martha Mae, employed in Charleston; one brother, Pvt. Guy S. Grogg, in the Army, stationed in North Africa. Also numerous relatives and friends.

Somewhere in England.  
August 12, 1944.

Dear Mr. Price:

When I was home in Marlinton I often read letters from our boys overseas. Now I am writing you one myself and I hope you will print it in the Times. I am now back in England after being wounded somewhere in France. I am O. K. and am getting along fine. You probably do not know me so I will tell you who I am. I am the son-in-law of B. F. Long of Marlinton and I was living there when I was drafted. I would appreciate it if you will put this in the Times and I am sure Mr. Long will too. I am also sending you a poem I have written here in the hospital.

Thanking you very much, and in advance I am,

Yours truly,  
Private Ralph D. Coberly.

THINGS I MISS

I miss my home in Marlinton,  
I miss my friends so dear,  
I miss everything so dear to me  
Since I came over here.

I miss the singing of the birds  
The humming of the bees,  
I miss the hunting on the hillside  
Among the rocks and trees.

I miss the buzzing of the old sawmill,  
The tannery not far from the track,  
I miss the gang at Wib's pool hall,  
But someday I'll come back.

I miss the things I did not know I loved;  
I wanted to be on the run,  
But there is no place I'd rather be than dear old Marlinton.

Lanty Phillips, S 2-c, United States Navy, writes as follows to sister, Mrs. Ellen Hoover:  
August 14, 1944

Dear Sis:

Thought that I would drop you a few lines. This leaves me O. K. and hope you all are the same. I guess you thought that I was not going to write but I have not had time. I have been moved again but we are not allowed to tell where we are but I would rather be back in the States.

August 17, 1944

Received your letter yesterday and sure was glad to know you were all well. For myself I am just fine. You said that you thought about me all of the time. Well don't think that I don't think of you all and home; that is all I can think of.

Tell Ruth and Joan that I cannot get the things they wanted until I come back in the States. You were wanting a poll parrot. I will get you two little ones if they will let me send them to you. They only cost two dollars a piece.

We have a lot of fun here but not as much as I had when I was home. Coconuts grow here and things grow the year around here. It is a nice place here.

Tell Lem I don't guess I will get to squirrel hunt this year but I sure would like to. Tell Bertha and all hello for me and give John and them my address and tell them to write to me.

Write to me real soon.  
Your brother,  
Lanty Phillips, S 2-c.



## PULASKI TIMES

Published at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1944

An important item of business this month and a personal, patriotic privilege as well, is to contribute to the raising of not less than \$2,500 in Pocahontas County for the support of the United Service Organizations. These minister to our men in the Armed Services. Let the letter of Aubrey Ferguson, Pharmacist Mate, United States Navy, be our editorial this week. He wrote it to Harper M. Smith, the County Chairman.

Sunday Sept. 3, 1944.

Dear Harper:

I am spending the week-end in Chicago on liberty, and remembering your desire for a personal view of the U. S. O. at work for service men and women, I have come tonight purposely to one of the many clubs here, to drop you a line from "the scene."

This particular Club is located at Wabash & Monroe, and on the second floor of a large business building, the entire floor being donated by Norman F. Bensinger, a Chicago business man, for this activity.

At the door as I came in, I was met by a genial man who turned out to be a Mr. Hemmick, a Salvation Army representative. His first inquiry was, "Can I do something for you?" And this seems to be the general attitude of all the Clubs and their workers—doing something for the men and women who visit, the men in such large numbers.

There are dozens and dozens of people in here at the moment. All around one side of the wall near me there are other writing desks who likewise are thinking of home and loved ones. And incidentally, most of them are not equipped with one of their own, are having the same struggle that I was having before my exasperation led me to change to this lowly pencil—that is trying to make a public pen write!

It will be impossible to give you any more than a scant concept of the work of such a large club as this—for they undoubtedly do countless good things that do not readily present themselves to observation. But there is what I can see:

A snack bar, where good eats and drinks may be obtained at cost.

Cloak and check rooms for hats and wraps of military visitors and the civilian workers, including a bevy of attractive young women who are here to provide the feminine company so many men are looking for—and a corps of outstanding women, just a few years older, who act as hostesses and chaperones.

In one corner is a room marked "Camera Club," and here I was told a Service man may borrow a camera for that Chicago "excursion," and there is maintained a dark room and developer for finishing the pictures—one can either do it himself or it will be done for him.

Next is a work room where one can busy his hands making things from plastics and other materials. Then there is a sketch corner with materials for the one with artistic inclinations. Many sample photographs and sketches show the work others have done in these two diversions.

A half-dozen ping pong tables are all in use on the other side of the room, and some are engaged in playing other games.

In the large ballroom a dance is in progress, with an orchestra providing the music. I noticed a juke-box which is probably employed when an orchestra is not present.

At a piano just back of me a girl is playing for a swingin' fellow and a girl who like to you. Since I have been sitting here their songs have expressed every desire from "a girl who married dear old dad" to "Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone?"

All over this side of the room there are comfortable chairs with cigarettes and ash trays nearby and the usual wide variety of magazines and papers.

At an information desk sits an attractive young woman who told me her name was Miss Adams, when I borrowed this pencil from her. So, if one doesn't see what he wants he can always ask Miss Adams! She was born at Beckley, W. Va.

An interesting feature is the "Spot Your Home Town" section consisting of cut out maps of every State in the Union, put upon a wall, with large-headed pins to be put in by visitors. Needless to say they are all well-dotted with pins by now. I'll stick one the West Virginia map at the site of Marlinton just because it's one of the Nation's best localities!

Well, what more could anyone expect to get for the money they give in belief of those who are serving their country!

I am so glad Harper, that you have attempted to head the drive

again for the U. S. O. in Pocahontas county. You did a fine job of it last year, and you and your staff of volunteers, and all the generous people of the County may take my sincere word for it, that the work of the U. S. O. is unequalled in this war.

A friend of mine from West Virginia, Walter H. Fisher, Jr., of Charleston, just said to me the other evening, "I never realized till I got into the Service just what the U. S. O. is doing. It is hard for anyone else to realize the broad scope of its work."

That is true, but with so many to recommend it, I am sure that our people will not hesitate to give with such willingness that your drive will be put over the top—and quickly!

Very best wishes to you from one who is proud to be your friend. Aubrey.

## Our Army and Navy Boys

Pvt. Howard R. Does writes from New Guinea under date of August 28, 1944.

Dear Cal:

This is a few-lines tonight to let you know I am still alive, over here in New Guinea, and no matter how long I am over here I won't be able to forget about home and the folks back home. Hope everyone of them are well and happy and that the dry weather must have cut the crops quite a lot.

Say Cal, there is something I would like for you to do for us boys who are from the county of Pocahontas and over here in New Guinea. I wish you would send me the addresses of some of them or all of them if you can. The most of us would like to get together once in awhile, but we are unable to, without the address. And APO number. Let me know if you can do this for us.

I have been writing Summers Dunbrack for the last two weeks, having found his address in the home state address book at the "Red Cross," that is the only way we can find each other over here. I would like to have Ivan Barlow's address, if you have it handy.

I want to also let you know of my change of address and hope this is the last time I will have to worry you with this.

I am truly sorry to see by your paper, that we lost so many of our boys from our county at the start of the invasion. I send my deepest regrets to those who have lost loved ones and friends on that side of this War tired world, but let us hope they have not died in vain, as so many of our boys did in 1917-18. Let us hope the good old U. S. A. really wakes up, this time and cleans out the two "rats nests" once and for all, and let as many of the boys come back to their homes again, as God sees fit to spare.

I must close for this time.

Pvt. Howard R. Does.

Cpl. Forest H. Turner writes to his mother, Mrs. Nora Turner, of Frost, Panama.

Dearest Mother:

Well mother as I received two letters from you today I will try and answer them. They were the first I have received from you for a week, but as the air mail has not been going I did not expect any. So, if you have not heard from me for a week or so, you know why. Well I am pretty happy tonight, and enjoying myself. Mary sent me a box of cookies, so I am sitting here writing and eating cookies.

There is a soldier here that has a pet monkey; he is outside on the window sill begging me for more cookies. He is the sweetest animal I ever saw; he will climb upon you and search your pockets for candy and gum. If you have any he will soon find it. I am going to have my picture taken with him sitting on my shoulder, hugging him and send you one.

Well mother, I'm glad you go on to can, they are my favorite fruit. Mary said she had canned quite a few quarts. Well, I will ring off, as I want to write to Mary. Take best care of your self. With love, from your son, Forest.

L. L. Dilley, of Covington, Va., sends this letter from his brother, PFC Kyle C. Dilley who is serving in the Infantry somewhere in France.

Aug. 24, 1944.

Hello Lawrence & All: I will drop you a few lines to let you know I am well yet. How are you all? Fine, I hope. I am getting the mail all right. I am in combat. I have been in five days and I have been up in the front line. We've got the boys on the run, now. I cannot tell you much news in a letter. I will tell you the news when I get home. I hope it will be soon. I hope to get the box of candy soon. You can send me candy any time.

Well the big guns are roaring now. Tell the rest of the folks hello for me, and keep the good work up. We will win the war soon.

I don't have any more news for now. I will close for now.

Love, Kyle.

Soldier Hughes M. Cook writes as follows to his wife from Guam in the South Pacific, under date of August 15:

My Dearest One:

Just a few lines in reply to your letters I have received since I have been here on the Island of Guam. I have gotten twenty-three letters from you since I came here but just have not had the chance to answer any of them until now. You know, I just cannot fight the Japs and write letters at the same time. I did not get the letters from our daughter and your mother you mentioned in your letter; if I had I would certainly have answered.

This leaves me well and getting along fine. Hope this letter finds you and all the same.

I am sending you a bill of Japanese money as a souvenir. The bill is called a five yen piece. I will send our daughter a Japanese half yen (half-dollar) piece in paper, as that is the largest bill I have at hand as I write.

I want you to tell my buddy, Jess, that he should be here to go hunting with me. We have an open season here on Japs. There is no limit on how many you can kill in a day or a night.

Love to you and our daughter. Your devoted husband, H. M. Cook.

The following letter was received by Mrs. John Clark, from her son, James G. Quick, who is at Sea in parts unknown. He has been on the water since March and is now on the U.S.S. Scrogan, which is the fourth ship.

Dear Mom:

I received the Testament you sent me, and I like it very much.

Mother remember the ships I came off. Well a torpedo struck her mid ship and she went down in 4 miles. The Charles Lawrence got hit too; that was the other ship I was on. There were three ships I have been on struck, two sunk and one damaged. 31 men on the Darnell, D. E. 56 and 76 men on the Scrogan D. E. 53 and 11 men on Wilkens D. E. 800.

I sure am thankful that I was transferred in time. I don't like the ship I am on now and I am going to apply for a transfer. I don't know whether I will get it or not. I am sending you a picture of myself as soon as I have time to get some made.

Closing with love and the best of luck. Your son, Jimmy.

The following letter was received by Howard Ray from his son-in-law, Pvt. Reed Turner, who is serving overseas. Reed has been a member of the Armed Forces since June 1, 1942. His wife and daughter are residing with her parents near Marlinton. Somewhere in China July 30, 1944.

Hello Grand dad and All:

As I am not doing anything at present I will try and write a V mail letter to you for a change. The weather here sure has been hot and dry, but we had a good rain yesterday, and last night, which cooled the air off some, but it is still pretty hot.

There is not much going on here at the present time and nothing that we can tell. Suppose you are getting the news everyday over the radio, and that is about all I could tell you if we could write it. I am glad I can talk the radio down with her and was able to get a battery for it as it will be a lot of company to her and Bunny as well as the rest of you.

We have been over here more than a year now, so it will not be very long until we can get home again. Really will be glad when that day does come. Take care of yourself and Velma and Bunny and write when you can. Some of these days, I will be home again.

As ever your son, Reed.

Air Force Service Command Station, England Private First Class Claude A. Stumming, Cass, W. Va., serves in a quartermaster truck company at this air base. Son of Mrs. Eula Blake, Cass, he aids in the delivery of vital war supplies needed to sustain the aerial offensive in Germany. A farmer prior to entering service in April, 1942, Pfc. Stumming is now operating a vehicle. He has been overseas since February, 1944.

Mrs. Kate B. Ware, of Mingo, received the Purple Heart, which was awarded her son, PFC Okey P. Ware, for the honor of being wounded in the Invasion of France on July 4th. We are glad to say he is recovering fast. Mrs. Ware has another son, Ola M. Ware, S.K. 30, of the Navy, somewhere in the South Pacific, who at last reports was getting along fine.

Pvt. Delbert Kerns of Butler, N. C. recently visited his friend, Mrs. Mary Simmons, at Marlinton. Also: parents and friends at Elkins. Pvt. Kerns has been overseas for two years.

Born in Cal. and Mrs. Forrest R. Turner, September 3, 1944, a daughter, name, Doris Marie.

The following letter was recently sent by Mrs. Daisy Simmons, of Elkins, from her son, Frederick G. Simmons, P-1, who has been serving in the United States Navy for two years and who has been overseas somewhere in New Guinea for almost a year.

Dearest Mother:

It is not easy to express in words the things that he deeply in our hearts, and a boy's love for his mother is deeply rooted there. On this Mother's Day, May 14, 1944, all the boys on board this ship want to remember their mothers. The long distances in space and time prevent us from seeing them or talking to them directly. Under the circumstances, we make use of the only medium at our disposal, namely the written word.

We know this letter is going to reach you weeks after Mother's Day has passed, but it will serve to tell you that we were thinking of you more than anyone else on that day. It is a kind of Thanks giving Day because millions of sons and daughters the world over are thanking their mothers for all they have done for them. They are trying to make them feel how much they are loved for all their motherly labors and such is the reason for this message of mine to you today.

Love shows itself in giving, in sharing the best we have with one loved dearest. Since we are so far apart, we can not send you even flowers or candy, or any of the other little things that in a very small way indicate our love for you. But we can give you something that is infinitely better and more lasting than all material things. I am remembering you by the prayers, the gratitude, the loyalty of a loving and devoted son.

Affectionately, Freddie.

DEAR MOTHER

Can't throw bouquets at you This Mother's Day, sweetheart. Can't shower you with other gifts Cause we're so far apart.

Can't write down why I love you Tho' I have pen and pad. It would take a hundred pages And that would make the censors mad.

Can't even buy a card With a verse already on it. Can't make you one myself, Cause I am no poet, darn it.

So Mother dear, I'll only send This letter but I'll pray That next year we'll be together To celebrate the day.

Love, Your son, Freddie.

## FOR SALE

4 room house, nicely located in the town of Cass. East side, 3 lots 40x75 feet. Apply to.

Mrs. Hettie Perry, 211 Clark Drive, Apt. 202, Charleston, W. Va.

## Reward

I will pay \$25 for evidence leading to the arrest and conviction of the party that shot through the windows of my dwelling house on Droop Mountain.

Dewey Hiner, Cass, W. Va.

## NO HUNTING

No hunting allowed under penalty of law on the lands of the undersigned, near Stony Bottom, especially with dogs. I have been having too many sheep killed.

Hunter Adams.

## NOTICE

To the Creditors and Beneficiaries of the estate of J. N. Clutter, deceased:

All persons having claims against the estate of the said J. N. Clutter, deceased, whether due or not, are notified to exhibit, same with the voucher thereof, legally verified, to the undersigned, at his office in the Town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on or before the 9th day of March 1945; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

All beneficiaries of said estate are notified to be present on said day to protect their interests.

Given under my hand this 8th day of September, 1944.

P. T. Ward, Commissioner of Accounts, County of Pocahontas, West Virginia.

## X-RAY CLINIC

The District Health Department wishes to announce that a chest x-ray clinic will be held at the Health Department in Marlinton on September 18th and until noon on September 19th.

All persons who have previously had tuberculosis or who have ever been contacts of tuberculosis cases, are urged to take advantage of this opportunity of securing an x-ray.

Due to shortage of x-ray films, no children will be examined unless accompanied by their parents or guardians. Exceptions to this rule will be made only by previous arrangement with the Health Department.

Any further information necessary can be obtained at the Health Department in Marlinton on Tuesdays from 10:00 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. by writing to Public Health District No. 1 at Leesport.



### Our Army and Navy Boys

Headquarters AAF Station F-121, Office of the Chaplain.  
August 16, 1944.

Miss Eva Jane Cloonan  
Martinsburg, West Virginia.

My dear Miss Cloonan:  
Permit me to join with Lt. Colonel Everett W. Stewart, our Station Commanding Officer and Major E. E. Frink, in expressing our sympathy in your sorrow caused by the sudden death of your brother, Pvt. Clarence B. Cloonan, ASN 83396196, of the 14th Station Complement Squadron. His death was a shock to us all.

I know it must be difficult for you to understand why so many have to pay such a price that victory might be ours. We must all realize that a conflict so great as this one engulfs us and leads us along strange paths. Some of us will be spared to enjoy the freedom we are trying to make secure for all. Others will not be so fortunate. They become a part of the tremendous price that is to be paid.

Your brother was a good soldier. He was always attentive to his orders and his officers never found complaint with his work. Though he never got to share in actual combat, he did play an important part in making this station a secure place from which our pilots go forth to their tasks.

I personally made the trip to the American Military Cemetery and took part in the funeral service which laid him to rest. Our prayers were that the Eternal Father of us might bear him up in the everlasting arms.

Regretting more could not have been done for Clarence, but praying that the God of love will be your comfort in these difficult days, I am

Sympathetically yours,  
James N. Zeigler,  
Station Chaplain.

Mrs. W. G. Frazier, of Van Wert, Ohio, writes as follows to her father, C. B. Rohman, giving details of the death of her brother, Lieutenant Donald Rohman, who was killed in action on July 11th, as given to her by another brother, Captain Charles E. Rohman:

August 27, 1944.

Dear Daddy:

Did you get my last letter? I had another letter from Charles E. telling me all about Dit and I know you would like to hear about it and even though it is a terrible thing it is a comfort to know Charles was there to take care of him. It does not very often happen that way.

Charles writes: "Due to censorship regulations I could not say anything about Don for 80 days. They are up today so now I can tell you that I know about it and have since the day it happened. I went over to see him on July 11. Arriving at the field he was flying from about 1:00 P. M. I was told by the men there that he had been shot down just two hours before. He went like a soldier and fast. He got a direct hit from an A. A. shell and never knew what hit him. His plane burned but he was dead before it caught fire. His body was not burned for it was thrown clear. He was flying over the front lines adjusting fire on an enemy battery that was firing on our troops. The last his battalion heard from him was '100 short, fire for effect.' He silenced the battery but lost his own life doing it. This is as much as any artillery man could ask for. He did his job and a good one. The Colonel gave me two days off and I took care of him. I have all his equipment except what he had on at the time. I talked to his Commanding Officer and got all the information I could.

There is one thing I want you to promise me and that is that you won't let this get you down for it is over and done with and nothing will bring Don back. Look at it the way I do. Don was just transferred to another division. That he will carry on there as well as he did in the last. We still have to go on.

Charles E. expressed it beautifully didn't he? He is a Captain now and going forward toward Germany. He seems to be filled with a cold fury for all Germans water is understandable.

Must close for now and put the twins to bed. Wilbur, Jr., is visiting in Atlanta. I sure do miss him. W. G. is in Baltimore today. Answer for I would like to hear of you all.

Love, Fay and all.

Dear Mr. Price:

I will drop you a few lines to let you know I am still living, and getting along O. K. so far. It is pretty hot over here on the island. It is not as hot here though as on some of the other islands.

They call the Hawaiian Islands the Paradise of the Pacific. You can see a rainbow all most every day. You can even see rainbows at night.

I have been fortunate in getting to see my kid brother, Albert, pretty often and we enjoy it very much too. I have a change in address again so will you please change my paper.

P.F.C. Lloyd Woods.

Mrs. Joe Parish, of Union, received the following letter from her brother, Cpl. Elza N. Baker who is in the Bermuda Islands. Sept. 14, 1944.

Dear Sis:

I received your most welcome letter yesterday and sure was glad to hear from you, and glad to know you were well and getting along fine.

This leaves me feeling pretty good so far and getting along fine with a mashed and broken foot. This sure is a hot day here. How is Dock getting along now? Hope you can read this mess for I am lying down writing. I guess I will get out of bed pretty soon.

I received a letter from Mother yesterday and they were all well and getting along fine. I hope you get another job before long. I don't know when I will get home, but I hope soon. I got my foot broken the 8th of Sept.

Well, Sis, I will close, maybe I can do better next time.

Love always, your brother,

Elza.

Miss Polly Sydenstricker of Spring Creek sends this letter from her brother, S. Sgt. Dare L. Sydenstricker, U. S. M. C. R. who has been overseas twenty-two months.

Dear Polly and Dad:

How are the two kids getting along? Fine I hope. I am just fine. Guess it has begun to turn cold there by now. Sure wish I could there to enjoy some of that

weather. I would probably freeze after being here in this hot climate. I may be back in the States by Xmas.

Dad, how are all the young women getting along back there now? Boy, I would like to be with a few of them. Could I have a time!

Polly, how is my pretty Sis getting along now? Boy, I would like to give you a whipping tonight. Remember when we had our little fights, and you would always wind up crying? Ha! you little baby.

Well sis, I haven't so much time now. You and Dad take good care of your selves. I will write again soon.

Dan.

Mrs. B. C. Peterson, of Marlinton, sends this letter from her son, Cpl. C. E. Peterson, who is somewhere in New Guinea.

Dear Mom:

Received your letter yesterday and was sure glad to hear from the best Mom in the world.

Well mom, I am still here and don't know when I will be able to come home. No, I haven't any pictures of myself but will try to send some later on.

I was sorry to hear that Burnett was over seas. That makes us all doesn't it? Anyway I hope it won't be long until we can all be together again.

Tell Dad and Wilma hello for me. Also tell him we will really celebrate when we get back.

No, I haven't any souvenirs at present, but will send you something later, probably a set of pajamas, but I know you wouldn't want that; anyway Dad might.

Well this is about all I can think of at the present time, so will close. All the love in the world to the best Mom in the world.

Cleotus.

Mrs. Mabel Burris received the following letter from her son, PFC. Frank Burris, of Cass, now serving overseas in France.

Dear Mother:

I will try to write a few lines to let you hear from me. Hope you are feeling fine.

I sure was sorry to hear about Carol Lee going to the Hospital. Wish I could have kept there

with her. I sure feel I would take her place anytime, if it was in Charleston.

Mom, I sure appreciate you sending those packages. All the boys here look forward to the day when their packages arrive, and that's the same with me.

Dad, you have a good time while in Baltimore. I sure wish I could have been along, but we will have to wait a few weeks yet.

I think Marie is a perfect darling, even if we used to fight all the time. Those were good times. It was a little more easy than this one over here. I expect I will live in peace afterwards.

Mom, tell those people back there to get on the ball and answer my letters. I haven't received a letter in four days.

How is George getting along with his family? I would love to see the baby. I hope he won't be as mean as his Uncle. Although I can't say very much, ha!

Mom, there will be times when I won't have time to answer both yours and Marie's letters but I will always try to answer one of the other.

Geese Mom, I sure feel sorry for the French people, there sure are plenty of homes torn up. I will tell you more about this country when I get home.

I am anxious to get The Pocahontas Times so that I may be able to keep up with my friends. I guess I will have to close for tonight. Answer soon and write often. With love,

Frank.

Mrs. Beck Riddle of Rt. 1, Marlinton sends this letter from T. Sgt. Morris Knox, of Easley, S. Carolina.

Dear Mrs. Riddle:

About 20 days ago I left Bert in Corsica at which time he was feeling fine and in good health. There is no reason to worry about him. He is probably safer than he would be in the States.

Bert was in my crew. He was the best man I had. He should be a Sergeant, but there are no openings, and it is impossible to do so. I tried for him.

Mrs. Riddle, it looks like you did a very good job of making a man out of him. He is strong, honest, sincere, a hard worker and worshipping his family. I don't believe Bert has an enemy in the outfit. We have lived in the same tent for the past eight months and he is just a good old fellow. He worries about you at home and is anxious to get back; and I believe your son will be coming home to you before Xmas. I may never see Bert again, but I will always be his friend.

Sincerely,  
T. Sgt. Morris Knox.

Mrs. Lonnie McLaughlin received this letter from her brother, Glen, who is in a Tank Division in France:

Dear Sis and All:

Hello every one. How are we doing - All fine and dandy I hope I am okay myself and sitting here under a big apple tree; have time out to write a letter or two and I think I owe you a couple of letters.

This is a beautiful place here where I am and makes one think of the nice things back home. Sorry I can't tell you where I am; you will have to make one big guess and you will have it.

Where are the other boys now? Still in England?

Oh, yes, tell Elmer to go easy with those Louisiana girls for they are French.

Say Sis, did Raymond Shobery go to the Army?

Guess I had better stop, the wind is trying to take my paper, and I have a nice chapped face and lips from the sun and wind.

Give the kiddies "Hi" for me, and tell Lonnie to take it easy, and maybe I'll be back to take the rabbit hunt soon. I saw a jack rabbit here this morning big as a dog.

Answer when you can sis. Glen.

Mrs. Lucy Davis of Marlinton received this letter from her son, Clarence Davis, S. 1 Class, of the Navy:

Dear Mother and L. W.

I received 3 letters from you both today and would love to answer each one but guess I can't do that out here. I am getting along just fine, only a few anxious to get back home. You ask me about those pictures. I would like to have them and I think they will get to me okay. Please send me some of L. W. and yourself as I have but one of you and none of L. W. I really got a nice picture from Gladys yesterday; one she had taken when she was home last spring.

About moving off the mountain as I wrote before, I think is a grand idea. It will be okay with me for that mountain is just too much for you to climb every time you go to church.

Mother I am sending you a money order. If there is anything you need please use it. If you can buy a piece off the mountain, take all the money, I have in the bank

and get it. I will send at least \$50. home every month and double it now and then. So that will be a good start. Don't get me wrong, I won't bother you with my big family. ha!

About the hunting this fall. I have no idea when I will get back, for now that we have the Japs on the run, we can't let up or it will mean disaster. So I guess we will be gone a long time yet. I saw in the paper where ammunition would be sold to the hunters. Tell L. W., if he can, to get some 22 shells for me, in case I do get home.

I am getting The Pocahontas Times now and will you please tell ole Cal to put some Field Notes in there for me.

Well I must close for this time but will try to write more often. Tell all the folks hello for me. I hope this finds all well and happy. As ever,

Clarence.

T. Sgt. Wm. Jeffries, writes to his mother, Mrs. M. E. Jeffries of Marlinton, from somewhere in New Guinea, under date of July 26, 1944.

Dear Mother:

To night I will drop you a line to let you hear from me. I am feeling fine and in good health. Boy this place over here is really getting old and the longer I stay here, the worse I hate it, but I just as well like it, for there is nothing one can do about it. We are having it pretty nice now and taking it pretty easy lately. I have lost quite a bit in weight, since I came here, but our food isn't as good as we had at home. You were telling me of Fred writing but I haven't received the letter as yet. Have you heard anything more from Ira?

I am sending a poem for Mr. Price to publish in The Times, about my outfit.

Well I will close for now, answer real soon. Marvin.

The long days of waiting was over. The dry running problems were through. The Twentieth was headed to battle.

With a crew of men that was new No one could answer the question That was present in everyone's mind.

Would these men be fearless in battle, Or quaking with fear, lag behind. Then the test came swift as an arrow.

They had advanced to Lone Tree Hill

When Hell broke loose in its fury That would make the bravest of hearts stand still.

Into this blazing inferno They pushed with all their might. For this Hill had to be taken. And cleared of the enemy that night.

Everyone was busy with fighting. None had time for fear. The question had already been answered. And these men had earned the right to cheer.

They had cleared the hill of snipers. That had held up the advance for awhile. They had smashed up the machine guns and mortars. And did it in true Yankee style.

These men can be proud of their outfit. For it can be classed with the rest Of the outfits on the pages of History. That have proved to the world, they are best.

And the Regiment can be proud of its men. Men with hearts true and bold. That have done great deeds of valor. That will equal the heroes of old.

### Administrator's Sale

As administrator of the estate of Mrs. Mary M. Gay, deceased, I will sell at Public Auction on FRIDAY, October 6, 1944, beginning at 1 o'clock, at her late home on Red Lick Mountain, one mile from the State Fish Hatchery, the following personal property:

4 cows, and 4 calves; 26 head of sheep, sow and 8 pigs; mowing machine; hay rake, roll of belting, pickup truck, truck trailer, 22 yoke, brass kettle and spيدر. Stone jars, spike tooth harrow, shovel plow. Hot Shot Battery, pile of scrap, kitchen cabinet, kitchen safe, dining room safe, stand table, dresser, two wooden chests, churn, clothes chest, beds, bedding, feather ticks, tables, dishes, pots, 76 jars of fruit, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS: CASH.

F. P. McLaughlin, Admr. Estate of Mary M. Gay, dec'd, W. A. Barlow, Auctioneer.

Mrs. Gail Dilley, of Orlando, Florida, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Edus Simmons.

6,367,860\* TIMES SINCE PEARL HARBOR, OLD AGE HAS PUT SOMEBODY'S CAR IN THE JUNK HEAP!

WITH PROPER CARE, MANY WOULD STILL BE RUNNING. PROPER CARE NOW CAN HELP KEEP YOURS ON THE ROAD!

\* AS OF OCTOBER 1, 1944 - ESTIMATE

GASOLINE POWERS THE ATTACK - DON'T WASTE A DROP

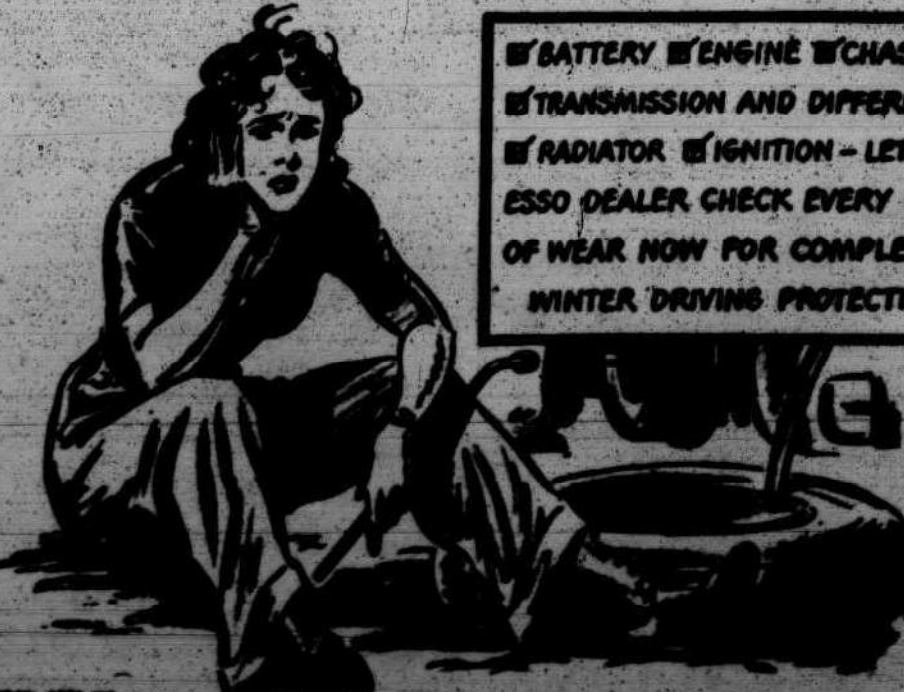


TIRE STUDIES SHOW THAT 9 OUT OF 10 ROADSIDE 'FLATS' COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED BY PROPER CARE. PRECAUTIONARY TIRE CARE IS AN ESSO DEALER SPECIALTY.

FOR LATEST NEWS-TUNE IN YOUR ESSO REPORTER EVERY DAY

SURE WE FEEL THE MANPOWER SHORTAGE, BUT IT WON'T CUT THE QUALITY OF OUR WORK EVEN IF WE SOMETIMES NEED A BIT MORE TIME!

BATTERY ENGINE CHASSIS TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL RADIATOR IGNITION - LET YOUR ESSO DEALER CHECK EVERY POINT OF WEAR NOW FOR COMPLETE WINTER DRIVING PROTECTION!



THE AVERAGE CHASSIS HAS 28 POINTS WHICH MUST BE LUBRICATED, MANY WITH SPECIAL GREASES. YOUR ESSO DEALER'S AN EXPERT AT THIS!



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We have just received a large shipment of Kroehler Living Room Suites IN GENUINE MORRIS Rose or Blue, 2 or 3 piece, either color or combination of the two . . .

\$219 for 2 pieces

A low price for such fine merchandise Full Spring Construction

Lewisburg Furniture Co. Lewisburg, W. Va.

### Emergency

MEN URGENTLY NEEDED FOR ESSENTIAL WORK WITH A POST-WAR FUTURE . . .

Full or Part Time Work

Do your Part on the Home Front Help Produce for Victory

See your United States Employment Service

MARLINTON TANNERY

International Shoe Company

Will Help in Arranging Transportation



**Our Army and Navy Boys**

The following letter which expresses regret, was received by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hefner, of Marlinton, Elk Rte. from James M. Gavin, Brigadier General, U. S. Army Commanding: Headquarters 830 Airborne Division, Office of Division Commander.

Dear Mr. Hefner:

It is with deep regret, that I write of the death of your son, Pvt. First Class, Addy E. Hefner 15/76419, a member of my Command, who was killed in action, June 9, 1944 during the Invasion of France.

Your son was a member of the 401st Glider Infantry, 82nd "All American" Airborne Division.

PFC. Hefner was a member of a heavy machine gun squad. He was a loyal and fearless soldier, whose fine knowledge of his machine gun, leadership, and outstanding courage in combat were admired by all who knew him.

Putting aside family ties, the admiration, respect and affection of comrades are a soldier's most priceless possessions, because collectively these comrades are unfailing judges. These possessions I believe your son earned in full measure. Death of such a man leaves with each member of the Division a lasting sense of loss, from which there comes to you a deep sense of personal sympathy.

Sincerely,  
James M. Gavin.





**STOP**  
MISTREATING  
YOUR SERVANTS

Your electric servants, we mean. Of course you may be able to get some new ones six or twelve months after the war is over. But—doggone it!—if you could only hear the women, who come into our store, begging for just any kind of appliance, you'd surely keep yours in tip-top condition.

**MONONGAHELA SYSTEM**

**Our Army and Navy Boys**

Mack Brooks, of Marlinton, received the following letter from his cousin, Oran McLaughlin:

Paris, France,  
Sept. 26, 1944.

Dear Mack:  
Well it has been quite a while since I have written you, I believe I owe you two letters. I don't guess I have much excuse, more than I have been moving around quite a lot in the past.

I have a new A.P.O. Number now—287 and I am stationed in Paris, France. Boy, that is tops here, but I sure can make motion don't think I would ever learn to speak French. I can't remember it. And talk about pretty women, they are here. They all use a lot of make up, and all have those bad room eyes, ha, ha.

Paris is really a beautiful city, nice wide streets and everything, nice buildings too. I don't care much for their beer, but they serve it cold; in England all the beer was served warm, although I learned to like it pretty well.

I have seen the Eiffel tower, it is beautiful, but boy, these good looking women take my eye!

When you read about this Fortress. Bombing being 50 per cent effective, you can add 50 per cent more to it. I have seen where they have done some bombing. I saw a railroad yard which had been bombed, and big railroad engines were stacked two and three high, where they had been blown up. Those bombardiers sure hit their targets too. I also saw where the fighters had

caught some convoy of truck on the road, you could see where there had been a bomb crater in the road, and looking around, you could see scraps that was left of the truck.

I have seen quite a lot of German equipment, also knocked out German tanks. I don't think this war over here can last much longer. I sure want to come home and get into some civilian clothes again, and see how I feel. Don't know if I will ever be worth a d— to work again or not; don't think I will strike a lick at a snake for awhile.

How is uncle Brooks getting along now? Sure hope he is better by now. Tell him not to work any and I will loaf with him when I get back, and we will sponge on our friends as long as they last. I guess Sue is in high school by now, and Bonnie teaching again this year.

I suppose politics is pretty hot there now. You had better tell those d— fool politicians and strikers to get to work or we will be back some day and straighten them out. I imagine if the white bread was taken away from them and let them eat "C" rations for awhile, they would come to their right mind and settle down to business again.

How are they all at home now? I had a letter from Marie about a week ago, and they were alright then. I am afraid mother will work too hard. Has uncle Lee ever heard anything more from Earl? I guess it won't be long before the Yanks find out who is over there.

Mack, when I was in England, I was only about 80 miles from

London, and most of the time I could go there in a 24 hour plane. Well, I guess I had better close maybe I have written too much. Tell all my friends hello, and tell mother not to worry about me, that I will be alright if these Paris bombardiers don't get me. So good luck and take care of everything. Tell Jane McEwen and Moody Kincaid I am still a Democrat.

Love to all,  
Your cousin, Oran.

Mrs. Ward Barlow of Marlinton, received the following letter from her brother, Leonard Foster, who is somewhere in Burma, under date of August 7, 1944.

Dear Lou and Ward:  
I have finally gotten time to write you a letter. I received the letter you wrote July 4th, a few days ago, but have been so busy that I haven't had time to answer. How are you folks doing? I am still okay, but about to burn up. It must be 140 in the shade, but we haven't any shade here. I'm sunburned black; we have a good bit of rain too.

We have had plenty of action and excitement here. I had a funny experience the other night. The Japs were shelling us, so another fellow and I climbed into a foxhole together. The shells began to hit close, so we decided we had better find a deeper one. We crawled out and into another one, but went into water about knee deep. We were satisfied in it though, because you can't tell another time we had our sand bags knocked in on us. I'm ready to come home anytime they want to send me. My two years will be up next July, so maybe I can get home then.

Yesterday was my birthday, but I didn't have much time to think about it. I got the card you sent. Thank!

I'm sorry about Ritchie's finger but it's probably okay now. Those pulleys are dangerous. How is the haymaking?

I haven't received the paper yet but Sarah sent me this Navy paper. I'll get what you sent later I guess. Did I send you enough Jap money for the boys? I'm sending some with this letter. I have a Jap bayonet to put with my other things too. You should see some of the prisoners; we have captured; they are a sorry lot, but can be plenty tough too. I have some Jap pictures I'll show you when I get back.

I took a ride to this place in a plane like Harry Lynn Sheets pilots here. I hear from Sarah every time I get mail, but we don't get it very often. I've got the prettiest wife in the world.

I'm going to have to close, so write often and take care of your self. Tell all hello for me.

With love, Leonard.

**LOCAL SOLDIERS FIGHT IN ITALY**

With The Fifth Army, Italy—Corporal Troy L. Helmick of Durbin, rifleman; Sgt. Herman A. Brown of Marlinton, Squad Leader, and Private Fred R. Jeffries of Marlinton, Ammunition Carrier, have been fighting with the 168th Infantry Regiment, veterans of more than 300 days of combat, in its attempt to breach the Gothic Line in Italy.

First of 168th Infantry Division—Mark W. Charley, 168th Infantry and a son of the 168th, "Red Hot" Division, the 168th arrived in the British Isles in February and April of 1944. In its two and a half years overseas it has fought 88 days of combat in the Tunisian campaign and has been on the line in Italy almost constantly since landing at Pantano September 21, 1943, 18 days after Continental Europe was invaded for the first time.

Known as the "Rainbow" Regiment, the 168th, was part of the 42nd "Rainbow" Division in World War I.

Colonel Henry C. Hine, Jr. of Livingston, New Jersey, is commander of the 168th Regiment.

A count taken in early September 1944, showed men of the 168th had received 8 Distinguished Service Crosses, 147 Silver Stars, 109 Bronze Stars and 4 Soldiers' Medals and had, in the Italian campaign alone, received 3024 Purple Hearts and Clusters.

The 168th landed at Algiers, on African D Day. Its 2nd Battalion led the attack up the slopes of Hill 609 and is officially credited with its capture. The regiment also fought for Sened, Fondouk, Mater, Eddiekhila and Bizerte.

Its first great battle in this campaign began October 13, 1943, when its men crossed the Volturno and took Calazzo and two other towns. Ironically, the 168th suffered exactly 188 casualties in the second crossing of the Volturno.

Often meeting foes of the past, including the Hermann Goering Division and SS troops, the 168th fought through the mountains, gaining ground north of San Angelo and San Vittore. They lost 400 men and inflicted 1900 enemy casualties in wresting Mount Pantano, before Cassino, from the enemy in a seven-day battle. It was the first regiment to hold a bridgehead on the north bank of the Rapido River. Captured Mount Trocchio and Cervano in a surprise maneuver and, taking Hills 56 and 213, became one of the first Fifth Army units to penetrate the Gustav Line.

The regiment departed on the beachhead around Anzio March 19, and its commander, Colonel Hine, won the Silver Star for gallantry in action for having personally led the bitter hand-to-hand fight in which the 168th took Anzio to remove one of the last major obstacles before Rome.

Colonel Hine in a jeep, was the first American in Civitavecchia, where his regiment captured two big "Anzio Express" rail cars and guns that had so often made their stay on the Anzio beachhead an unpleasant one.

When relieved July 28th for a brief rest, a few days after reaching the Arno River, the 168th had been in Combat 291 days.

Mrs. A. H. Wade, of Minneapolis Springs received this letter from her son, Elton, who is somewhere in Belgium.

Sept. 21, 1944.

Dear Mom:

I will write you a few lines today, as I am always thinking of you all. I received your letter and was glad to hear you were all well and getting along good. This leaves me well and still able to go, is about all I can



Ah  
that hush

**Driving that's a far-reach**

Handling the wheel and professional became a war story. It favored the car, scaring the rear-seat riders a great point of pride. Y more envied proof of fine c to own an engine that isn't its age. That demands an engine from acid; from its roitive acids inside. You ca having your engine out-ri you need is a change to Co motor oil...oil that on-ri

In the extra-limited seas ing that's now the rule, 30 "boards" a surplus of acid explosion adds to these ac don't drive enough for enigh eject them safely. But th go biting right through on. This highly corrosion-resis facing is attached all over

**CONOCO**

**Have a "Coke" = Here's your reward**



**...or being a good neighbor in Nassau**

Underwater exploring in a homemade diving helmet is a novel sport in the West Indies. But the refreshment that's always welcome afterwards is the same as here in the States—ice-cold Coca-Cola. In Nassau as in New York, the pause that refreshes makes a refreshing interlude after strenuous work or play. In many lands around the globe, Coca-Cola has become a high-sign of friendliness, just as it is in your own home.



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MARLINTON COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.

say. I haven't been writing you as many letters as I did, but hope you get them okay. I do the best I can and write as often as I have the chance. I got the pictures of the kids you sent and they are sure good. Guess you went to the reunion and had a fine time. I'll bet you got a lot of good eats.

I am in Belgium now—another new country to me. It is a very nice country. Tell Dad they have some fine horses.

Did you attend the Fair this year? Well I guess you all are about through with the fall work by now. Hope you get a good price for the lambs.

How is Charley getting along with the bees? Hope they have gotten the wood in by now.

Mom, I know you worry so much, but try not to, for I still trust in God that He will spare me and I will get back some day to take care of you. Tell all hello for me. Since there isn't much to write will close. May God bless us all. Lots of love,  
Your son, Elton.

Miss Bettie Underwood of Huntersville, received this letter from her brother Conda.

Dear Sis:

Will answer your letter which I received yesterday and was glad to hear from you and know you were well. This leaves me well and getting along okay. Yes, I wish I were home to squirrel hunt this year.

So Henry finally got married! Who did he marry? I haven't heard from Wade for months.

Well Bettie I am sending the family's case of oranges for Xmas and hope they get home in good shape.

Well the fall of the year is here again, the leaves are turning yellow. If nothing happens I should be home by next year. Boy, I hope how soon I can step off the bus in Marlinton; that will be the happiest days of my life.

Lots of love, Conda.

**RENTAL NOTICE**

I will not be in my office from October 18 to October 22nd, both dates inclusive.  
20-15-21 Dr. C. S. Kramer.

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Vol. 44, No. 24

Our Army and Navy Boys

Private Paul Conrad Friel

Private Paul Conrad Friel, husband of Mrs. Bertha Friel and son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Friel, of Greenbank, West Virginia, died of wounds received in action in France October 6, 1944, thus giving his life in the service of his country. "Greater Love Hath No Man."

He was inducted into service on December 11, 1942, and completed his basic training at Camp Wolters, Texas, June 1, 1944. He was then transferred to Fort Meade, Maryland, and joined troops in the European theater of combat early in July.

Paul was born October 29, 1911 at Greenbank and was graduated from high school there in 1930. He was a member of the Liberty Presbyterian Church.

On February 6, 1936 he was married to Miss Bertha Abeher, of South Charleston.

He leaves to mourn their loss, his wife, his parents, two sisters, Mrs. C. F. Celsin, of Spruce, and Mrs. E. B. Foz, Jr., of California; two brothers, Lyle M. Friel, of Waynesboro, Virginia, and Keith M. Friel, of Belle, and a host of relatives and friends.

A song of sunshine through the rain  
Of spring across the snow  
A balm to heal the hurts of pain  
A peace surpassing woe.  
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,  
And be glad of heart,  
For Calvary and Easter Day,  
Were just three days apart.  
With shudder of despair and loss  
The world's deep heart is wrung  
As, lifted high upon His cross  
The Lord of Glory hung.  
When rocks were rent and ghostly forms  
Stole forth in street and mart,  
But Calvary and Easter Day,  
Earth's blackest day and whitest day  
Were just three days apart.

X

Private James H. Phillips, of the paratroopers stationed in Fort Benning, Georgia, was home on a ten day furlough. He said he liked this branch of the service fine and the jumps from the planes sure were a thrill. He returned in May from nearly two years service in Alaska and the Aleutians, and expects more foreign service in the near future.

Mrs. John Clark recently received a package from her son, James Gardner Quick, of the Navy. This is the first time she had heard from him for a long time. He enlisted in the Navy two years ago.

P.F.C. John G. Quick, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, spent a 15 day furlough here with his mother, Mrs. John Clark, sisters and friends. He has spent three years

in the Aleutian Islands and Alaska returning to the States last February. He expects service in the South Pacific soon.

Johan Hunter Phillips, m-3-c is spending a thirty day leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Phillips, of Frank. This is his first visit home in twenty-six months, having spent nineteen months overseas. He will report to New York on November 11th for further duty. On his return he will go by way of Richmond, Virginia, to visit his sisters, Miss Agnes Phillips, who is attending Smithdeal-Money Business College and Mrs. D. E. Shrader, who is employed there.

Leo Davis who is participating in campaigns in Western Europe as Assistant Squad Leader, has recently been promoted from Private to Sergeant. His wife is Mrs. Clytie A. Davis, of Marlinton.

William Perry was up from Benet on Monday. His son, William S., was wounded on July 11, in the Invasion of France. He is still in a hospital in England, but writes encouraging letters home. He was struck in the back with a piece of shrapnel.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Opie Lowe, of the Navy, was in town a few days this week. He is being transferred from Camp Peary, Virginia, to Great Lakes, Illinois. He is an instructor in small arms training.

Lieutenant Charles C. LaRue, is now stationed in India. He was with Lieutenant Harry Lynn Sheets there for a day, and a half before he left for the States. LaRue had just arrived in India. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. LaRue, now of Baltimore, formerly of Hillsboro.

John W. (Bill) Candler writes home from Australia that after nearly three years in the Army, with better than two years overseas that he had not the first person he knew since leaving the induction station at Fort Hayes, Ohio, when he recently met Tom Dearing, on the street of an Australian town.

Lieutenant Alfred McElwee and Sergeant Charles Edward McElwee, sons of Mr. and Mrs. June McElwee, were recently fortunate enough to meet and spend the night together in France.

W. W. Wilson, Bkr. 2C, of the U. S. Navy, is spending a 15 day furlough with relatives and friends in Marlinton and Hinton. Seaman Wilson has been in the Service two years, one year of which was spent abroad, having been in the invasion of Anzio, Italy, and was in Sicily. He was on a ship that docked in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry King are home from Paw Paw this week.

FOR SALE  
4 room house, nicely located in the town of Cass. East side; 3 lots 40x75 feet. Apply to Mrs. Hattie Perry, 211 Clark Drive, Apt. 202, 11-2-36 Charleston, W. Va.







MAIL CALL IN THE SOUTH  
PACIFIC.

There are sad things seen on these  
Islands green  
But the saddest I'll venture to  
say  
Is the anguished trace on a ship-  
mate's face,  
When he's told, "There's no  
letter today."

Now I've seen them lie, while  
waiting to die,  
Yet gladness their face express,  
With a letter torn and badly worn  
Like a jewel to their heart was  
pressed

O Folks back there we know you  
care  
And you'd stake your lot for  
us all  
But the greatest joy you can bring  
Is his name at the old Mail call.  
It's the same old sight from Morn  
'til night,  
And the same routine and such  
That gets a guy tho' he'd gladly  
die,  
Before he'd give in an inch or  
as much.

But your mail from home takes  
ourselves to roam,  
From the worry and cares of  
war  
And makes it seem like a pleasant  
dream  
And brings us home once more.

We're doing fine on the firing line  
With your bullets and tanks and  
guns.  
But the blast that'll shell all the  
Axis to H—  
Are the letters from you to  
your sons.

Written by  
Denny W. Sharp M.A.M.S.C.



the day you don't know any trouble. We need things like shoes, French, Italian, British, and South African. The most common are the French Foreign Legion. What gets me is the number of foreign soldiers that wear G.I. uniforms. The U. S. must be clothing the world in army uniforms.

Jake and I haven't bought much stuff; one reason is that there is very little worth having and the other is that it costs a small fortune to buy anything. I have taken some pictures but have to go easy, as there is no film to be had. That is one thing you can send me. Be careful to pack it good. As the saying is, one picture is worth a thousand words, and I am sure that is right.

Still we haven't received any mail and don't expect we will for some time. It is pretty hard to write letters when we don't get any. I know that you are writing and that one of these days I will get them. It would be nice if I could hear how things are at home. I did see in the paper yesterday where West Va. had 36 inches of snow on the ground. I bet you had a time digging out of that.

That is about all there is left to say. You know I would like to be home, but it isn't too bad over here. I will miss the Christmas dinner just as much as I missed Thanksgiving. It was funny about our Thanksgiving dinner, we were out to sea and it was rough. Half the fellows were sick yet they would take a big plate of food but couldn't eat.

Tell all the folks I think of them and hope they are well.

Love to all,  
Sherman

Harmon Dilley received the following letter from Sgt. Marion Stamper, under date of Dec. 5th, New Guinea.

Hi Harmon:

Your letter just received and Xmas card of Oct. 19th. The Christmas greeting makes me feel lots more cheerful. You have no idea what letters and holiday greetings mean to a fellow down here. This place seems clean-cut of the world. I sometimes wonder if it's a dream, or ever having had a home or being in civilization.

If Everette Dilley comes down here, I hope to see him. Bob Woods is in New Guinea somewhere, but I can't find out just

ship and devotion to duty during these sieges galvanized his objectives in the shortest possible time, with a minimum of casualties to his men and loss of equipment. Throughout these engagements, Captain Edgar's countless examples of great personal courage were a constant source of inspiration to all serving with him. Captain Edgar entered military service from West Virginia. He is the son of George F. Edgar, of Hillsboro, and grandson of Captain Alfred M. Edgar, of the Confederate Army.

Staff Sergeant Dale E. Arbogast, of the 65th Army Airway Communication Group, has received commendation from his commanding officer, Colonel Kenneth W. Kline. Sergeant Arbogast is the son of Mrs. M. C. Arbogast, of Huntington.

1. This headquarters desires to commend you for the splendid contribution you have made towards insuring successful accomplishment of the task involved in establishing Detachment H 133rd AACGS Squadron, on continental Europe. Yours was one of the first two units to arrive upon the Continent.

2. Your unwavering devotion to duty, your disregard for personal comfort and conveniences, your cheerfulness when faced with situations that could have well been unbearable, your ability to provide when improvisation was required was an outstanding factor in contributing to the success of the mission assigned to your unit.

3. It is a source of personal pride to the undersigned, to have been associated with your unit in the capacity of Group Commander during this entire period and to have been proud of the achievements of the unit in which you served during those first days of the invasion. Your unit is credited, by the medical personnel who were there with you, with having been of tremendous assistance in saving lives of wounded soldiers by your conscientious efforts to control movements of air evacuation aircraft as the exigencies of the moment required. Each member of your unit was a part of a team and each one of you played your part to perfection.

4. It is the spirit, co-operation and efficiency demonstrated so ably by each of you which will be the real "Secret Weapon" that will bring this war to a speedy close with victory triumphant for our armies.



